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# DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

L. H.
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A Monthly Journal,

CONTAINING

TALES, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MISCELLANY, ETC.

*A BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE.*

VOL. XXI.

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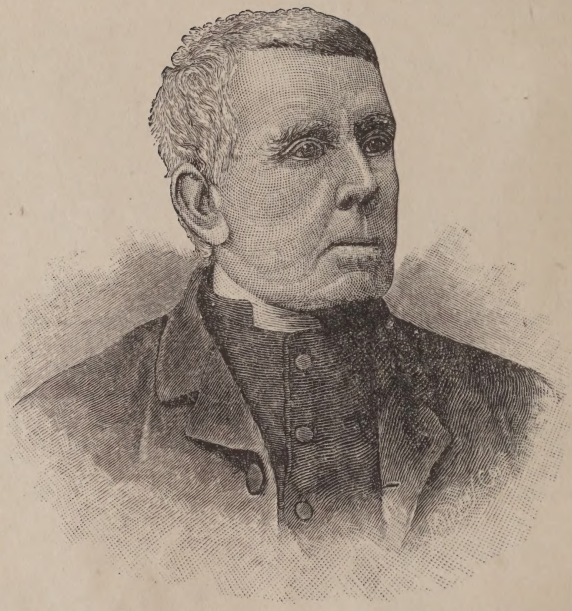


C. P. McKean

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1889. No. 1.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

# Pen Sketches of Irish Litterateurs.

## V.

### THE REVEREND CHARLES P. MEEHAN, M. R. I. A.

And long as Celtic bosoms give
Their love to widowed Inisfail,
That noble spirit's name shall live
Linked with O'Donnell and O'Neill.

J. K. CASEY.

THE eminent historian whose reputation as a prose writer is closely allied with the fortunes of the great Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, and remembered by readers of Irish poetry as the life-long friend, and death-bed comforter of James Clarence Mangan, was born at No. 141, Gt. Britain street, Dublin, 12th of July, 1812. Father Meehan's earliest recollections are associated with Ballymeehan, county Longford, where his ancestors for thirteen centuries were the keepers and custodians of the shrine of St. Molaise, now one of the most famous relics of the Royal Irish Academy. His first preceptor, one Peter McCabe, was a typical hedge schoolmaster, whose voluminous and pedantic eloquence might have inspired the well-known philomath of Carleton's pen. Around the winter fire, listening to many a peasant tradition of the O'Farrels, outlawed lords of Annally, young Meehan's childish mind conceived a taste for history, which was afterward to lighten many an hour of research among the archives of Continental Universities. When yet a youth of sixteen, he evinced such ability and marks of a divine vocation, that it was deemed advisable to send him to study at the Irish College in Rome, as a candidate for the holy priesthood. Gibbon, sitting amid the ruins of the Capitol, conceived the first idea of the "Rise and Fall;" and La Fontaine, listening to the verses of Malherbe, received the impulse which re-

sulted in the "Fables." A broken flag-stone, whose time-worn epitaph faintly indicated a Royal Prince of Tyrconnell as the occupant of a grave in St. Isidore's, stirred up the generous impulses of the young Irish student, and inspired the idea which eventually resulted in the history of the exiled Earls. J. K. Casey, in stirring verse, dwells upon the incident, how it happened, and with what a pleasing result the Work of a Life was brought to a close: —

'Twas summer time long years ago,
Where shone the skies of Italy,
And Tiber's waters calmly flow
Far westward to the sun-lit sea.

Amid the Roman city's crowd,
Montorio's arches darkly loom,
And in their shade, with forehead bowed,
An Irish boy knelt by a tomb.

He read the names above the clay:
He asked — "What led their footsteps here
From Irish hills far, far away,
To find an exile's lonely bier?"

"O Pilgrim! in this cold clay rest
Two chiefs of distant Inisfail,
O'Donnell, of the peerless crest,
And Ulster's prince, great Hugh O'Neill

"They fled their land — then all is dim —
Their after fate none now may tell;
They faded from the earth's wide rim
The day they bade their homes farewell."

Up rose the youth, with steady eye
And heart in resolution strong —
He prayed a prayer to God on high
To save the just, and right the wrong.

* * * * * *

Leaf after leaf, as years passed on
He added to the record frail;
Leaf after leaf, till years were gone
With time's swift wing to fill the sail.

Now — now the hope's fulfilled at last,
The path is traced — the work is done —
The stars shine through the misty past —
The fight 'gainst darkness fought and won.

After his ordination in the year 1835, Father Meehan was recalled by Archbishop Murray to Ireland, and stationed as curate in the parish of Rathdrum. His inquiring mind soon busied itself with local traditions — embodying mainly the exploits of the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles, friends of Hugh O'Neill, and for a long time the sturdy champions of native territory against the encroachments of the "Pale." At the expiration of the same year he was transferred to St. Michael and John, Dublin, where he still resides. The period of his arrival in the metropolis saw Ireland in the throes of the "tithe question." The brilliant coterie which a few years sufficed to weld in the literary and political sympathy of "Young Ireland," had not as yet from its

hidden places responded to the drum-beat of the Nation. Duffy was a reporter on the Belfast Vindicator. Mangan made riddles, or capped verses for the habitués of Tighe's Coffee-house. John Mitchell championed the interests of litigious clients in an obscure village of the county Down. The wish to remove the veil of mystery from the hidden lives of the exiled earls was intensified by surroundings, long the silent witnesses of their heroic struggle for liberty. The Nation, started in 1842, soon furnished an outlet for the sober stream of history, as for the more impetuous torrent of national song. Poetry, however, would seem to have been the "open sesame," to the inner sanctum of the Nation office, even for those whose later reputation owed nothing to the Ausonian lyre. Meagher's connection with the Young Ireland party originated with some weak verses inserted in the Nation. A graceful poem, still to be read in the ballad poetry of Ireland, was Father Meehan's introduction to Gavan Duffy. As a means of education, and of awakening pride and interest in the study of Irish history, certain portions of the Nation were devoted to weekly portraits of distinguished Irish soldiers, statesmen, and scholars, whose services in foreign countries shed lustre on the land of their birth. Father Meehan's early researches made him a valued contributor to this not least attractive feature of the new organ. His active co-operation, however, in the literary work of Young Ireland did not lessen his zeal for the more serious work already determined upon. Besides the articles in prose and verse which he frequently contributed, his busy pen was occupied in preparing for Duffy's Library of Ireland, a connected narrative of the famous "Confederation of Kilkenny." How well he succeeded in rescuing from the chaos of manuscripts and State papers the leading facts of this gallant reunion of Irish soldiers and statesmen, may be judged from the popularity of the book, and from the favorable testimony of the greatest living authority which, in the recent controversy on the "Best Hundred Irish Books," has accredited Father Meehan's as the most authentic chronicle of the period. But the writer's ambition was not confined to the mere investigation of facts and dates worthy of a place in Irish history. To rescue from the oblivion of dust and decay, the portrait of soldiers such as O'Neill and O'Donnell, and prelates like Lombard and Conry, was a duty collateral with providing the substance of their biographies; and in cases where originals could not be had, a slender purse could suffer depletion to provide copies for the national gallery of Ireland. In this way were procured and presented, from time to time, besides those already mentioned, the paintings of O'Sullivan Beare, Rinuccini — Apostolic Nuncio to the Confederates, Father Luke Wadding, O. S. F., Colgan, Fleming — Archbishop of Dublin, and MacCawwell, Archbishop of Armagh. Readers of that delightful chapter, wherein Gavan Duffy sketches his whilom associates relieved from the discipline of daily labor, will understand why Father Meehan's "attic," was, from time to time, chosen by the young men as a place of meeting. This has made the spot sacred to no solitary visitor. The empty chairs held, grouped together in friendly interchange of keen argument and light banter, the men who a few years later were

impeached for their opinions, standing in the dock, condemned to death, or, through the august clemency of Queen Victoria, having their death sentence mercifully commuted to penal servitude and perpetual exile. Here sat Mitchell, impassioned and aggressive, gradually laying himself open to become, by fourteen years' transportation, the author of the "Jail Journal," — an honor cheaply purchased by the sentence. Here, Duffy, methodical and scholarly; the originator and promoter of an Irish literature; better suited to lead a campaign of journalism than a corps of volunteers. Mangan, the Pindar of Irish ministrelsy, introspective and irresolute, a sayer of quaint saws, full of elfin gayety, and *gamin*-like jauntiness and knowingness; so imperfectly understood, and mistakenly portrayed, even by his friends. Meagher, lately come up from the *Urbs Intacta*, with only a vestige left of the intonations of Cockaigne, keeping under control the lava tide of burning eloquence, destined soon to sweep away in its irresistible current the prestige of Burgh-quay assemblages. McCarthy and Williams too, highly polished poets, destined for no mere provincial distinction.

Sometimes a beautiful evening would be availed of for a walk to Rathfarnham, or some other suburb of the city. It was during one of these out-of-door ramblings that an incident occurred, to which Father Meehan attributes the probable cause of Davis's lamented death. Four or five of the assembled young men set out one day in the direction of the county Wicklow. Exhausted by their tramp over dusty roads, and wide open fields, they sat down at length in the leafy shade of some trees over-hanging the shore of a picturesque sheet of bluest water, Lough Bray. Some one, in sportive mood, snatched the hat from Davis's head, and threw it in the lake. The well-timed use of stick and stone soon brought it within the owner's reach, and reeking wet, it was replaced on his perspiring head. A few days later, Davis fell ill, and in two weeks Mount Jerome Cemetery yielded him the grave he longed and sang for,

> "— on an Irish green hill-side —
> On an opening lawn — but not too wide."

The work of an historian is, perhaps, of all literary occupations the one most engrossing of time, and most jealous of attention. Yet, when some national issue required the *consensus* of the Young Irelanders as a distinct body, Father Meehan would interrupt his labors and enter the noisy arena of politics, for the sole purpose of recording his vote. This was the case in 1846, when, as a protest against the famous and fatal motion known as the universal efficacy of "Moral Force" for public wrongs in all countries, and under all circumstances, the Young Irelanders in a body quitted Conciliation Hall. A year or two later, when the charge of indifference to religion was untruthfully made against the writers of the Nation, Father Meehan refuted the accusation as groundless and calumnious.

About this time a series of papers from his pen began to appear in one of the early magazines published by the Duffys. They dealt as separate contributions with the history of the Franciscan Monasteries

and Abbeys wrecked during the wars under, and subsequent to Elizabeth and James I., against the houses of O'Neill and O'Donnell. The title *Noctes Lovanienses* was suggested by the place where the preface was written, — in the little parlor of St. Antony's convent at Louvain, within a stone's-throw of the monuments of Florence Conry, Archbishop of Tuam, and Rosa O'Doherty, widow of Owen Roe O'Neill. Unlike ordinary works of the kind, it possesses an interest apart from the facts with which it deals. The dry detail, which makes study tedious to the ordinary reader of history, is forgotten in the manner with or in which Father Meehan records this sad story of ruthless spoliation and cruelty. No cold statement of fact can invest its subject with such human interest, such warmth of color and feeling, as the spoken word of eye-witnesses. Nothing could be more natural than to bring together two distinguished exiles of the proscribed Order, and make them recount the persecution they saw and suffered. How great Abbeys and grand Cathedrals, built in the ages of Christian peace and piety by the munificence of Ireland's nobility, were set upon by English marauders, desecrated, plundered, and levelled to the earth; how the horrors of Nero's reign were revived to satisfy English thirst for vengeance, and to whet English appetite for the wholesale massacre of the native Irish; how privilege and preferment became the price of treason and apostacy; and how fair women and gallant men purchased death and exile by their constancy to Faith and Fatherland. The papers met with such high appreciation from the reading public, that the Messrs. Duffy, a short time after their completion, deemed it advisable to issue the series in book form under its new and proper title: "The Rise and Fall of the Irish Franciscan Monasteries, and The Irish Hierarchy in the Sixteenth Century." So successfully has a large sale justified the expectations of the publisher, that a sixth edition, revised and annotated with a valuable appendix, is at present in the hands of the printer.

The composition of the "Lays of Ancient Rome," relieved the monotony of essay writing for Macaulay. Father Meehan, while collecting material for the great work of his life, issued, in 1847, a splendid translation from the Italian of Manzoni's *La Monaca di Monza*, a continuation of the *Promessi Sposi*. Five years later, appeared his English version of Father Marchese's "Dominican Sculptors, Architects, and Painters." The "Flight of the Earls," is, however, the great work to which were directed the energies of his life-long industry; and which, beyond all else he has written, is destined, in the words of his friend, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, to perpetuate his memory when the hand that penned its tragic story shall have become dust. The preface recounts with touching impressiveness, how the work originated, progressed, and reached its present completion. The subject-matter needs no introduction to readers of Irish history; and the verdict of those who have pored upon its glowing pages has pronounced it, in qualities of startling occurrences, and sustained interest, superior to the great works of Scottish romance. Nothing

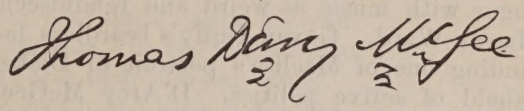
could suggest to the novelist and the romancist incidents more apt to enchain the attention of the average reader, than the summary of its contents, arranged in suitable sequence of cause and effect. From the outset to the close, the plot thickens and changes, with a rapidity that takes the breath away. The abduction of the young O'Neill; his training at the court of Elizabeth to hate his native land, and to exercise his military prowess against his own countrymen; his commission to Ireland with the army of the Saxon; his awakening remorse while witnessing the undisciplined valor of the impetuous Kerns and gallowglasses of Feagh Hugh O'Byrne; his sudden flight from the camp of the Sassenach to his rightful position as leader of the clansmen of the North. These are the introductory incidents to other changing pictures of victory and defeat, of captivity and rescue, of romantic wooing, and chivalrous encounter, till the last sad submission to cunning and duplicity of the valor which had reaped victory on the open field at the "Yellow Ford," and at Clontibret. This is followed by an unrelieved prospect of thickening misfortune, beginning with the stormy night when a solitary ship put out from Mellifont, having on board the entire royal household of the expatriated Earls, and ending with the arrival of O'Neill in a strange land, where shadowed by the murderous emissaries of the English court, filled with chagrin at his almost mendicant condition, despairing of aid to retrieve his fallen fortunes, and hurl back the tide of battle on another Bagenal or Norris, and spent with wanderings through the courts of Europe, from the throne of Philip of Spain to the chair of the hospitable Paul the Fifth, he sank at last, blind and broken-hearted, into a foreign grave. It is not too much to say, that if the author's place as a historian depended upon the merit of this one work, it would suffer no removal from the honored niche it at present occupies in the temple of enduring fame. And while this would seem to detract from the value of his other contributions to Irish history, it in reality, speaks the highest eulogium for his master-piece. To read the work, however, will be the test and estimate of its style and its story; and this for posterity will be to pronounce upon its usefulness, the favorable verdict of Father Meehan's contemporaries.

The years of his later life have been unselfishly devoted to the work of writers who can no longer promote their own literary interests. One year ago, an original contribution, compiled by the late R. R. Madden from the "Literary Remains of the United Irishmen," was issued under the auspices of Father Meehan. A little earlier, revised and annotated by the same pen, appeared a reprint of D'Arcy McGee's "Art McMurrough;" and it is the hope now of not a few, that the same industry will add to Mangan's Celtic and German Anthologies an aftermath from the *Literæ Orientales*, so well worth the gleaning. Perhaps of all the Young Ireland writers, the two which he most admired and esteemed were D'Arcy McGee and Clarence Mangan. From the former the ocean did not estrange him; and many a treasured letter addressed from America, Italy, and elsewhere, remind him of that great and good Irishman and Catholic, done to death in

the streets of Ottawa, by the bullet of an assassin, April 7th, 1868. Only three days previous to this lamentable occurrence, McGee wrote to his friend enclosing a letter to Lord Mayo, then the Irish Chief Secretary, in which he drew up, in strong array of fact and argument, a plea for Irish Legislative independence. We make no apology for introducing here a sentence from this memorable document, probably the last ever written by the subscriber:

"No ecclesiastical influence could have kept our countrymen here, loyal and at peace, if this country were governed as Ireland has been. I have the honor to be

"Your Lordship's
"Ob't serv't,



If Gavan Duffy was Mangan's Maccenas during life, Father Meehan was ever his kind and pains-taking Mentor. Indeed, the grave has not diminished his zeal for the friend whose interest and good name ambitious biographists have often made to suffer. Some years ago, a friend brought to his notice an article on Mangan, in which the usual platitudes of opium-eating and whiskey-drinking were rehashed, as a proper offset to the poet's genius, and to draw upon the reader's sympathy. The letter of reply is worth publishing, as a vindication of Mangan from alleged habits of constant dissipation.

"DUBLIN, April 21, '87.

"DEAR FRIEND: Let me tell you that it would be impossible to find *here* a single being, my unfortunate self excepted, who knew Mangan personally. Poor fellow! he did occasionally take what he ought not have taken; i. e., a spoonful of wine or whiskey upset his nervous system. The Dublin essayist may be a very conscientious man; but, instead of sitting in judgment on the departed, and exaggerating his short-comings, he ought, in my opinion, give the Irish in America a faithful criticism of Mangan's Poems.

"Mangan, be his faults what they may have been, was a *pure man*, *never* lowering himself to ordinary debaucheries or sensuality of any sort, — all the more so when I called to mind what I know of some of his most distinguished contemporaries. He prayed, heard Mass, almost every day, and occasionally knelt at the Altar rail. He dined with me as often as he liked; and, in all our conversations, I never heard him say a word that was not worth remembering. Of how many can we say that?"

And no one can dwell with more retentive emphasis on the daily flashes of Mangan's genius, than the kind friend who knew best how to appreciate this rare child of two opposing worlds. The midnight stars, often looking down upon his labor, might be for him, as for Cowley, the gentle witnesses to the pleasure and profit of these unforgotten meetings with his friend, and the apotheoses of a kindred appeal:

"Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights!
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights.
* * * * * * * * *
We spent them not in toys, in lust, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry;
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine."

A sight of his work-room will indicate in what large measure the association of a bygone day must inspire labor of this kind. There is Mangan's face, as outlined by Burton in the Dead House of the Meath Hospital; and, not far removed, the princely subject — Hugh O'Neill — whose caoine of wild sorrow and desolation thrills in the voice of the stranger with music as weird and reminiscent as in the Gaelic song of Mac-an-Ward. Gavan Duffy's beardless face, and length of locks, reminding one of Maclise's portrait of Dickens, exhibits him on the threshold of active politics. D'Arcy McGee, dark as a creole, and serious as a judge on circuit, hangs in neighborly and proper contiguity. The scrap-book on a side table contains all worth reading of Irish journalism for half a century; and curiosity opening it will light upon D'Arcy McGee's last letter; or, an autograph copy of Sam Ferguson's "Loyal Orangeman;" or, may be, a page or two in the beautiful calligraphy of poor Mangan, intended for the fickle Frances — of the Last Reproach; and when the leaf has been turned, and all examined that might invite inspection, the question suggested by these frail memorials of vanished friends, and a day gone down, may be a proper one for abstract meditation to the departing visitor: —

"They were a band of brethren richly graced
With all that most exalts the sons of men,
Youth, courage, honor, genius, wit well-placed —
When shall we see their parallels again?"

JAMES H. GAVIN.

---

## This World Without Sunday.

HAVE any of our readers ever reflected what a world this would be without Sunday being set apart to the special service of God? Think of the labor of life going on in one continual, monotonous rack, fingers forever straining, the brow forever drooping, the loins forever aching, and the weary brain forever scheming. Think of the beauty it would efface, the merry-heartedness it would extinguish, the giant strength it would tame, the resources of nature it would crush, the sickness it would bring, of the projects it would wreck, the groans it would extort, the lives it would immolate, the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig! See them toiling and fretting, grinding and hewing, weaving and spinning, sowing and reaping, raising and building, digging and planting, striving and struggling, in the garden and in the field, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, in the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the country, out at sea and on the shore, in the day of brightness and of gloom! What a picture this would present, if we had no Sunday!

# The Shepherd of Galilee.

A Legend of the First Christmas.

NIGHT'S shadows darken upon shore and sea;
No sound disturbs the stillness of the night;
A solemn silence broods o'er Galilee;
The stars shine out with more than wonted light;
A holier grandeur brightens in the skies
Than ere before was seen by mortal eyes.

A shepherd boy upon the mountains prayed,
No human heart beat there beside his own,
And, save the flock that o'er the mountain strayed,
No living thing was near him; all alone,
From day to day, he tended them with care,
And passed his hours in penitence and prayer.

For he was one whose heart believed the Word
Taught by the prophets, and the priests of old,
That He whom men and angels owned as Lord,
Would come on earth as by His saints foretold,
Not as a King whose brows a crown adorn,
But meek and poor, and of a virgin born.

And often did he pray that he might see
The hour that told the Son of God was near,
And that some angel's hand through Galilee
Would guide his pathway o'er the mountains drear
To where the Saviour in the manger lay,
That he might kneel, and worship, and obey.

Upon the hillside in the still midnight,
Where drowsily reposed the sheep and kine,
While prayed the shepherd boy, a radiant light
Shone in the heavens, all glorious and divine,
And by his side appeared upon the hill
An angel, radiant, bright and beautiful!

Grandeur and glory dwelt upon his brow,
And brightness beamed upon the place he trod,
Glowing with heavenly light and love, as now
The angels stand around the throne of God.
The trembling shepherd boy, in fear and awe,
With wonder gazed upon the form he saw.

A sweet smile played around the angel's face,
And glory's hallowed radiance lit his eyes.
"Because thy heart abounds with faith and grace,
Thy prayer prevailed," the angel said. "Arise!
An angel's hand shall guide thy footsteps right,
And thou shalt see the Son of God to-night.

"For He, the Christ is born, and even now
The hosts of heaven their hallelujahs sing
To Him before whose words all things shall bow,
And heaven and earth and all proclaim Him King,
And myriad angels on the rushing wind,
Glad tidings bring to thee and all mankind."

He ceased, and from the mountain's solitude
He bore the shepherd through the viewless air,
Swifter than meteor's flight, until they stood
Beside where Mary and the Infant were —
Within a lowly stable, on the hay
The Infant Jesus, the Redeemer, lay.

Lowly in adoration did they kneel,
The humble shepherd and the angel there,
And o'er the shepherd's face was seen to steal
A holy light, exceeding bright and fair,
As if he caught it from the Godhead's eyes,
That beam from out the manger where He lies.

No word was spoken. Mary gazed upon
The heavenly features of the Incarnate Child —
A golden halo round the manger shone,
As, looking in His mother's face, He smiled,
And Joseph feels his heart with gladness swell,
With joy too deep for utterance to tell.

Humbly before his Saviour knelt the boy,
Until the angel beckoned him away;
He feels his soul light up with gladsome joy
As the bright angel's pinions round him play,
And pierce through ether noiselessly until
Again beside the flocks, they tread the hills.

Then, said the angel, "Thou hast seen to-night
The God whom men and cherubs all adore,
He who shall chase the darkness with the light
Of Truth and Justice, and to man restore
The home which God the Father formed for him,
Ere Eve was sullied by her fatal sin.

"Thou hast been faithful, be thou faithful still,
And follow in the footsteps of thy God.
Though men may heap upon thee wrong and ill,
And rugged is the pathway to be trod,
Fear not, thy greatest suffering cannot be
So great as what thy God shall bear for thee."

The angel vanished, and a holy calm
Within the shepherd's glowing bosom stole;
And where the angel stood a heavenly balm
Floated around and pierced his very soul,
And there, upon the hill that blessed night,
He knelt and prayed until the morning light.

Next morn he watched his flocks upon the hill,
Next eve he fastened them within the fold,
And thus each day he tended them, until
Three decades o'er the shepherd's head had rolled,
And tidings came to him that by the sea
A prophet preached the word in Galilee.

Leaving his flocks and herds to wander wide,
He left the rugged hill and sought the shore,
Where flows the Sea of Galilee, and by its tide
He stood one eve as day's last beam was o'er.
A mighty multitude had gathered then
And Jesus taught his wisdom unto men.

He joined the throng, and followed day by day
Where'er his Master on his mission sped,
Through many a rough and rugged, devious way,
By holy faith and inspiration led;
His diet scant, his raiment poor and mean,
An humble follower of the Nazarene.

Poor, meek, and humble, hard the part he chose,
To work and labor for his Maker's sake;
Glowing with faith and ardor; one of those
Unknown and nameless, who, in silence, break
The chains and thralls of sin which burn and bind
The noblest aspirations of mankind.

When Jesus taught upon the sacred Mount,
The humble shepherd at his feet was there;
When from His lips there gushed a living fount
Of faith and wisdom, mercy, love, and prayer;
His lowly follower heard from where he lay
The words the Godhead spake upon that day.

He stood on Calvary, in that drear hour
When the Redeemer drew his parting breath,
And in that moment triumphed o'er the power
Of Satan, and of darkness, and of death,
And Mary found him kneeling by the side
Of Christ, the Saviour, and the Crucified.

He spoke not — moved not, on his Saviour's face
The lustre of his parting glance was shed,
Beside the cross, upon that holy place
The shepherd boy of Galilee was dead.
God's angels called him, and redeemed from sin
He entered heaven with Christ the Holy One.

WM. COLLINS.

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THE giraffe has never been known to utter a sound. In this respect it resembles a young lady in a street-car when a gentleman gives her his seat.

# From Dawn to Revolution.

THE original advent of the Irish on this continent took place over thirteen centuries ago. This in accordance with the Brendanian theory. Thanks to American and Irish antiquarians, that theory is rapidly ceasing to be a theory; as constant developments are divesting it of its apocryphal character, and clothing it with all the attributes of historical truth. These first Irish explorers, therefore, antedated the Northmen by over five hundred years, and preceded Columbus by more than nine hundred years.

From the era of the Pinta, Santa Maria, and Nina, however, modern historians at present date tangible results. The universality of the Irish race had become a potent factor in the world, long anterior to the time of Columbus. A certain portion of that race had always been of a migratory nature. Bent on exploration, the preaching of the gospel, or in the acquisition of geographical knowledge, they had traversed all the then known earth. They had traded with Spain for centuries, and many of them were, at all times, to be found in Spanish sea-ports. When, therefore, Columbus embarked in 1492, it was entirely within the logical sequence of events, that among his crews were two or more Irishmen. One of these is given as William Eyres of Galway; but beyond this, history is silent. The object of the present paper is to briefly review the successive waves of Irish immigration from the earliest period, down to the war of the Revolution.

In 1634 a notable Irish immigration occurred. The expedition was under Leonard Calvert, brother of Cecil, the second Lord Baltimore, and consisted of two hundred Irish and English. They located in Maryland. Bancroft, speaking of the event, and of the place where they settled, says: "The Catholics took quiet possession of the little place, and religious liberty obtained a home, — its only home in the wide world, — at the humble village which bore the name of St. Mary." From that time, down to the Revolution, Irish immigration was continued on a tremendous scale. Colonies of Irish were formed in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. Irish pioneers penetrated the great wilderness of the West, and erected their log cabins in many a pleasant valley, and by many a lonely stream.

They prospered and increased. They breathed the air of freedom, and became more than ever the inveterate foe of tyranny. They and their descendants were largely instrumental in creating the sparks of revolution. Once started, they fanned those sparks into a blaze, the intense heat of which finally drove British power from the country. At Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Saratoga, Monmouth, Stony Point, and other battles, the British recognized the convincing qualities of Irish musketry, and the grim effectiveness of Irish steel. Vast

numbers of Irish came here in 1641–52. The number arriving in 1656, as mentioned by Lingard, was sixty thousand. Cromwell, in his scheme to depopulate Ireland of its native people, transported thousands to America, many of whom came to so-called New England. The Jesuit Father Jogues found some Irish on the Island of Manhattan, in 1642. Father Poncet met others of the same nationality in 1643 near Albany. When Sir Thomas Dongon, an Irish Catholic, was appointed governor of New York, in 1683, a new impetus was given Irish immigration in that direction.

One of the earliest Irish settlements in New Jersey was made in 1680, under the direction of Thomas Sharp of Dublin. The party settled in what was at that time called the third of Irish tenth, before the founding of Philadelphia. Ramsay, in his Annals of Tennessee, notes the fact, that, in 1690, Doherty, an Irish trader from Virginia, visited the Cherokee Indians, and remained many years. Such, in brief, is a sketch of Irish arrivals in this country, prior to the year 1700. Were the incidents attending Irish immigration to that period recorded in detail, they would form a narrative more absorbing than was ever penned by novelist. They were heroic men, these Irish pilgrim fathers! Unlike another pilgrim element, upon which the changes have been rung unceasingly, they did not deny to others that liberty they so dearly prized themselves. Their influence on the future of the colonies was incalculable. To them, and to the broad spirit of tolerance, charity, and patriotism which they inculcated, this nation owes far more than to any influence proceeding from Plymouth Rock. This is said, not through a gratuituous desire to be argumentative or controversial, but as a plain statement of fact.

Many settlements were founded in New York by the Irish, most of which are to-day wealthy towns or cities. In 1709, Henry Wileman, who is described as a "free and noble-hearted Irishman," was granted three hundred thousand acres of land in New York, upon which he settled a large number of his countrymen. Drake's Landmarks of Boston states that a large body of Irish immigrants arrived in Boston about 1718, "bringing with them the manufacture of linen, and the implements used in Ireland." One hundred Irish families settled Londonderry, N.H., in 1719, "introducing the spinning-wheel, and the culture of flax and potatoes." Their descendants subsequently founded many towns in that section, including Dublin, which they named after the capital of Ireland. In an article published in Potter's American Monthly, March, 1875, it is stated that a very large immigration from Ireland to Pennsylvania took place from 1720 to 1730. "They at once pushed to the frontier of Chester county, and settled along the Chionges, Alungo, Swartara, Paxton, and other streams in the township of Donegal. They were a brave and hardy race." In 1723, John Sullivan arrived at Boston. He was the father of Major-General Sullivan of the Revolution. An Irish colony located in Maine about 1723, and named their first settlement Belfast. Their number was continually increased, and included Maurice O'Brien of Cork, who, with his five sons, struck the first blow on sea for American independence.

Irish settlements were made about 1726 at Stratford, Saybrook, and elsewhere in Connecticut, the settlements prospering, and becoming hot-beds of patriotism for the cause of liberty. In the year 1727, large numbers of Irish immigrated to Virginia, and one of their number secured sixteen thousand acres of frontier land. Chief Justice Logan, of Pennsylvania, said, in 1729: "It looks as if Ireland is to send all its inhabitants hither, for last week not less than six ships arrived and every day two or three arrive also. The common fear is that if they thus continue to come they will make themselves proprietors of the province." In one year, 1728–29, nearly six thousand Irish arrived at Philadelphia alone. A year later they had secured fifteen thousand acres of land in that vicinity. The Charitable Irish Society was organized at Boston in 1737, a fact which testifies to the strength of that element at the time. Gen. Knox was a member of the society, so was Gen. Elliot, and thirteen captains of the Continental Army. North and South Carolina became great Irish strongholds about 1737. They settled along the banks of the Santee, Cape Fear, Catawba, Yadkin, and other rivers, in immense numbers. The historian of South Carolina, Ramsay, declares that "of all countries none has furnished the province with so many inhabitants as Ireland. Scarce a ship left any of its ports for Charleston, that was not crowded with men, women, and children." In 1750 the Governor of Virginia granted to an Irishman, named James Patten, one hundred and twenty thousand acres of land upon which an Irish settlement was subsequently founded.

It is estimated that nearly one hundred thousand Irish came to this country in the years 1771, 1772, and 1773. In that period, thirty immigrant ships sailed from Belfast, thirty-six from Londonderry, twenty-two from Newry, and over two hundred from other ports in Ireland. The torch of liberty was early lighted in the Irish colony of Mecklenburg county, N. C. A convention was held at Charlotte, May, 1775, and on the 31st of that month promulgated the famous Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. That was over two weeks before the Battle of Bunker Hill. Among the members of this convention mentioned were John Flannigan, Richard Barry, Neil Morrison, John Ford, Matthew McClure, and others bearing distinctively Irish names. The ruling and permeating spirit of the convention was one of deadly hostility to English rule. "We will smash British power," exclaimed an Irish delegate, and the sentiment was received with unbounded applause. The Mecklenburg declaration, as unanimously adopted, was fearless, vigorous, and to the point. It bore the impress of Irish determination to knock the props from British ascendency, and tumble the structure into the Atlantic. There was no mistaking the language of the declaration.

It asserted that all commissions, civil and military, which had been granted by the crown to be exercised in the colonies, were null and void; that the Provincial Congress of each province, under the direction of the Continental Congress, was invested with all legislative and executive powers within their respective provinces, and that no other legislative or executive power could exist in any of the colonies. It

furthermore declared that the inhabitants of the county should meet on a certain day, and having formed themselves into nine companies, should elect a colonel and other military officers, whom, they declared, should hold and exercise their powers and be entirely independent of the crown of Great Britain. Another clause boldly declared that whoever thereafter should receive a commission from the crown, or attempt to exercise any such commission, would be deemed an enemy to the country. In a little over a year afterward that other and immortal Declaration of Independence was given to the world.

At Bunker Hill a company from Bedford, N. H., was stationed near the rail fence. It was mainly an Irish company, and inflicted terrible punishment upon the assailing British troops. From the historical collections of New Hampshire we learn that among the members of the company were Daniel Moore, T. McLaughlin, James Martin, John Callahan, Patrick O'Fling, Daniel Larkin, James Moore, Valentine Sullivan, Eben Sullivan, John O'Neill, John Riddle, John Ross, John Dore, W. Gilmore, and Patrick O'Murphy. During the third assault on the American lines by the British, Dore and Callahan were killed. Truer soldiers of freedom never died. Daniel McGrath and Lawrence Sullivan, who belonged to another company, were taken prisoners by the British, and, in less than three months, were reported dead.

When the siege of Boston was decided on by Washington and his generals, Henry Knox, of the Charitable Irish Society, already mentioned, was made chief of artillery. He at once had transported to the siege, thirty-nine guns, fourteen mortars, and two howitzers. As soon as these arrived, they were placed in position, and every muzzle pointed toward Boston, within which the flower of the English troops were thus penned up. Finally, the latter evacuated the city by sea, and took with them over one thousand civilians, who loved the crown better than they loved freedom. The British left the city on St. Patrick's Day, 1776, and the American army immediately took possession. The American brigadier that day was an Irishman's son, General Sullivan.

The Declaration of Independence, issued July 4, 1776, bore the signatures of not less than twelve who were of Irish birth or extraction, the last survivor of whom was Charles Carroll of Carrollton. The first secretary of Congress, Charles Thompson, was born in Ireland. By the Indians he was termed "The man of truth." John Adams referred to him as "The life of the cause of Liberty." Of the signers of the Declaration, Matthew Thornton was born in Limerick, and John Dunlap in Tyrone; James Smith and George Taylor were also born in Ireland. The father of Edward Rutledge was a native of Ireland; Charles Carroll's grandfather came from Kings county: Thomas Nelson's grandfather was a native of Strabane; the father of William McKean immigrated from Ireland, and settled in Pennsylvania; and Thomas Lynch was the son of a Galway man. Colonel Nixon, who first publicly read the Declaration to the people, was of Irish parentage. As the writer asserted in a previous article, half the continental army, who supported the principles of that Declaration with

"their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," were of the same grand old race.

In this paper the writer has attempted to give a synopsis of Irish immigration and its results down to the revolt against the curse of British rule. He has touched upon a few of the salient points, nothing more. The subject is too vast for the limits of a magazine article, or for many such. A glimpse only has been given.

THOMAS HAMILTON MURRAY.

Springfield, Mass., November, 1888.

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## The Dangers of Drink.

THE record of the London Provident Insurance Company, an association organized about forty years ago for the purpose of insuring the lives of men who are not drinkers of intoxicating liquors, is one which well deserves careful study as a scientific contribution to an important social problem. By a comparison of the table of experience of this and other companies covering a period of sixteen years, that is, beginning in 1866, and ending in 1882, it is found that the temperance company has a margin in its favor in the percentage of death losses of about thirty per cent. In other words, there is only seven tenths as much likelihood of a man dying within a year who is not a drinker of intoxicating liquors as the average member of the community, including in this category both drinkers and non-drinkers. An analysis of the causes of death among those who are habitual consumers of intoxicating liquors shows that, as compared with the average causes of mortality, there is a fourfold increase in the deaths from diseases of the liver; a twofold increase in the deaths from diseases of the kidneys, a marked increase in the deaths from pneumonia and pleurisy, a considerable increase in an earlier occurrence of deaths from diseases of the central nervous system, an increase in those referrible to atrophy, debility, etc., and a considerable group of cases in which death is referred in general terms to alcoholism or chronic alcoholism, or resulting in accidents to drinking people. On the other hand, there is something to be said in favor of the preventive results of liquor-drinking, in that it does decrease the likelihood of death from heart disease, from asthma, bronchitis, congestion of the lungs, and from pulmonary consumption. It does, moreover, very largely decrease the number of deaths from old age, though this can hardly be said to be a pronounced argument in its favor, since it is a rare exception that the habitual user of alcoholic beverages lives long enough to feel the debilitating influences of extreme longevity. But the experience of a company, such as that we have referred to, is, perhaps, the strongest practical argument in favor of abstinence that could be advanced; and it is by evidence such as this, rather than by prohibitory legislation, that the cause of temperance is to be advanced by building up in the minds of the people a belief in the necessity of so regulating their lives as to avoid those evils incident to intemperance.

# Sheridan.

THE SHERIDANS AT HOME AND ABROAD. THOMAS, THE AUTHOR. RICHARD B., THE POET, DRAMATIST, AND ORATOR. HELEN (LADY DUFFERIN), THE SONG WRITER. GEN. PHILIP H., OF OUR ARMY. ENCOUNTER, WHEN A CAPTAIN, WITH A TEAMSTER. HIS FIRST STROKE OF LUCK, ETC.

IT is not far from forty years ago when, in the old Broadway Theatre, I heard the late Edwin Forrest, on the occasion of a benefit, quote the lines:

> "When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
> Arose to Heaven in her appeal from Man,
> His was the thunder, his the avenging rod,
> The wrath, the delegated voice of God
> Which shook the nations through his lips and blazed,
> Till vanquished senates trembled as they praised."

The play of the evening, I think, was Pizarro, written originally in German by Kotzebue, and translated into English by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, "poet, dramatist, orator."

This gifted but unfortunate man is reputed to have delivered the best speech, up to his time, in the English language. At least Byron has said that he, Sheridan, made the best speech, wrote the best tragedy, (translated) the best comedy, opera, and farce in our tongue,—referring to the famous impeachment of Warren Hastings, Pizarro, School for Scandal, Duenna, Critic.

Richard B. Sheridan, or Dick, as he was called from boyhood to his death by his familiars, was the son of Thomas Sheridan, the author of a most excellent dictionary, 1780, "a plain dictionary of the English language both with regard to sound and meaning, one main object of which is to establish a plain and permanent standard of pronunciation." This dictionary ranked high in the esteem of Samuel Johnson, and did not a little to draw him towards his son when the latter went to London.

Thomas Sheridan was born in Dublin; so was Richard B., in 1757. His death in a garret without covering, without medicine or food, in 1816, has been graphically told by Thomas Moore, as his pompous funeral with peers as pall bearers and princes of the blood mourners.

The Sheridans originally came from Cavan county, province of Leinster, Ireland. The name was, and is, among many families of the present day, O'Sheridan. Doubtless, when the grandfather, or great-grandfather, of the future orator moved to the capital he dropped the "O." This reminds me of an anecdote anent Sheridan I once heard in London.

The Prince Regent, George IV., and the Duke of York happened once to be in company with Sheridan, drinking a large bottle of port wine, the fashionable beverage in England one hundred years ago.

"Sheridan," queried the Duke, "how is it that all you Irishmen when you come to London drop the O or Mac?"

Sheridan: "Easy enough, my Lord; you see I *owe* everybody."

This will be better appreciated when it is known that Sheridan was the most impecunious man who ever sat in the House of Commons.

In the zenith of his fame Byron appealed to him in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," as follows:

> "O Sheridan! if aught can move thy pen
> Let comedy resume her throne again;
> Abjure the mummery of German schools;
> Leave new Pizarros to translating fools:
> Give, as thy last memorial to the age,
> One classic drama and reform the stage."

Thomas Sheridan, son of R. B. S., was comfortably married in his parent's lifetime, and was a quiet, plain citizen, without a single ray or spark of the genius of his renowned father. His daughters, however, inherited a great deal of the intellectuality of their grandfather. Helen Selina and the late Hon. Mrs. Norton; the former married Price, the fourth baron of Dufferin and Clandeboye of the county Down, Ireland, and was the mother of the present distinguished and able Viceroy of British India, Frederick Temple Blackwood, Lord Dufferin.

As Lady Dufferin, the authoress, she is known throughout the English-speaking world, particularly in that most plaintive of ballads, I'm sitting on a stile, Mary, etc.

There is not an Irish exile from Monaghan to Melbourne, or from the Cape of Good Hope to Cape Cod, but has heard this song of the sad years of 1846–7, when sorrow went forth through the island.

Lady Dufferin when she wrote the Irish Emigrant's Lament was a widow for some years. Her husband died in 1841; her famous song was written in 1847. She remarried the Earl of Gifford in 1862, and died in 1867.

I am forcibly reminded of Connecticut's motto: *Qui transtulit sustinet* when I think of the cis-Atlantic Sheridans. I have known many of the name throughout the country, all most worthy people. None to compare, however, to the late gallant general-in-chief of our army. As I had an acquaintance with him before he was even a colonel, I jot down an incident that foreshadowed his future. Gen. Sheridan was a captain of infantry in the spring of 1862. He was attached to Gen. Halleck's staff at St. Louis, and was his chief quarter-master when the former moved to the front.

My regiment left St. Louis the last day in March, and arrived at Pittsburgh Landing (Shiloh), on Saturday, April 5, 1862. We were in the fight of the next two days.

Soon as the news arrived at St. Louis of the true state of affairs, Gen. Halleck packed his military chest and started for the field. He arrived some time about the middle of April. With him wearing the bars of a captain of infantry was Philip H. Sheridan. Halleck brought all the forces of his command to joined the shattered army of the Tennessee, as he moved from Shiloh towards Corinth, twenty-two miles away.

One day, in early May of this year, I left camp with our regimental quarter-master for Pittsburgh Landing. On our return in the afternoon, not far from the little village called Monterey, about ten miles north of Corinth, we encountered a team of mules bearing provisions towards the camp beseiging Corinth.

The left wheel of the wagon had got stuck in a deep, narrow rut, so that the mules were unable to extricate it from the fat, virgin soil of Western Tennessee. The teamster evidently had exhausted his vocabulary of coaxing and denunciation before our arrival, when he suddenly grabbed the two leaders by the bridles, and pulled them to the right and left, whilst he damned and cursed them with a stentorian volubility that was shocking to hear, and sickening to contemplate. We were only a short distance from him, and prepared to go to his assistance, when four men rode up close to the stuck wagon. Two of them were officers — the others cavalry privates. The ruddy, fresh young faces of the former indicated that they were only like ourselves, subalterns. Suddenly they came to a halt. One of the officers, a chunky little fellow, with an eye like a live coal, was habited in a blouse which bore the two bars upon the lapel accosted the teamster:

"Hello, there, my man! Don't get too excited. Let the mules alone. We'll help you."

Teamster: "Who in h — are you? D'ye min' yourn' biz. I know mine."

Swish went the long leathern whip, and the nearest mule's frame quivered as the stripes fell upon his gaunt hip at the same time.

Chunky little fellow: "Look here! Stop that this instant! Don't touch that mule again."

The teamster turned purple with rage, and his burly figure moved towards the group. He wore long boots into which his dark pantaloons were thrust. An old vest, a check shirt, and a broad-brimmed hat completed the uniform of this quaint character.

He held his heavy whip in his right hand, and looking full at the speaker, while his brilliant hazel eyes fairly blazed with passion, exclaimed:

"What the h — have you got to do with the critter, you damn — I'll give you the cowhide in a minute if you give any more of your jaw talk. Go to h — and damn quick, too," waving the whip in a menacing manner and briskly giving it a downward cut.

The chunky little fellow rose up in his stirrups like an uplifted lance, and cast the bridle to his companion. In less time than one could, with moderate haste, count ten, he had the threatening teamster by the throat and cowhide wrenched from his grasp.

Chunky little fellow: "You'll give me the whip." The teamster's throat held in his left hand — the chunky little fellow's — as the rawhide, fast and furious, yanked the astonished driver of the lean mule with the right.

Having lain on a half dozen or so of strokes upon the arms and legs of the mule-driver the subaltern threw it down, and requested him to give it to him, the chunky little fellow, as he threatened to do.

The teamster — imagine his mental composure and cuticle! He was knocked into a doldrum. He didn't take up the cowhide. He gazed with amazement upon his youthful castigator and muttered something, when the chunky little fellow withdrew his strong grip from his throat. "I am Capt. Sheridan, the chief quarter-master of the army, Mr. Teamster," was the announcement that we heard. It didn't surprise us, because captains and quarter-masters were quite numerous at this time.

The man of the mules looked abashed when he heard the name and rank of the officer he threatened to horsewhip, and very reluctantly gave his name and regiment. Turning to the group of six or eight persons, Sheridan politely invited them to dismount, and help the unmannerly fellow he had lately thrashed.

The chunky little captain just knew what to do to a dot, and did it well. The wheel, clogged with the rich loam of Tennessee, soon moved out of the rut. The mules sniffed thanks and vigorously wagged their tails, while Capt. Sheridan and his companions, putting spurs to their horses galloped over the verdant plain, the sound of their horses' hoofs borne back to us upon the soft wind of May, to the front. We followed but kept more to the westward, and soon were in our tent telling brother officers of the Bombastus Furioso we saw punished by a chunky little captain of infantry, chief quarter-master on Halleck's Staff, who was destined to become, in less than three years from that day, one of the famous soldiers of the world, the ablest cavalry leader this country ever produced, and to die twenty-six years afterwards as general and commander-in-chief of the American army, under the president.

There has been considerable foolish writing about Sheridan's first stroke of good luck. As I happen to know the facts I give them. Gov. Blair and his adjutant-general, John Robertson, visited the Michigan regiments who were engaged at the battle of Shiloh. They called at the headquarters of the commanding-general, Halleck. Robertson was an old Mexican soldier, a Scotchman by birth, and a man of solid judgment. He became acquainted with Sheridan at head-quarters. He was introduced to Gov. Blair. In the meantime Robertson had jocularly asked him, Sheridan, if he wouldn't be more at home at the head of a regiment of cavalry or infantry than dispensing quarter-master's stores. Sheridan promptly answered, "Where's the regiment?" Robertson said nothing; but that evening Gen. Halleck intimated to Sheridan that Gov. Blair was about to offer him the command of one of his cavalry regiments. "Old Brains," as Halleck was called, asked him if he would accept. Sheridan shrewdly answered, "No, unless you recommend me." This was done the next day, and Gov. Blair tendered then and there the command of the Second Michigan Cavalry to P. H. Sheridan.

Gov. Blair had a great deal of annoyance with his cavalry regiments. While he was a very bitter partisan, and did many unjust things while he was governor, he manfully endeavored to officer all the regiments of his state with the best material he could find. He

was pestered during the early summer of 1861 with the first regiment of Michigan Lancers. The war department gave authority for their formation, ostensibly to tempt the Canadians who were willing to serve in such a branch of the military service. The uniform was blue with white facings, a fac simile of the British regiment, the 17th Lancers — the "Death or Glory" boys. During the autumn of this year they were disbanded by order of Gen. McClellan as being useless as lancers. The first Michigan Cavalry was, at this time, encamped back of the capitol, Washington, under the command of the late Col. Broadhead. The disbanded lancers were paid off, but the bulk of them remained, and from them was founded the second Michigan Cavalry.

Fortunately for Sheridan he found his regiment not far away with Pope's army of the Mississippi, and attached to the division of Gen. Rosecrans. The latter was a professor at the military academy when Sheridan entered it a green youth from Ohio. Rosecrans was from the same state, and naturally took an interest in the young "Buckeye." The former soon became chief of cavalry of this army. Halleck remembered him. When Beaureguard slipped out of Corinth, bag and baggage, and left nothing behind him but a burning depot, a few barrels of beef, and about ten tons of corn, to show how well he was provided, old Halleck hastily ordered a pursuit with cavalry to Boonville, east of the Mobile and Ohio railroad. Sheridan was in command. He set out to overtake the rear of the Southern army. He failed to find it. The wily Beaureguard had his army safe and sound south of Tupelo. He, Beaureguard, laughed at Halleck. Col. Sheridan's ten thousand men riding on horses were like the army of a certain French king:

"They marched up the hill;
They marched down again."

A few rebel stragglers were brought into Corinth; but the country was informed that Col. Sheridan had captured ten thousand prisoners, that would have been a prisoner for each one of his command. It was a roorback, and a justifiable one, to pacify the public mind North at the time.

Halleck sent the dispatch announcing the capture of the ten thousand prisoners. Sheridan was shortly afterwards promoted a Brigadier-General. When the large army that surrounded Corinth was broken up, he was given a division in the army of the Ohio, subsequently the army of the Cumberland.

At the battle of Stone River, December, 1862, he handled his command with such skill and undaunted bravery, that he won the intense admiration of all, privates as officers. When he reported to Gen. Rosecrans bareheaded — he had lost his cap with a fragment of his division, — the commanding general grasped him by the hand, and embraced him as he would the son of his deep affection.

For Stone River, he got a pair of stars. Henceforth his career need not be stated. It is well known, revered, and remembered in the public heart.

As Byron wrote upon the death of the great orator, poet, and dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, we apply the lines to our great soldier:

"Sighing that Nature formed but one such man
And broke the die in mouldering Sheridan."

R. F. FARRELL.

New York, October, 15, 1888.

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# The Catholic Layman of the Future.

THE Catholic hierarchy and clergy of the United States are representative of the best manhood of our country. It goes without saying that they excel in scholarly attainments, zeal, courage, manliness, and piety; but, besides these qualities, they have a better and keener perception of the needs of the masses of the people, and are more alive to the dangers that beset our civilization than any other class.

In the questions of the relations of capital and labor, on anarchy, on the depressed condition of the masses, and on every problem which faces our government, they have spoken with thoughtfulness and vigor. We are, therefore, justly proud of our Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, of our Irelands, Spaldings, Ryans, and others. But we have no great Catholic laymen in America. We have had a Brownson, but we have no figure like Windthorst, or Daniel O'Connell, or Count de Maistre, or Ozanam, or Frederick Lucas, or St. George Mivart. Our Catholics of means are imbued with the commercial spirit which accumulates for the sake of accumulation. They are without Catholic spirit, and their children, if they be not swallowed up in the whirl of modern dissipation, are educated to follow in the footsteps of their fathers. The great lesson must be taught the Catholic laity that there is a work for them to do; that their lives, and virtues, and best talents, must be enlisted in the work of the church. The bishops and clergy can do a great deal; but, though they have all the learning of the Egyptians, they cannot do it all. We live in an age of spiritual blindness and intellectual obscurity. This generation is led astray by scientific error, as well as religious error, and we have need of laymen skilled in every science to champion the cause of the church, and defend her against the false teaching of her enemies. Here is a future for the Catholic young man, who has the means and leisure, and who is possessed of that "joy and eager desire for action" which urges him to great efforts. A late writer has remarked, that there are, in Christian social doctrine, a multitude of unfolded germs waiting to be tended and yield their increase, and, at this day, we are sorely in need of loyal and devoted spirits, filled with enthusiasm in the cause of truth, who shall discern the signs of the times, and shall help to make the new social order which is surely coming.

Catholic Sentinel, Portland, Oregon.

## Freedom of the Church in America.

And here let me say, and impress it upon you, that I prefer very much the system in this country, where our churches are supported by the voluntary contributions of the people, to that of European nations. In Catholic countries of Europe, the churches and the clergy are supported by the government, and this tends too often to paralyze the efforts of the clergy in dealing with their congregations. This is a policy which marks out churches for spoliation and confiscation. In travelling through Europe, some years ago, in company with my distinguished predecessor, Archbishop Spalding, we happened to pass through a country where we desired to call on a certain bishop. What was our astonishment, when we saw a sentinel marching backward and forward in front of the episcopal residence! We took occasion to remark the fact to the venerable bishop, and he replied significantly, "Ah! you do not see it; all that glitters is not gold. Why, you may not perhaps be able to understand; but it is a fact, that I cannot build a sacristy in this place without permission of the government." May the day never come to this, our favored country, when the clergy or the church shall be dependent on the government. Should it come to that pass, the government might next dictate what religion we should preach.

Archbishop Gibbons.

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## Church Music.

Bishop McQuaid, in a recent lecture before the St. Cecilia Society, thus describes some of those who are employed to sing in the Catholic choirs: "Some one has been picked out who has a voice, and who sings 'Credo in unum Deum,' and yet he does not believe in God at all. Another sings, 'Credo in Jesum Christum,' and yet he is a Unitarian; another sings 'Credo in unam sanctam Ecclesiam,' and he hates the church. Now, can any one man look at this matter properly, and regard the performances in any other light than that of sacrilegious blasphemy? What is the meaning of singing in our church? Is it not to render the praise of God in musical tones, in musical language? And this man is supposed to be there as a help to the priest. Now study the members of the organ gallery, and their conduct. There come rests in the service; there comes a time when the priest goes to the pulpit to preach, and the choir go behind the organ to enjoy themselves; they chat, they talk, they flirt. They have brought with them wherewith to amuse themselves; and no wonder. The priest is preaching the word of God; but they do not believe in the word of God at all. We go into the organ loft to see this man whose week was given to the world and the world's pleasures, and who has no more sign of piety about him in the church than he has in the concert saloon."

# Cardinal Manning on Christmas-tide.

TEXT:—"And the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us, and we saw His glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

HIS Eminence asked who was this Word but the eternal Son of God, the figure of the substance of the eternal Father, and the brightness of His glory, by whom all things were made. The Scriptures told us how, at the creation, the morning stars sung together, and the sons of God made a joyous melody. But the creation was only a prelude to a greater work, because the Son of God, who had made man to his own image and likeness, came into the world to take to himself the image which He had made, so that the image of man and of God the Father, were united in His person. He came in the silence of the night, while the shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the light of the glory of the Lord shone all round them, and the upper air was filled with a flood of heavenly melody, and suddenly there was with the angel a host of heavenly spirits, saying, "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, goodwill towards men." The Son of God lying in a manger had clothed His Divine and eternal person in our humanity. That was the mystery of Christmas. Human intelligence could not comprehend it, angelic intelligence could not comprehend it, the Cherubim and Seraphim, the spirits of knowledge and the spirits of love, adoring before the tabernacle, dared not look unto that mystery. But though no created intelligence could comprehend it, nevertheless we might meditate upon that which we could not altogether understand. What, then, was the meaning of the Word being made flesh? The word "flesh" here stood for manhood — the man altogether, body and soul. When it was said that God became man, that did not mean that He ceased to be God, but only that He clothed Himself with our humanity. There were two questions that might be asked touching this mystery, the one how it was accomplished, and the other why it was accomplished. As to how this mystery was accomplished he could not tell. He could only tell what the church had taught, and that was that the Incarnation was the assumption of manhood into God. As the soul and body were one man, so the man and God were one Christ. In the Gospel of St. Luke, we read that when the Mother of God asked the angel how what he had told her should be fulfilled, he answered, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." As at first God created man out of the virgin earth and made him of body and soul, so in the person of our Lord two things were united together, both perfect — the uncreated and the infinite nature of God, with all its sanctity, wisdom, and power, and the nature of man, body and soul — the two natures without confusion. Neither was the substance of the Godhead nor the substance of manhood confused; both were united together in their own perfection. The uncreated Word of God was man, but not a man. If He had been a man, He would have been a human person, and though the merits of that

person might have been great, they would have been only human merits without redeeming power. Our Lord took a human life which He could lay down; He could not lay down the eternal life which He had as God. The Creator assumed into His own Divinity the creature which he had made; He took the most perfect of all His works and united Himself to it. His Eminence then proceeded to inquire why this mystery was wrought.

Turning then to the question, "Why was this mystery wrought?" the cardinal said it was done to regenerate manhood, and give to it its original perfection, which it had lost at the fall of Adam. It was done to enlighten the intellect, which had been darkened by sin. It was done to win back the hearts of men to the love of God. He asked them, that Christmas Day, whether they had in them the love of their heavenly Father? Were they spiritually alive or dead at that moment? They must either be like the Divine Infant or they must return to the state of nature in which they were born. The lessons of Christmas Day taught them to ask themselves whether they had been putting off that which they had been putting on — viz., a character not in conformity with the will of God. God made their features, but they themselves made their countenances; God gave them their hearts and wills, and the features of their souls, but they themselves made their characters by the habits of their lives. Some there were who lived in the concupiscence of the flesh; others lived in the concupiscence of the eye, through ambition, covetousness, and avarice — men who had a cold intellect, a refined self-sufficiency. They must put off all these. What they had been doing all the days of their lives they must undo. Let it be their prayer and their resolution, that Christmas Day, that they may be changed into the humility and poverty, purity of soul, and perfection of life of the Divine Infant. Christmas was the feast of the children of God. Why was Christmas enjoyed by their little ones in their homes? Because it was the Feast of the Divine Infant, when the words of the prophet were fulfilled: "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a King is given." Little children rejoiced at Christmas because it was the Feast of their Heavenly Father; but it was also the feast of the eternal home. The world is no home. There is no home in eternity for the world. The world is in enmity with God. They all remembered the home of their childhood. They remembered the countenances of father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and other living forms with which their Christmas had been associated. For them that home was not extinct; but there were many homes where God was not, and where God was not there was no home. Many had a home only in memory, but they had a home above in which there would be perfect identification of all they loved, and perfect mutual recognition of all kindred or spiritual relationship. Christmas was the beginning of that eternal home, if at Christmas they all sanctified their homes. Let them first sanctify themselves and their children, and let them not trust the latter to any instructor who did not bring them to God. Let them sanctify all, to the very humblest serving-maid they had in their houses, who ministered to their comforts; let them do this, and then their Christmas shall have been, indeed, well spent.

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THE condor of the Andes is said to kill its prey with its bill, and the milliners are trying the same game on the married men.

## Persecution.

THE storm that shakes the reed, doth but enroot
The mighty oak more firmly. On the ground,
It scattereth the rotten branches round,
But leaveth on the boughs the perfect fruit.

So, when the world the Church doth persecute,
And fortune on her sons hath fiercely frowned, —
Tempestuous hate, each dead and rotten shoot,
Doth purge away. Behold! the Tree stands crowned,
After the cyclone's furious carouse,
With mellow, golden fruit, and strong, green boughs!

And angels, who, about it, gleaning, go
To gather up the debris, dead and doomed,
Shall cast it in the raging fires below,
There to be burned for aye, yet ne'er consumed!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

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## An Englishman on the Hatred of Irishmen.

THE bitterness which the Irish-Americans bear towards England, has been exhibited in a striking manner by the Sackville incident, says the Catholic Weekly Review, of Toronto. The reasons for that hatred were summed up twelve years ago, in a remarkable passage by the late Professor Cairnes, the well-known economist, himself an Ulster Protestant, and, although an advanced Liberal, an opponent of the scheme for placing higher education in Ireland in the hands of the dominant church. The passage will be found in his Political Essays, p. 197:

"Not a few public writers feel much difficulty in accounting for the persistent hatred manifested by a portion of the Irish people for the English name. It might help those writers to a solution of the difficulty if they would reflect on the condition of mind in which the victims of the violent expulsions just described must have crossed the Atlantic. Is it strange if, in after years, the picture of the sheriff and his posse, with crow-bar and torch, and the smoking ruins of their hovels tumbling to pieces over their heads, — if the nights spent in the ditch by the wayside, and all the wretchedness of the tramp to the port, — if these things should find a more permanent place in their imagination than the advantages of Catholic Emancipation, Corporate Reform, the National Schools, or the Encumbered Estates Court? Men leaving their country full of such bitter recollections, would naturally not be forward to disseminate the most amiable ideas respecting Irish landlordism, and the power which upholds it. I own I cannot wonder that a thirst for revenge should spring from such calamities; that hatred, even undying hatred, for what they could not but regard as the cause and symbol of their misfortunes, — English rule in Ireland, — should possess the sufferers; that it should grow into a passion, a religion, to be preached with frantic zeal to their kindred, and bequeathed to their posterity."

There is too much truth in this mournful reasoning. Mr. Gladstone's offer of Home Rule served to soften this feeling, but his wise and beneficent plans have no place in the policy of the present government of England.

## Lines on the Golden Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII.

THOU hast not vainly tilled a thankless land,
Nor hast thou aimless turned from side to side;
Thou hast not built upon the moving sand,
Nor cast bright seed upon the flowing tide.

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Full fifty stars that light the flood of time;
Full fifty hymns that rise in strains sublime
Out of the happy Past; full fifty isles
All steeped in Beauty's glow, and bathed in smiles
From kindly Heaven; full fifty angels fair,
Crowned with soft lilies and sweet violets rare,
These are the symbols of thy Rosary
Of years, — the types of things that gold thy JUBILEE.

REV. WILLIAM P. TREACY.

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## Irish Fairness.

THERE is noticeable, even in our model Republic, among narrow-minded, half-educated people, a tendency to look down on the Irish, and to deprive them of the positions they can claim by right of their talents. Among the truly educated citizens of the Republic no such feeling has sway. Only among cranks, like Mayor Hewitt, is there a very violent exhibition of this undemocratic sentiment. Neither at home nor abroad do the Irish look with distrust on honorable men on account of their religious belief. The proof is furnished by their representation in parliament. The city of Dublin is represented in parliament by Thomas A. Dickson, a Protestant; the city of Cork by Charles Stewart Parnell, a Protestant; the city of Limerick by William Abraham, a Protestant; the city of Waterford by Douglas Pyne, a Protestant; North-east Cork by Charles K. Tanner, a Protestant; the city of Galway by William Pinkerton, a Protestant; historic Clare by Jeremiah Jordan, a Protestant; county of Donegal by Swift McNeil, a Protestant; and W. A. McDonald, the blind Member for Queens county, also a Protestant. There is not one of these parts of Ireland that we have named, that is not inhabited by an overwhelming majority of Catholic voters, and see their tolerant magnanimous action. Unswayed by religious prejudices, whenever they find a Protestant gentleman, who is likely to represent their views in parliament, they cheerfully give him their suffrages, very often preferring him to an opponent whose religious belief was in unison with their own. Would not the world be all the happier for an extension of their bright example?

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VIRTUES, even, are dangerous, if they have not humility in their number; for they beget pride and give us a false virtue.

# Past and Future of the Celt.

THE Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, President of the new Catholic University, lectured in Philadelphia, a few weeks ago, on the above subject. We give a few extracts from the address:

God endows every race with the qualities necessary for carrying out the special work assigned to them. The surest way to know what is to be is to look at what has been. He would then speak of the character, capabilities, and life of the Celtic race. In order the better to bring out these points, the Right Reverend lecturer gave a brief account of the original division of the human race into three great families, as represented by the three sons of Noe; and as he had principally to deal, in this lecture, with a branch of the Japhetic family, he told of its three great subdivisions, namely, the Hindoos and Persians, the Greeks, Romans and Teutons, and, lastly, the Celts, who were the first to break away from the great Aryan race, and who penetrated to, and settled in, the extreme western part of the then known world. He compared the religious and moral characteristics of these three subdivisions of the human race, and clearly showed the superiority of the last named. But nowhere was the character of the Celt better preserved in its full purity than in Ireland, where in him were combined all the best ideas of the other races. Among these Celts the idea of God was always kept in its original purity. It is a remarkable fact, that while the remains of idols are to be met with in almost every other country, no idol, or trace of an idol, has ever been found in Ireland. The Irish always asserted the unity of the Supreme God. Religion has always been their leading national characteristic, and their country was called by the Phœnicians the Holy Isle. They had the patriarchal form of government, as is shown in their clans. With them every man was a man, an equal with his fellow-men. There were no tyrannical feudal lords in Ireland, and no vassal slaves, as among the Teutonic peoples. Then the lecturer referred to the religious revolution of the sixteenth century, as a struggle between the Teutonic and the Celtic spirit, a struggle for human or divine supremacy, the Celt being the uncompromising champion of the latter. And, as "the truth is mighty, and it must prevail," so we now see the dawning of an era of true liberty, when there is every promise of victory for truth and righteousness.

The opening of a new western world was only another phase of the workings of Divine Providence, and here we see a characteristic combination. The Saxon, or the Teuton, and the Celt come together to the western world; and while the former, showing his propensity to human selfishness, raised the factory, the latter, ever developing his religious spirit, raised the church; and, high as might be the chimney, the cross was raised still higher.

He was told, on one occasion, by a Celt in Chicago, that there are forty millions of Irishmen out of Ireland; and, astounding as he at first regarded this statement, he has, at last, come to believe it, for, no matter into what part of the world you go, you find Irishmen. Here the bishop narrated several anecdotes illustrating the Irishman's ubiquity. And, wherever Irishmen are found, they are always doing the same

thing. They are now what the Semitic race was of old. Incapable of change, the Irish are the Semites of Christianity. The only aristocracy ever recognized in the Irish race was the aristocracy of learning. Thus they are everywhere the apostles of truth, and thus they have a glorious mission to fulfil; and this glorious mission has been opened up for them in America. For American principles are based on the rights of man, and the supremacy of the Creator over man; and they should be proud to think that those principles were enunciated from Philadelphia; and that, on the eastern slope of this continent, when the need came, their supremacy was asserted by the force of arms. These American principles are Celtic principles, and those who asserted them were Celtic in their heart and spirit. It has been said that it takes an Irishman only twenty-four hours to become an American; we can go even farther, and say, that an Irishman is an American as soon as he touches American soil.

Here the Celtic race has its great future before it,—its great work to do. All true Americans will rejoice when the mother land, Ireland, will gain Home Rule; but the work of the Irish race is here in this country, to maintain inviolable the principles of the Declaration of Independence. These principles are now assailed by various dangers, by every form of selfishness. The Celt is to be their champion. They are assailed by those who assail the supremacy of the Creator. When the rights of man are left to the mercy of man, then they are sure to perish. A supernatural agency is, therefore, necessary; and, accordingly, the only safeguard of social order lies in the Catholic Church, as was acknowledged by a leading Protestant of this city to Archbishop Ryan, shortly after His Grace came to this city. Woe to the world when man is king!

Like the Celtic race, the Catholic Church is everywhere in the world; and, to assure the future of both, the Celt must ever be faithful to the dear old church. And, in order to be so, he has another duty to perform. He owes it to himself and to his country to show the possibility of keeping passion under control. The leading danger to the Celtic race comes from the evil of drink, without which the Celts would be the best people upon God's earth. Drunkenness and the drink traffic are a discredit to the Celtic character, and an injury to the church. It has been said that Ireland sober will be Ireland free; and O'Connell prided himself on his alliance with Father Mathew. So does Parnell inculcate temperance among his colleagues. Irish success depends on sobriety. So may it be, also, in this country. Our future, in this land, is to proclaim man's brotherhood; and the country will need it.

In conclusion, the lecturer impressed upon his audience the importance of sticking to their true principles, and of being ever faithful to them and to their work. They should be a haven of virtue to the American people.

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As the Angel Gabriel saluted the Blessed Virgin on the day of annunciation, and called her blessed, so, also, ought we, on her feast days, praise her, and call her blessed, to fulfil the word and promise of God, and to please Him. As she brought the Redeemer into the world to save it, she will, in return for our praises, save us from the dangers which surround us.

## Who are the Men who have Built up this Republic?

An able Protestant American writer (William Mathews, LL.D., in Hours with Men and Books,) says: "Who are the men who built up this nation and made it the great Republic it is? Are they all, or nearly all, of Anglo-Saxon birth or descent? Not to speak of the Swiss, the Huguenots, the Dutch, and other minor people, let us look at the Irish contingent to American greatness. From the very first settlement of the country, in field and streets, at the plow, in the senate, and on the battle field, Irish energy was represented. Maryland and South Carolina were largely peopled by Hibernians. Maine, New Hampshire, and Kentucky received many Irish emigrants. During the first half of the last century the emigration from Ireland to this country was not less than a quarter of a million. When our forefathers threw off the British yoke, the Irish formed a sixth or seventh of the whole population, and one fourth of all the commissioned officers in the army and navy were of Irish descent. The first general officer killed in battle, the first officer of artillery appointed, the first commodore commissioned, the first victor to whom the British flag was struck at sea, and the first officer who surprised a fort by land, were Irishmen; and with such enthusiasm did the emigrants from the Green Isle espouse the cause of liberty, that Lord Mountjoy declared in Parliament, 'You lost America by the Irish.' We will not speak of the physical development of America, to which two generations of Irish laborers have chiefly contributed; we will confine ourselves to the men of brain who have leavened the mass of bone and sinew by which our material prosperity has been worked out. Who were the Carrolls, the Rutledges, the Fitzsimmonses, and the McKeans of the Revolution? Whence came such men as Andrew Jackson, Emmet, J. C. Calhoun, and McDuffie, of a later day? Whence the projector of the Erie Canal, the inventor of the first American railroad? Whence two of our leading sculptors, Powers and Crawford? Whence our most distinguished political economist, Carey? Whence the hero of Winchester, whom all the people of the North have delighted to honor? They were all Irish by birth or descent."

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It is reported of Mrs. Partington that, thinking one evening that her little nephew was sitting up rather late, she said to him benignly, "You know, my dear, that all the little chickens go to roost at sunset." There was no harm in that. The harm, that time, was done by the nephew, who retorted, "Yes, auntie; and so does the old hen!"

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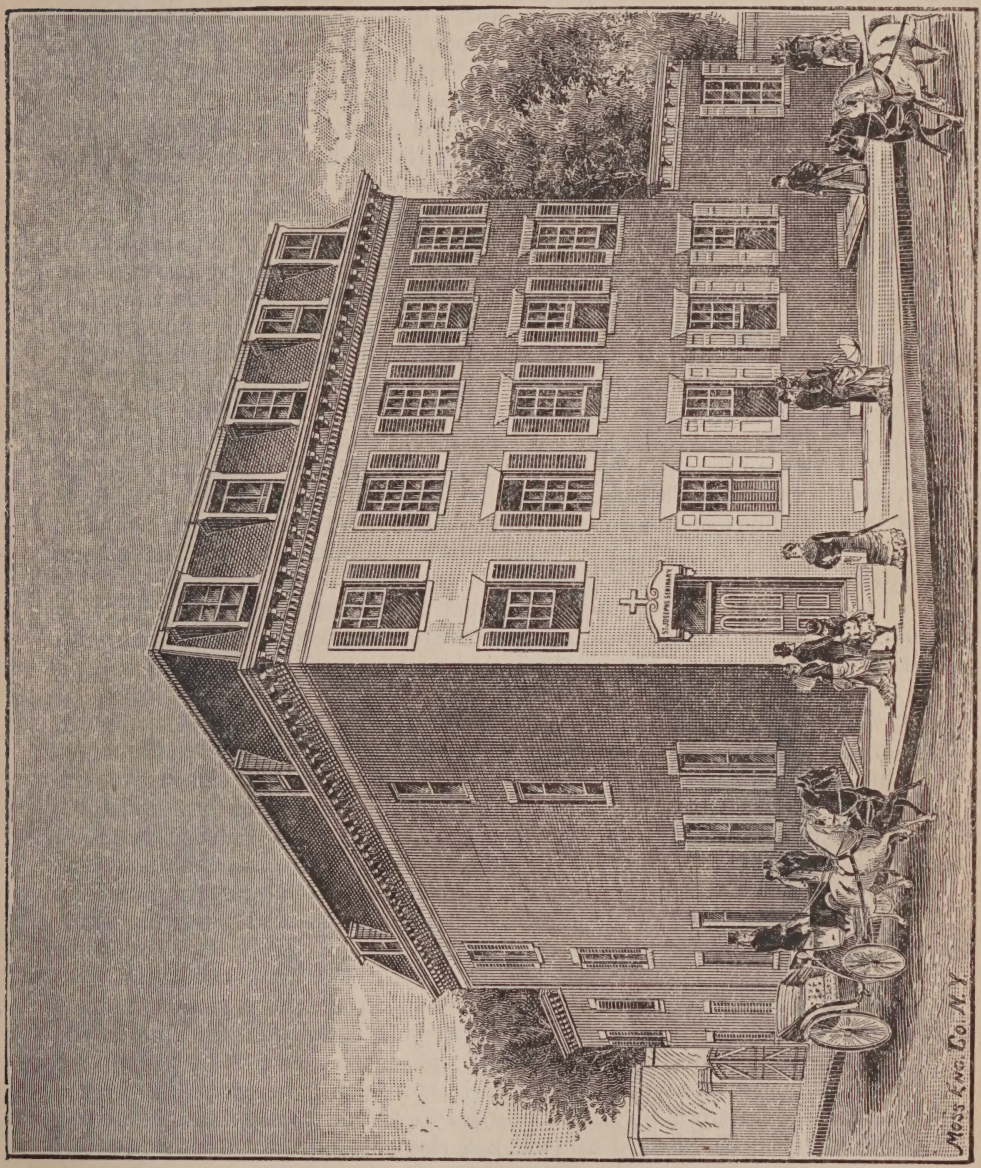
I hear you have had an addition to your family, Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown (sadly). — Multiplication, my dear madam — twins.

# St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

The mustard seed, least and last, just sown for the Colored Harvest. Help it to shoot out great branches, so that many Reapers may dwell under the shadow thereof.



*ADDRESS TO THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA.*

ST. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY for the Negro Missions, having been recently opened and placed under my charge, I desire to invite the young men of our faith to consider the missionary vocation to the colored people of the United States.

There are upwards of seven millions of the African race in this country, less than two hundred thousand of whom are members of the true Church. More than half do not profess any sort of Christianity, and of those who do a great proportion have but low and superstitious forms of the more vulgar Protestant sects. Yet the colored people are naturally intelligent, have admirable moral qualities, and are remarkably gifted by nature with the religious sense, being fond of participating in public worship, easily led to accept the truths of revelation, and have a bright perception of the beauties of a moral and religious life.

Taken as a body, this people is not averse to Catholicity. On the contrary, the missionary efforts already made by our Society have demonstrated not only the general religious traits I have just mentioned, but a particular aptitude for the Catholic faith and discipline. Wherever intelligent and zealous efforts have been made to evangelize them, these have resulted in conversions, and that is especially the case in localities where our holy religion had been before hardly so much as known. We have found the negroes easy to convert. We have found scarcely any difficulty in opening schools, to which non-Catholics willingly send their children and even pay for their tuition, in face of the certainty that they would be trained up there in the Catholic faith. In country places the Fathers of our society have been able to gather about us numerous audiences of colored people, not one of whom was a Catholic, and to establish Catholic schools in their midst. Of course, we have not been without opposition, but it has come, for the most part, from the white neighbors of the colored people, and even of them not all have been opposed to us.

In one word, there is a ripe harvest of converts ready at your very door. A whole race of men, newly elevated to the dignity of American citizenship, whose career in the world is barely beginning, are willing to hear the word of life.

The difficulty is to obtain apostolic men to preach that word. From every part of the South the loud call for negro missionaries comes to my superiors and to myself. The archbishops and bishops of the Southern states are asking for our Fathers to open churches and schools in their dioceses. The answer has always been no. Every man we have is overworked. But by the providence of God this seminary has been established to supply this rich harvest-field with apostolic laborers. Already a little band of young men is here assembled pursuing their course of divinity, and exercising themselves in the virtues of their heroic vocation. Their hearts are afire with that flame of divine love for souls which our blessed Saviour came on earth to scatter among men, and which the breath of his Holy Spirit is daily enkindling in the choicest souls. I invite you to join them.

I cannot invite you to join us by promising an easy life in the priesthood. There is no such thing for any good priest, least of all for a missionary. But I dare affirm that the consolations of our life will give you a reward capable of compensating you for a thousand times greater hardships than it is possible for man to bear. St. Francis Xavier wrote home from India that one minute of the divine joy that sometimes filled his heart, amply repaid him for the dangers and sufferings he underwent in his long voyage from Europe. The noblest

souls of the Catholic Church have gone before you in this royal way of the missionary vocation — are daily going this way from all the old Catholic nations of Europe. They bid adieu forever to home and kindred; they tear asunder the sweetest bonds of human attachment; they forsake their very names and mother tongues that they may bear the banner of the cross beyond the frontiers of Christendom. They combine in this the heroism of finely constituted natures with the supernatural graces of a high spiritual perfection.

And how much more perfect is the profession of piety when it enables one to rise superior to family, race, caste, and every other form of narrowness. When a man has risen above his own blood he has gone far in the conquest of self, and little remains between him and God. The young man who comes to our seminary with a sincere heart has put under foot one of the most powerful enemies of Christian charity — race prejudice. His faith is truly universal, strictly Catholic, and his charity tallies with it. The truly God-like man longs to be adorned with some divine mark of universality, and there is none more significant of predestination to eternal life than that of the missionary. He has a near view of the truth. He has a broad and loving view of humanity.

Therefore, my young friends, I invite you to consider the missionary vocation for the conversion of the negro race in America. Make it a subject of prayer. Ask the Holy Spirit to guide you. Take the advice of spiritual men. Implore the prayers of the Mother of God. Ask the intercession of St. Joseph, under whose invocation this seminary is dedicated to God.

If you have inquiries to make, I shall be glad to answer them.

Baltimore, Oct. 1, 1888. J. R. SLATTERY, Rector St. Joseph's Seminary.

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### A Lady Missionary.

Lady Herbert, of England, who came to this country some time since, is devoting her time and her fortune to missionary work among the colored race. She recently said she could not understand the prejudice that existed in this country against the colored people, and could see no reason why they should not be admitted to full social equality. She said she had passed a number of years in the West Indies, and was impressed with the many noble attributes of the negro, and especially with his fidelity. She was sure a grand future was in store for him. Lady Herbert said she had a two-fold object in visiting this country. In the first place, she desired to visit the different colored missions, and ascertain the progress made by the Catholic religion. She also desires to found a colored orphanage in Baltimore. She was very much pleased with what has been done in this direction, but thinks that much more is needed. The other object of her visit was to secure an establishment for her second son, who is to be married next month. This son is the Hon. Michael Herbert, who has been appointed British *charge d'affaires* at Washington, and the lady he is to marry is Miss Lelia Wilson, of Virginia. Lady Herbert, or, as she is also called, "The Lady Herbert of Lea," is the widow of Lord Herbert, who was secretary of war for England during the civil war in the United States. She looks to be about fifty years of age, and her face glows with the enthusiasm

she feels when talking on her favorite subject, — the colored people. She is the mother of ten children, — the Earl of Pembroke being her eldest son. One of her daughters is the wife of Earl Gray, only son and heir of the Marquis of Ripon. Lady Herbert has a European celebrity, and is the authoress of a large number of works, mostly of a religious tendency, her best known books being Cradle Lands, Impressions of Spain, and a foreign missionary series, comprising the lives of priests who were on foreign missions. Her latest work is the life of a colored saint, Blessed Martin of Parres. Her earnestness is manifested by the fact that she usually rents her London house during the season to wealthy Americans, and devotes the proceeds, amounting to about five thousand dollars, to the support of an orphanage containing eighty children, and in charge of eight Sisters of Charity.

### The Colored Harvest

is the name of a new paper recently issued in Baltimore, devoted to the colored race. From it we glean the following items of interest:

#### CATHOLIC MONOPOLY.

It is the fashion nowadays to declaim against monopolies that absorb and keep to themselves the wealth of the country, whilst the poor are left to eke out a wretched existence. But are not we Catholics guilty of a far worse monopoly in keeping to ourselves that saving faith intended by Jesus Christ for all mankind, — that faith which we are bound in charity to share with others less favored than ourselves? Freely you have received, freely give.

#### WHAT THE NEGROES BELIEVE.

Three million, communicants and members all told, are claimed by the various Protestant sects.

*One hundred thousand, hardly, are Catholics.*

Three million, and more, consequently, *have no professed religion:* not, indeed, from any fault of theirs, for they are, naturally, a religious people; but because:

"*The little ones ask for bread, and there is none to break it to them.*" Lam. iv. 4.

"*Pass over and help us,*" they cry out to us.

#### WHERE THE NEGROES LIVE.

Seven million negroes are in the whole United States.

Five hundred thousand live in the Northern and Western states, from Maine to Oregon.

One million and five hundred thousand live in Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas; all formerly slave States.

Five million dwell, between the Potomac and the Gulf, in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

In these eight States there are as many negroes as whites.

The Bishop of Salford, England, Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, one of the pioneers in the conversion of the colored people, says: "We have

for a long time greatly desired to give to the missionary work among the negroes of the United States a more effective assistance than we have yet been able to offer. The time seems now to have come when we should begin to establish a house of studies in America for training priests for the negro missions. We have now had an experience of the colored missions extending over sixteen or seventeen years. We have gained an insight into the qualities requisite in the missioner, and into the character and needs of the colored people. This experience and insight may now be utilized upon a larger scale, and for the benefit of the whole work. We have also learned, during the past years, how difficult it is to obtain a sufficient number of vocations, or, at least, a sufficient number of persons, who are attracted to the colored mission, while their education is being carried on in the midst of brethren whose great desire is to devote themselves to the Eastern Missions of the church. The urgent need, then, of a greater number of priests for the colored missions, and the experience and insight already gained by our priests in America, have led to the determination to begin, without further delay, a Seminary in America for the negro missions."

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## Religious Establishment in Jerusalem.

THE Jews are looking towards Jerusalem, and a project is on foot for buying Palestine from the Sultan. It is not yet known whether any, or what sum would buy it, but the time is considered favorable. There are, at present, in Jerusalem about eighteen thousand Jews, nine thousand Mohammedans, and six thousand or seven thousand Christians. Of these latter about eighteen hundred are Catholics of the Latin rite. The lower part of the city is inhabited by the Turks, the upper by the Jews, who have many establishments also outside the town. To the west, with the Holy Sepulchre in the centre, is the Christian quarter. In the angle to the north-east is the Church of the Holy Name, called the Co-cathedral out of respect for the Holy Sepulchre, which is not the exclusive property of the Catholics. It belongs to the Latin Patriarch. Adjoining is the school of the Christian Brothers, frequented by three hundred pupils, many of whom are Mohammedans. A little lower down is the convent of the Franciscans, and their establishment, opened in 1872, for the gratuitous reception of pilgrims. In the middle of the Mussulman quarter is Father Ratisbonne's Sanctuary of the Ecce Homo, on the ruins of Pilate's Hall. Father Ratisbonne is building outside the walls, to the north-east, a large school for teaching arts and trades to boys. In the same Mussulman quarter is to be seen also the beautiful French church of St. Anne, which the Archbishop of Algiers has had made over to his congregation of African missioners by the French Government. They are founding there a school of "hautes études scripturaires." The Sisters of St. Joseph have a large school of three hundred girls in Jerusalem, and they are now building a hospital. The Protestants have, singularly and appropriately enough, built their church on the site of the banqueting hall of Herod's palace.

# Mass: Union with the Perpetual Sacrifice.

THE prophecy of Malachias that "in every place there is sacrifice and a clean oblation among the Gentiles from the rising of the sun until his going down," is verified in the Catholic Church in Holy Mass and in the Catholic Church alone. Whether you consider the mode of offering or the Victim offered, it is essentially the "clean oblation," and it is the sacrifice *everywhere* offered.

Day and night the Sacrifice never ceases. The sun himself has become the perpetual herald and precursor of Jesus Christ. No sooner do his rays touch the distant horizon of the country than its priests arise, and, casting off sleep, prepare themselves for Mass. As he travels westward, awakening land after land in his course, the church in land after land begins her prayer, and, vesting, offers the spotless Victim of Salvation for the four great ends of Sacrifice.

Time and place and space are but accidents, and we can triumph over them. They are powerless to intercept the spiritual union of our souls with the Divine High Priest and Victim. We may accompany Him on His progress round the world. Oh, how the heart that loves can travel and is never weary! How the thoughtful mind can traverse space and place and time! How the imagination becomes a docile, ready servant to the faithful, loving soul, enabling her to wing her flight through every land, and to kneel before every altar in humble, heartfelt, thankful adoration.

You cannot go to Mass, you say. It is not even daylight. Yet you are wakeful, and lonely during the long hours of the night. Illness, perhaps, or the effects of age or care have laid you low. The body finds no rest, and mind and heart are unengaged. Ah, in faith and humble patience kiss the Hand of God, and then take your wings, and in spirit fly to the holy altars wherever Mass is celebrating. The Divine Victim is immolated every hour of the night and day.

There are lands where He is being offered in gorgeous churches, warm and rich, and beautiful with art; the worshippers are streaming in and out from early twilight until noon. Priests follow one another in rapid succession, emerging from the great sacristy, to different altars in chapels scattered round the aisles and transepts of some majestic *Duomo*. In basilica and cathedral, in simple church and private oratory throughout Italy, Spain, and France,—away in peaceful hamlets, nestled amid hills and olive groves, and in plains and fruitful vineyards, and in the denser populations of the towns,—upon the altars the tapers burn, and tinkling bells tell of the dread sacrifice until noon suspends, for a time, the sacred rites.

In other lands the spotless Victim is offered in lonely chapels and modest churches which speaks of poverty and persecution, and where the worshippers are few and scattered like grapes that have escaped the vintage.

These, as the light advances, are missioners in countries covered with northern snows; dispensed from all but the bare essentials, they are laying the host and chalice upon altars cut in rocks of ice, and the dull Esquimaux crowd round the chalice of salvation.

Here is the heroic black-robe in the prairie. He has cast his lot with the nomad Indian tribes, half-civilized, and offers Mass under the blue canopy of heaven, while the rude Indians reverently worship God.

There again are the countries that lie in the burning tropics; on thousands of altars raised by apostles from old Catholic Spain, and Portugal, and Italy, our dearest Lord is offered up in sacrifice. Negro, Indian, Malay,—a hundred different tongues adore and praise Him. He knows each one by name, and He invites them to salvation.

And once more, here are the races of China and Japan and Tartary kneeling round their humble altar. And, finally, here beneath our feet are the Oceanic colonies of Britain; in Sydney, Melbourne, and New Zealand the priests are vesting and the faithful issuing forth in the clear, elastic atmosphere, to morning Mass — while we at home are counting the strokes of the midnight hour. Wonderful is the continual offering of Mass throughout the world!

Thus, to make a summary, you may remember that the Holy Sacrifice is offered:

(1) From our early morning until midday, upon a hundred thousand altars, throughout the chief countries of Europe and in Western Africa.

(2) From eight or nine o'clock till evening, throughout the vast States and countries of North and South America.

(3) From four in the evening until our midnight, throughout Australia, New Zealand, the Polynesian Isles, Japan, Corea, China, Tonquin, and Burmah.

(4) From ten P.M. until our morning twilight, throughout British India, Palestine, Abyssinia, Egypt, Asia Minor, and the Levant.

Brighter than stars in the firmament are the altars of Jesus scattered over this dark, sinful earth of ours. Truly, as doctors and saints have declared, God has mercy on the earth on account of the daily Sacrifice. This Sacrifice of Christ by Christ is that *clean oblation* which "no human wickedness or malice can defile." Oh, blind and weak and poverty-stricken they who use it not! Oh, rich with heavenly wealth and honor the poorest among mortals who values HolyMass!

Oh, how is it that the scales are so heavy upon men's eyes that they cannot recognize the fulfilment in the Mass of that specific prophecy spoken four hundred years before the Christian era, — "From the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in *every place there is sacrifice*, and there is offered to My name a *clean oblation;* for My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts." (Mal. i. 11.)

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## Blessing of Pius IX.

"May God bless and direct, through the intercession of St. Francis de Sales, under whose protection they wished to be placed, the writers of Catholic journals who defend the cause of religion, its rights, and those of the Holy Apostolic See, and adhere to its doctrines and precepts with devotion and fidelity."

## Godfathers and Godmothers.

CATHOLIC Mirror: Every week many persons become godfathers or godmothers, as the case may be. Few of them have the least idea of the sanctity and duties of the office of sponsors which they undertake to fill. They are strictly bound to exercise a constant vigilance over their spiritual children, and carefully to instruct them in the maxims of a Christian life, that they may approve themselves through life such as their sponsors promised they should be when they were baptized. They promise to be the teachers and guardians of the children, whose respective godfathers and godmothers they become, and are responsible for their religious instruction. "I most earnestly admonish you, men and women," says St. Augustine, "who have become sponsors, to consider that you stood as sureties before God, for those whose sponsors you have undertaken to become." Hence, parents should be very choice in the selection of sponsors for their children, and not ask unworthy persons out of friendship or for worldly considerations. This sacred trust should be confided only to sterling Catholics, who are willing to discharge its duties with fidelity.

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## The Garden of Gethsemane.

LIEUTENANT LYNCH, of the United States' Exploring Expedition to the River Jordan and the Red Sea, in 1848, visited the Garden of Gethsemane about the middle of May. He says the clover upon the ground was in bloom, and altogether the garden, in its aspect and associations, was better calculated than any place he knew to soothe a troubled spirit. Eight venerable trees, isolated from the smaller and less imposing ones which skirt the pass of the Mount of Olives, forms a consecrated grove. High above, on either hand, towers a lofty mountain, with the deep, yawning chasm of Jehosaphat between them. Crowning one of them is Jerusalem, a living city: on the slope of the other is the great Jewish cemetery, a silent city of the dead. Each tree in this grove cankered and gnarled and furrowed by age, yet beautiful and impressive in its decay, is a living monument of the affecting scenes that have taken place beneath and around it. The olive perpetuates itself, and from the root of the dying parent's stem the young tree springs into existence. These are accounted one thousand years old. Under those of the preceding growth, therefore, the Saviour was wont to rest; and one of the present may mark the very spot where he knelt, and prayed, and wept. No cavilling doubt can find entrance here. The geographical boundaries are too distinct and clear for an instant's hesitation. Here the Christian, forgetful of the present, and absorbed in the past, can resign himself to sad yet soothing meditation. The few purple and crimson flowers growing about the roots of the trees will give ample food for contemplation, for they tell of the suffering and ensanguined death of the Redeemer.

## Against Corruption in Public Affairs.

MANY of the Catholic papers of this country — notably the Columbian, of Columbus — have been keeping up a vigorous fire all along the line, against corrupt men and methods in American politics, irrespective of party, and in favor of the more general infusion of Christian morality into our political life and practice, as the only antidote to the evils in question. This is worthy of all commendation, and ought to receive the hearty sanction and practical support of the entire press of the country. Many professedly Christian men, who are duly scrupulous in regard to other matters of minor importance, seem to leave their religion and conscience at home when they go to the polls, and hesitate not to cast their ballots for men and measures that are utterly subversive of the highest and best interests of the people, simply and solely because they chance to be on the party ticket, with little or no conscientious regards to the methods employed in placing them there or the result of their election. Just here is a fruitful field for political reform.

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## Long Engagements.

LONG engagements are dangerous. They should not be allowed.

When a young man and a young woman find out that each loves the other, if certain conditions exist, the sooner they get married the better. Those conditions are that they shall be seeking to serve God by entering the wedded state; that they shall both be of the same faith; that they shall have been acquainted with each other from childhood, or, at least, for many years; and that they have reasonable prospects of making a living becoming to their station in life.

We don't believe in girls of sixteen or seventeen, or boys of eighteen or twenty, mating for life. Marriage is too serious a business to be entered into by children.

Everybody has heard the old saying, how people often marry in haste to repent at leisure. They are infatuated by a pretty face, or a pleasant talker, or a stylish dresser, of whose real character they know nothing, and with whom they have been acquainted only a short while. Presto! The question is popped, the minister is called in, and they are man and wife. Before the honeymoon is over, they have spats; before the year is out, they are divorced.

Thank God, there is no divorce for Catholics; and this fact, together with the three public announcements that have to be made in church before the priest will be present at the ceremony, — these discourage hasty and ill-advised unions.

But let us return to the nice couple referred to in the second paragraph of this article. In one, two, or at least three months after he has given her the engagement ring, let them kneel before the altar of God, and there, in the presence of their friends, let them receive the benediction of the Church on their union, so that, in every way, it shall be a happy marriage.

And now, young ladies, mind, no long engagements!

Catholic Columbian, Columbus, Ohio.

# Father Damien.

In the year 1873 Father Damien, a young Belgian priest, devoted himself to missionary labors in the Leper Settlement of Molokai, one of the Sandwich Islands. After the lapse of ten years he took the malady, but continues to labor there still.

*Extracts from recent letters of Father Damien to friends interested in his mission among the Lepers.*

"Pray recommend to all your spiritual children to pray for the conversion of great numbers of our unfortunate outcasts, for a great many of them are more afflicted with spiritual leprosy than physical. . . . The disease is now pretty well all over my body, but so far only externally. . . . Ainsi le sacrifice de ma santé que le bon Dieu a bien voulu accepter, en fructifiant un peu mon ministère parmi les lépreux, se trouve être, après tout, bien léger, et même agréable pour moi, osant dire un peu comme St. Paul, 'Mortuus sum et vita mea abscondita est cum Christo in Deo.'"

Such expressions, casually finding a place in a letter, preach the doctrines of the Incarnation and the Resurrection more powerfully than the most eloquent treatise.

I.

Lives there not — still replaced as time goes by —
Some man who wears the wide earth's crown of woe,
Pain's Victim-Priest, a shadow cast below
By Him that Victim-Priest enthroned on high? *
Mounts not that man-elect his Calvary
By Christ-like choice not doom? If this be so,
The world's blind prophets ill the graces know
Men reap from that perennial agony!
Damien! no name like thine exalts old story!
Dread Leper-Saint, pray well for me and mine,
Both here and harbored in the eternal glory;
For this is sure — that living woes like thine
Are knit so closely with Christ's Death Divine,
They draw from it some power expiatory.

II.

The greatness is *our* vaunt: vain-glorious thought
To thee finds access never: that is well!
The Spirits that whisper round thy midnight cell
Waft thee a dew of purer solace, fraught
With Eden's sweetness only — solace caught
From bowers where Love and Meekness blended dwell
And whence not boasts, but songs thanksgiving swell,
Love-songs of martyr souls. This fight well fought
Thy death will crown; thy greatness then be known:
Who then shall lead thee to thy paradise?
Those saints who best true joy, true beauty see
When hid by mists of earth — Cecilia, she
Whose bridal wreath angels discerned alone,
And Agnes angel-veiled from fleshly eyes.

October 12, 1888. Aubrey de Vere, in the Month.

* "Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ, in my flesh, for His Body which is the Church." [Coloss. i. 24.]

## The Bible before Luther and Company.

MANY incorrect ideas are current in regard to John Wycliffe. His character and writings have been much mistaken; that he has no title to the honors given him as the "Morning Star of the Reformation;" that his doctrines were the ravings of a revolutionist, and lead less to Protestantism than to anarchy. The following passage from a recent pamphlet issued in England, respecting the Mediæval editions of the Bible, is worthy of remark: "As we are upon the subject of the reading of the Scriptures, and as one of the great glories of Wycliffe, is, that he is supposed to have given the Bible to the people, it will not be without profit to overthrow the current opinion concerning the opposition made by the church to the diffusion of the Scriptures. Let us remind our readers, that, on the invention of printing, the Bible was one of the first books printed, and one edition followed the other. Before the year 1500, the Bible had been published in Latin almost a hundred times; this fact ought to dispel the old fable that not even the clergy were acquainted with Holy Scripture. What must we think of the statement that the Bible was rigidly withheld from the laity, when we find that, quite apart from numerous editions of various parts of the Bible, there existed before Luther's time fifteen *complete* versions of it in High German, besides five others in German dialects? This for Germany alone and add to this that many of these versions went through a number of editions; that, for instance, Amorbac, in Basel, printed the Bible nine times within ten years; Hoburger, in Nurnberg, fifteen times before the end of the fifteenth century. What would have been the use of these Bibles if the people had not been allowed to read them?

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## Take Up Your Cross.

JESUS CHRIST foretold that "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me. For he that will save his life shall lose it; and he that shall lose his life for My sake shall find it." The law of God was an offence to the worldly heart, because it enjoined self-denial. "Unhappy man that I am," exclaimed St. Paul, "who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" By this the Apostle meant the wounds of original sin which was a cross all had to bear. There were habits which hindered our sanctification, such as neglect of prayer, and infirmities, natural or acquired. Unless we mortified the flesh in these respects, how should we see eternal life? The crosses of the body, continued the preacher, were pains of the body, and every pain we suffered we might lay beneath the Cross of Jesus Christ. Then there were crosses of the mind; there were as many crosses as there were affections that could be wounded; and all these crosses might be borne for Jesus Christ. Even if we had brought them upon ourselves as scourges, they might be turned into crosses, and borne for Jesus Christ, if accepted

with patient submission and penitence. Whenever we were without a cross or something that thwarted our will, we should beware. A lull came before a storm; and when we had no trials, we were in danger. A Father of the church had said, "Who was stronger than Samson or more pious than David while they were amid trials? yet in the times of ease they fell." Some who heard him now, said the preacher, might be bearing a cross which seemed heavy to them. They should not be discouraged, for they might be assured that it was not heavier than was needed to work out their salvation, and that it was God's mercy which imposed it upon them for their eternal good. If their cross was continual, the grace of the cross was continual, and was the pledge of a happy death. We should each seek to discover what it was in us that most needed crucifying, and we should determine to mortify ourselves on that point.

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## The Duration of Life.

COMPARED with a century ago, although no particular individual reaches any greater age, the average duration of life has doubled. English statistics show that since 1861 the decreased death rate adds two hundred years to the lives of one thousand males, of which years seventy per cent. is passed between the ages of twenty and sixty, the productive period.

Sanitarians have furnished us with some estimates of the economic value of this saving of life. The value of a child's life in money, says Sir John Paget, is two hundred dollars. It costs an average of five hundred dollars to raise a child. Its death at the beginning of the productive age is therefore so much lost. The value of an adult life to the state is placed by Dr. Farr at seven hundred and fifty dollars, which is regarded as very low, and its annual productive power at ninety-five dollars. Another authority estimates the value of a healthy adult at one thousand dollars. Rochard's estimate for every Frenchman is two hundred and nineteen dollars.

While the number varies in different countries, it is safe to say that nearly half the population die during the productive age. In the United States the number of deaths annually at the productive ages is about four hundred thousand. A diminution of even a small per cent. in the death rate would thus represent a great economic saving. Farther, every death represents two years of sickness, or twenty-four cases of sickness lasting one month. In the United States, therefore, there are one million five hundred thousand persons constantly sick, or thirty-six million sick for one month every year.

In England and Wales it has been found that every working man averages a week and a half of sickness every year. Rochard estimates that the annual wages lost to France from sickness is seventy million dollars; the total loss at one hundred and forty-one million dollars; the loss from death at one hundred and eighty-eight million dollars. We are assured that the death rate can, in time, be reduced from the present average of twenty per one thousand to ten or even five, while the amount of sickness ought to be reduced nearly one-fourth, or from two hundred per one thousand to sixty.

## The Parish Priest.

He is the friend of all, the father of all, the servant of servants, the comforter of the afflicted, the consoler of the repentant sinner, the physician of souls, the rebuker of the proud. The one ever ready to give a helping hand to all those who by their own folly have fallen in sin, in disgrace, in affliction, in suffering, in poverty, and in sickness. At all times — day or night, rain or shine, snow or heat, rested or fatigued — all are indifferent to him, when duty calls, or a soul is to be gained to Christ. He is the last to cast the stone at the fallen sinner, and the first to raise him from the depths in which his sins have placed him. He keeps open house, and lives upon the crumbs that fall from the tables of his parishioners. His spouse is the Church of Christ. He knows no family ties. He pours upon our fronts the regenerating waters at our nativity: and he anoints us with the Holy Oil, when life is about to ebb for the last time. Even beyond the grave, he follows our souls, and offers up the Lamb without spot for us, that will shorten our sufferings. In pestilence, he is seen going from palace to hovel, bringing comfort and consolation to those who are struck by the hand of God. He is joyous with those who are light of heart, and joins in sorrow with those in affliction; and if any one thing afflicts him more than another, it is to see some of his flock for whom Christ died, who will not hearken to his voice and return to God, or to see others fall off from grace and not return. Such is the Parish Priest.

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## American Cutlery in Sheffield.

It is related that Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, was introduced, before leaving New York, to an English gentleman, who was buying American cutlery to export to Sheffield. The senator said he was surprised at this; the idea of manufacturing cutlery in this country to send to Sheffield, was more strange than that of sending coal to Newcastle, for anthracite could be sent at a profit to the latter place. The senator asked the gentleman what in the world he could do with American cutlery, in competition with the world-renowned Sheffield cutlery at his door. The Englishman replied, that he had contracted with a Connecticut manufacturing firm for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of cutlery, to be stamped with his Sheffield trade-mark, because he could get it delivered in Sheffield ten per cent. cheaper than he could manufacture it himself. "But," said the surprised senator, "how about the quality of the cutlery you have contracted for — how does it compare with the celebrated cutlery of your own country?" — "Sir, it is, if anything, superior. You have the best steel in the world; and, with your labor-saving machinery, you can manufacture the best of cutlery cheaper than it can be done anywhere else. Your financial troubles, resulting in the cost of everything — including labor — being reduced to hard pan, will prove, in the long run, to be the best thing that has happened to your country. You will soon be competing with Europe for the markets of the world, and the time is not far off when you will rank with England as a manufacturing nation."

## For a Drunkard's Craving.

A COMBINATION of iron and nux-vomica — say fifteen minims of tincture of the perchloride and ten of tincture of nux-vomica — is one of the most efficacious remedies for the tremors of chronic alcoholism. If the stomach be deranged, as it very frequently is, the indigestion should be treated previously to the administration of iron, by giving ten grains of subnitrate or carbonate of bismuth with ten of magnesia, suspended with gum tragecanth. If there be any tendency to sleepiness, or if the tremors should not rapidly disappear under the use of the iron and nux-vomica alone, thirty or forty grains of bromide of potassium should be given at night. The chalybeate mixture already mentioned, either alone or with the addition of five or ten minims of tincture of capsicum, tends to alleviate the craving for drink. Another mixture recommended for this purpose consists of sulphate of iron, magnesia, and oil of cloves; a third consists of carbonate of ammonia in infusion of gentian, to be taken whenever the craving is felt. Should the craving come on at intervals of several weeks, with complete intermissions between, the case should be treated like one of epilepsy, by the administration of bromide of potassium.

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## What Shall we Teach our Girls?

GIVE your daughters a thorough education. Teach them to prepare a nourishing diet. Teach them to wash, to iron, to darn stockings, to sew on buttons, to make their own dresses. Teach them to bake bread, and that a good kitchen lessens the apothecary's account. Teach them that one dollar is one hundred cents, that one only lays up money whose expenses are less than his income, and that all grow poor who have to spend more than they receive. Teach them that a calico dress paid for fits better than a silken one unpaid for. Teach them that a full, healthy face displays a greater lustre than fifty consumptive beauties. Teach them to wear strong shoes. Teach them to purchase, and to see that the account corresponds with the purchase. Teach them that they ruin God's images by wearing strong bodices. Teach them good common-sense, self-trust, self-help and industry. Teach them that an honest mechanic in his working dress is a better object of our esteem than a dozen haughty, finely-dressed idlers. Teach them gardening and the pleasures of nature. Teach them, if you can afford it, music, painting, and all other arts, but consider these as secondary objects only. Teach them that a walk is more salutary than a ride in a carriage; and that wild flowers are a worthy object of admiration. Teach them to reject with disdain all appearances, and to use only yes or no in good earnest. Teach them that the happiness of matrimony depends neither on external appearance nor on wealth, but on character and grace. Teach them that it is a thousand times better to pass through life solitary and companionless, than to be a discontented partner in a union unblest by love, and not lightened by God's grace. Above all, teach them that matrimony is not woman's only mission, that she has her duty and her place in life, independent of it.

# A Bostonian in New York.

## XII.

After theatres, I am reminded of the many large halls where meetings, rallies, and all sorts of shows, are held from time to time. It is not necessary to mention them all, and I will only bring in two,—both well known, if not by sight, certainly by name. They are Cooper Institute and Tammany Hall. Tammany is the name given a very plain and unpretentious-looking building. The famous political party having its head-quarters here, is, unlike the building, pretentious, and well has it a right to be, as it has dictated, not only to the city, but to the country as well. It has made, unmade, and killed men, politically, and still lives, though defeats have, at times, been theirs. One of the greatest chiefs of Tammany was the late John Kelly. Since the great sachem's death the society has not been so strong, yet, withal, it wields a great influence, and many of its members feed at the "public crib."

Cooper Union is a plain-looking building, founded and named after a plain man, and used mostly by plain people. This building was erected in 1857, by the good and benevolent Peter Cooper, at a cost of over half a million dollars, and endowed with a couple of hundred thousand dollars for the support of a free reading-room and library. The evening schools of science and art, included in the Union, are attended by several thousand pupils annually, composed mostly of those working at trades in the city. Lectures are given, and algebra, geometry, astronomy, phonography, mechanical drawing, and many other useful pursuits of learning, are partaken of by the young men and women of the city, whose early education has been neglected or limited. Instructions are given in the day, also. The library is rich in books, and the reading-room is always crowded. Here are found the newspapers and magazines, in all languages, of any importance published in the world. The expenses of keeping up the Union amount to about one thousand dollars a week. This expense is derived principally from the rentals of stores and offices on the ground floor of the building.

Rich men, when they die, often leave their native town or city a gift, so as to help perpetuate their memory, and make their names immortal. The best thing about Peter Cooper was, that he, like George Peabody, gave away millions while living. Many of the bright and prosperous men of to-day owe their success, in great part, to the many good things they acquired while attending Cooper Union, and many struggling young men and women of the city to-day will be helped in the same way. Of all the monuments erected in New York to great men, none bespeak the good qualities as the Cooper Union does of its founder, — probably the greatest monument erected to man in this country. Other men have erected useful ornaments to the city while living, but most of them come after the donor's death. Perhaps "beggars shouldn't be choosers," so that good things are accepted willingly before and after. Probably there is nothing so useful and valuable as

a good library. For those who cannot afford such a commodity in their own households, it is well for them that the city can and does. In New York city there are many excellent libraries, some private, but most of them are free to the residents of the city, — rich and poor alike. The latest man to remember the city in this way was the late Samuel Tilden.

Sunday morning comes along. The city is quieter than on any of the preceding six days, and the calm and quiet is only disturbed by the tolling of bells. It is not the funeral dirge, but the solemn alarm announcing to the faithful that the goodness of God will be sung and spoken in the numerous churches in the city, and bidding them all welcome. For beauty and splendor, St. Patrick's Cathedral takes the lead, not only in New York, but in the United States. The massive doors of this beautiful church are swung open all day long, and, kneeling and crouching, in corners here and there, are seen old men and women, offering up their supplications and prayers. Many, too, are walking leisurely up and down the long, wide aisles, stopping before the large windows, which represent, in themselves, untold wealth. Guide-books are sold in the vestry, and they are as handy to the visitor as a libretto is to an American witnessing a French play, and not understanding any language but his own country's. This imposing building stands on Fifth avenue, occupying a large block, and is surrounded with the rich and elegant residences of the city's richest families. The interior of this church, with its beautiful memorial windows, statuary, and other works of art, is grand in the extreme. The high altar is beautiful; and, on Sunday morning, at High Mass, when the priests and acolytes occupy it, and his Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, is seated on his throne opposite the seat of the celebrant of the Mass, the scene is really grand and superb. On either side of the high altar are smaller altars, dedicated to St. Joseph, Blessed Virgin Mary, Sacred Heart, and Holy Family. Hanging from the ceiling is the little skull-cap worn by Cardinal McCloskey. This is the only cap hanging from any church in this country, as it is only put in that position when a cardinal belonging to that particular church is dead. The great cardinal is buried under the altar of the grand cathedral, which stands as a monument to his greatness and perseverance. The twin spires of the Cathedral were completed last November. These spires are three hundred and thirty feet high. The corner-stone was laid on Aug. 15, 1858, thirty years before the topmost stone was set in the last of the spires. The work on the spires at first proceeded rapidly; but, as the distance from the ground became greater, and the space in which to work decreased, fewer and fewer men were employed, and shorter progress made. For the last few weeks of completion, only five or six men could be employed, and they had to be expert steeplejacks. These spires are white marble, and three hundred and thirty feet high. They stand up in the metropolis in all their grandeur, splendor, and majesty, pointing heavenward. St. Patrick's Cathedral is now complete, and the cost of the building is said to have reached the round sum of two million five hundred thousand dollars.

There are many other large and beautiful Catholic churches in the city. An interesting article appeared in the New York Sun, a short while ago, under the head of "St. Peter's Army." The article gave a list of the Catholic churches and institutions in the city, and was concluded as follows: "Thus, with its grand cathedral, its seventy-five churches, its forty chapels, its three hundred priests, its three hundred brothers, its two thousand religious women, its forty thousand students in colleges, schools, and academies, its support of fifteen thousand inmates of asylums and homes, its Catholic population of eight hundred thousand, and its capital of thirty millions of dollars invested in Catholic institutions, the city of New York is, at present, one of the strongholds of the Catholic faith."

On busy Broadway, directly opposite Wall street, stands the famous Trinity Church, the second oldest in the city, and one of the richest in the country. This is the richest Episcopal parish in America. It is passed and repassed daily by hundreds of thousands of men. The Trinity corporation owns considerable valuable land, the income from which figures up in the millions. It does much good for the poor, and a great deal of the misery of the city is alleviated by their helping hand. The doors of this church are always open, and visitors often wander about and take a peep at the interior, which, they find, is extremely plain and quiet. The edifice is a handsome specimen of Gothic architecture. The chimes peal forth from this church with refreshing sweetness, —

> "And, loud in air,
> Calls men to prayer
> From the tapering summit
> Of tall minarets."

Surrounding the church is the churchyard, containing stones dating back as far as the church itself. Some of the names are legible, while many of the inscriptions are entirely effaced. In one of Scott's works the great author tells of his meeting, while in an old country churchyard, an old man who went about the country, finding pleasure in chiselling and hammering at the old inscriptions, and making them legible once more. This old man would find much to keep him busy here. The great statesman, Alexander Hamilton, is buried here. A peculiar-looking stone, much worse by the lapse of time, bears his name. A pretty little inscription is found on the stone, which reads, "Alexander Hamilton. The corporation of Trinity Church has erected this in testimony of their respect for the patriot of incorruptible integrity, the soldier of approved valor, the statesman of consummate wisdom, whose talents and virtues will be admired by grateful posterity long after this marble shall have mouldered into dust. He died July 12, 1804, aged 47." Near to this shaft another stone is inscribed, "Eliza, daughter of Philip Schuyler, and widow of Alexander Hamilton." Another is placed at the graves of Albert Gallatin and wife. Still another grave of an illustrious man is here. It is the grave of Captain Lawrence, whose dying words, "Don't give up the ship," will never be forgotten, even though he may be. This churchyard is not

given the best of care. Many of the graves have long since been neglected, and the dead ones evidently forgotten. A description of this old burying-ground could be described in no better way than to bring in the conversation of Little Nell with the old sexton, familiar to school-boys and girls, and always pleasant to hear:

"You were telling me," she said, "about your gardening. Do you ever plant things here?"

"In the churchyard?" returned the sexton. "Not I."

"I have seen some flowers and little shrubs about," the child rejoined; "there are some over there, you see. I thought they were of your rearing, though, indeed, they grow but poorly."

"They grow as Heaven wills," said the old man; "and it kindly ordains that they shall never flourish here."

"I do not understand you."

"Why, this is it," said the sexton. "They mark the graves of those who had very tender, loving friends."

"I was sure they did!" the child exclaimed. "I am very glad to know they do!"

"Aye," returned the old man; "but stay. Look at them. See how they hang their heads, and droop, and wither. Do you guess the reason?"

"No," the child replied.

"Because the memory of those who lie below passes away so soon. At first they tend them, morning, noon, and night; they soon begin to come less frequently, from once a day to once a week; from once a week to once a month; then, at long and uncertain intervals; then, not at all. Such tokens seldom flourish long. I have known the briefest summer flowers outlive them."

"I grieve to hear it," said the child.

"Ah! so say the gentle folks who come down here to look about them," returned the old man, shaking his head; "but I say otherwise. 'It's a pretty custom you have in this part of the country,' they say to me, sometimes, 'to plant the graves; but it's melancholy to see these things all withering or dead.' I crave their pardon, and tell them that, as I take it, 'tis a good sign for the happiness of the living.' And so it is. It's nature."

"Perhaps the mourners learn to look at the blue sky by day, and to the stars by night, and to think that the dead are there, and not in graves," said the child, in an earnest voice.

"Perhaps so," replied the old man, doubtfully. "It may be."

"Whether it be as I believe it is, or no," thought the child, within herself, "I'll make this place my garden. It will be no harm, at least, to work here day by day, and pleasant thoughts will come of it, I am sure."

Few of you have heard of the pretty little story of the pretty "Little Church 'Round the Corner." This is the name by which the Church of the Transfiguration is popularly known. When George Holland, an aged actor, as well known for the integrity of his life as for his professional ability, died some years since, application was made to

the rector of a church in Madison avenue to read the funeral service over his remains in his church. He refused, but suggested that there was "a little church 'round the corner," where they did that sort of thing, to which Mr. Joseph Jefferson replied, "God bless the 'little church around the corner!'" The actor was buried from the Church of the Transfiguration. This little incident obtained wide publicity, and, in this novel way, the church received the name it now bears. Almost all members of "the profession," who die in or near New York, are buried from the "Little Church 'Round the Corner."

New York has its large stores. In the vicinity of the dry goods stores, the crowds of women, shopping, is as great as in Washington street, in Boston, around Christmas time. The sidewalks, however, are so wide that it is not difficult to get along. One of the principal dry goods stores is run by E. J. Denning & Co. This store was formerly owned by A. T. Stewart, the millionnaire, whose body was stolen and never recovered. Macy's, O'Neil's, Simpson, Crawford & Simpson, Lord & Taylor, are large stores. The patent cash railway is running in all of them, and thus the cash-boys are frozen out. The sales-ladies are very neat, but not near so pretty as their city laborers in the large stores in Boston. One thing I noticed about the girls behind these counters, is, that a great many of them have small pieces of black plaster on their faces, a thing that was considered quite the thing, not so long ago, by a great many of the fair sex; and it would seem that this absurd and vulgar habit is not yet extinct. In most of these stores, almost every conceivable thing may be had, not only dry goods, but wet goods, and, in fact, all kinds of goods. The tendency, on the part of the managers of these establishments, is to monopolize all business. The public often cry against this; yet they patronize these stores, and, as a consequence, they flourish, only to add new departments from time to time. Tiffany's jewelry store is visited by hundreds daily, who are led there by mere curiosity. It is a beautiful establishment, where the rich people of New York buy their diamonds, valuable stones, and jewelry of all sorts. The diamond necklace presented by President Cleveland to his bride was purchased here. Detectives are employed by this firm, and keep a good watch on the people that visit during the day, and take care, in the evenings, that people do not visit it at all. Such men are certainly required in an establishment that carries a stock at all times estimated in the neighborhood of five millions of dollars.

If the traveller reaches New York by boat and doesn't get over much of the city, he may, perchance, miss seeing the largest and greatest railway station in America. If he comes by rail he must see it, for every train reaching the city shuts off steam in the tunnel-like enclosure of the Grand Central Depot. It is used by three different companies, each of which has a separate entrance and set of officers. A train consisting of a locomotive and twelve passenger cars can find room in it in a straight line, and twelve such trains can be admitted side by side at the same time. Then there are the waiting and baggage rooms, police station, lunch room, barber shop, etc. About one hundred and twenty-five trains arrive and depart daily; but everything

is done with such thorough system that crowding or confusion seldom occur. This station is built mostly of brick and iron. It resembles a tunnel, but the massive roof of glass throws much light on the interior.

Of the several avenues, parks. and streets, for that matter, the one that stands out as the most stylish, and contains the residences of the wealthiest and most prominent, is Fifth avenue. You have all heard of this avenue time and time again. It is prettier than Beacon street, but not near so beautiful as our Commonwealth avenue. Like Beacon and Boylston streets in Boston, business has incroached on Fifth avenue. The opening of stores means its doom as the residences of rich people, and it is not improbable, that, in a few years, the thoroughfare will lose its reputation, as many other beautiful streets have, by the opening of stores thereon. But to mention some of the residents of Fifth avenue will be more interesting, so I will give a few. Jay Gould's house is large and handsome, and said to be worth five hundred thousand dollars; the Astors have beautiful homes here; two grand brown stone mansions furnish shelter to some of the Vanderbilts, while other members of this much-moneyed family have splendid residences on this same thoroughfare; hotels, churches, clubs, and other large establishments are quartered on Fifth avenue. The streets in the vicinity contain grand and costly residences, and the neighborhood is a very wealthy one, if the houses and purses of the owners count for anything. Fifth avenue, spacious and wide, is a fashionable promenade and drive. During every afternoon the vehicles going to and returning from Central Park are unending, and the sidewalks are more or less crowded with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and not a few dudes. It is on Easter Sunday, at the conclusion of the church services, that New York appears in her best clothes. The styles are gay and gorgeous, and the sight to a looker-on novel and delightful.

Most of the paragraphs in these several instalments on New York have been devoted to mentioning some of the many places and sights of the city. In closing I wish to deviate slightly, and tell of other things equally, if not more, interesting. New Yorkers are pretty busy people; but they must have their days of rest, and thus several holidays are provided for them, a few more than we in Boston enjoy. On holidays, business, as might be expected, is pretty generally suspended, and all around bears a Sunday aspect. They have Christmas, New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, Independence Day, Election Day, Thanksgiving Day, and a half-holiday every Saturday in the year. It will be seen by this list that they have a few more than Bostonians. New Year's Day is said to be the greatest holiday in New York. The quaint old Dutch custom for the men to pay visits to all their lady friends, while the ladies remain at home to receive them, is still observed. Thousands of visitors from other cities visit New York at this time, and the festivities are of an extremely enjoyable kind. Fourth of July is not near so noisy in New York as it is in Boston. All the places being closed on Election day the lower element swarm at the polling places, and many of them are paid for their

services and often, no doubt, for their vote or votes. The liquor stores open when the polls close, and it goes without saying that much liquid is dispensed for the remainder of the evening. The other holidays are observed in about the same manner as in other parts of the coun'ry. On the first of May the furniture movers reap a harvest, for this, strange to say, is called moving day, and hundreds of families change their places of abode on that day, if possible, or about that time. Instead of cleaning-up as is done by Boston's housewives, they clean out and clean-up somewhere else. This, of course, is done among the poorer and middle classes. The rich people do not move about much, so far as their homes in the city are concerned.

It has been said of New York city, and very truly, too, I believe, that it is a place for the poor and rich only, and that those between these two stations in life, have no business there. The rich and poor cannot associate, and the middling classes cannot associate with the rich, and will not associate with the poor. But notwithstanding this, there are a good number of these three classes in the city, and they all seem to live. The young man who receives twenty dollars or more a week, and spends his evenings in the hotels and theatres, seldom gets married unless wealth is to accompany the woman. Or, if he does marry, and no wealth accompanies the bride, they will have to take up their residence out of the city proper, for the rents are very high in a half decent neighborhood, and nothing is left but the tenement houses. Thus the tendency on the part of the young men to become benedicts is on the wane. A born New Yorker recently leaving the city of his birth wrote a long letter to a newspaper giving his opinion of the city. His views may be judged from his closing words: "It is a young city, but old in everything except taste and refinement. It is a relief to leave it, and punishment to dwell in it."

For my own part, I think New York has many claims, and just ones, too, of being the greatest city in America. The best way to judge it is to see it. Anybody who has any time to spare will profit well by visiting New York. He will see many things there that are nowhere else to be seen; see different people, habits, and customs. I have in the past chapters of this series mentioned many of the great things in the city. If I have succeeded in imparting any knowledge to the readers I will feel fully compensated for my endeavors. Although I have written much about the city I have comparatively said nothing, for enough could be written of New York to fill thousands of books larger than this. It is, therefore, with feelings of regret that I bring this work to an end.

WILLIAM F. DONOVAN.

The End.

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"IF I could only get work," is the beggar's plea. Try him. Offer him work. He is invariably much obliged, but he has a sore arm or a headache. "You ought to work," said the busy merchant to the tramp. "I would," replied the tramp, the perspiration rolling down his cheeks on a July day, "if I could get work at my trade."—"What is your trade?"—"Shoveling snow."—A man who can work and won't work ought to be compelled to work.

From the German.

# The Kings of the East.

## SEVENTH PART. Bethlehem.

I.

BEFORE the walls of Bethlehem
The kings prepare their far-brought treasure,
Of fragrant spices, many a gem,
Of gold and silver without measure:
Their richest, royal robes they don,
Due homage to their King to render;
Behind, in long array, swept on
Their cavalcades in martial splendor.

II.

The aged monarch, Melchior,
His eyes with starry lustre gleaming,
Paced as a priest, the throng before,
With purple garments round him streaming;
Marched next the warrior, Baltassar,
His form in steel-blue armor shining,
While round the Moor's swart forehead are
A scarlet turban's folds entwining.

III.

Thus drew they nigh the little town,
The while the tidings strange they ponder,
Steadfast their faith, their souls bowed down
In prayerful thoughts of awe and wonder;
The Moor alone, within his heart,
Doth think that shepherd's straw-lined manger,
Scarce with the majesty comport
Of Heaven's King, earth's royal stranger.

IV.

But now the Star in full career
Its course hath stayed all doubts dispelling,
And shines with radiance mild and clear
Down on a lowly cave-like dwelling;
A straw-lined grotto nigh the road,
Within an old gray rock imbedded.
Is this the new-born King's abode?
"Yea," spake the Moor, "the Star hath said it."

V.

Behold it now, that humble stall,
By all earth's regal pomp surrounded,
As at their Master's bidding all
Their followers have crowded round it;
The kings, low stooping, entered there,
The star-light thro' the broken places
Did smite them with such blinding glare,
That with their hands they veil their faces.

VI.

But when, at length, that dazzling blaze
Their sight can bear nor need they screen it,
Who may unfold what met their gaze
Save him who hath been there and seen it?
Nor would we draw aside the veil,
Had not the Inspired Pensman's story,
In words immortal told that tale
Of love, abasement, and of glory.

VII.

Within that cave, so damp and wild,
By breath of sinless cattle heated,
A youthful mother and her child
Upon a little straw are seated.
A mother she? Her face behold,
In light of virgin beauty bathed,
She knows not man, tho' she doth hold
Her babe in swaddling clothes enswathed.

VIII.

Her Son it is whom in that hour
She folds in her embrace maternal,
The heavens opened and the power
O'er shadowed her of the Eternal;
This read we in the radiant light
Of grace divine, her brow adorning;
Her Child's woe clothes her soul with night,
His love — with splendor like the morning.

IX.

No diadem she needs to wear,
No queenly robes with jewels glowing,
Around her form, divinely fair,
A dark blue mantle's folds are flowing;
And as the chosen bride of God,
Her head a snow-white veil doth cover;
The quenchless Star streams down a flood
Of liquid, dewy light above her.

X.

It shines upon the Child and shows
Upon His cheeks the flush of roses,
And whiteness of untrodden snows,
As in her arms he calm reposes;
So frail and helpless lies he now,
The kings gaze tranced in admiration;
And even the haughty Moor doth bow
His head in lowly adoration.

XI.

The kings their richest gifts forget,
The scene doth dazzle and bewilder,
Melchior seized what nearest met
His hand, a little gold and silver;
And Baltassar sweet incense strews
Around the Infant Saviour's dwelling,
The Moor seeks myrrh thro' tears that rose
From deeps within his heart upwelling.

XII.

The Virgin, smiling, bowed to each,
A smile her thankfulness revealing;
The mystic sense the offerings teach
Doth stir her deepest tides of feeling;
Incense, His Godhead signifies,
The gold is for the King immortal;
But myrrh? Myrrh, death doth symbolize,
Recalls the sepulchre's dark portal.

XIII.

But Melchior doth now recall
His proudest gift, a sceptre crested
With a resplendent golden ball,
Once Alexander's self possessed it;
An emblem of imperial sway,
From all known metals fused and welded;
This gift they now before Him lay,
Who only for a moment held it,

XIV.

For scarce His hand doth on it light,
His glance divine scarce on it flashes,
When lo! it vanished from their sight,
And slipped away in smoke and ashes;
And what a wondrous change befalls
That face, erstwhile so mild and tender!
Crowned now with light which fills the halls
Of Heaven with life-giving splendor.

XV.

That speaking eye! which now doth shine
With glory, human vision blinding,
An eye which saith, "The world is mine,
The power of loosing and of binding."
It rises in their hearts a sun,
The mists of Pagan night dispersing;
Their voices blend in unison,
The praises of their God rehearsing.

XVI.

But who that on his staff doth lean
Is he, of aspect venerable,
Of patriarchal air and mien,
Half hid in shadows of the stable?
A man in years well stricken, where
Could foster-father be found meeter
For such a Child, where far or near,
For such a mother, guardian fitter?

XVII.

The kings he led forth by the hand,
Gently their prostrate forms upraising,
And long without the walls they stand
Of that strange shrine upon it gazing;
Till to their dazzled sense it wore
The aspect of some ruin hoary;
Right gladly would they build it o'er,
And make it worthy of his glory.

XVIII.

One farewell, lingering look they cast,
Then turned away deep sunk in musing;
The steeds and camels totter past,
Their limbs their wonted swiftness losing:
For hunger, thirst, and sleep assert
Their claims, so long deferred, unheeded;
The kings themselves, ere they depart,
Must seek the rest they so much needed.

XIX.

A vision warned the kings in sleep
Of angel forms, with radiant pinions,
That they another course should keep
To reach their several dominions:
A voice rings pealing from afar —
"The palace of false-hearted Herod
Approach ye not:"— they wake — the Star
In grave of sombre clouds lies buried.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

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## Manufacturing in French Prisons.

SAYS the Iron Age: "There are twenty-one central prisons in France for prisoners with sentences of five years and over. The cellular system is adopted in prisons for the detention of prisoners not sent up for more than a year and a day; but in the central prisons as many as a hundred men sleep in one ward, certain of their number being responsible for the preservation of order. The dormitories are lighted, and there are openings from the galleries through which the guards may inspect them. By day the men work in *ateliers*, fifty or a hundred in each. Shoes, chairs, woven fabrics, buttons, umbrella-ferrules, Chinese lanterns, etc., are manufactured, and such light work as glossing paper, sewing copy-books, and making hair ornaments is done. The work is let to contractors by tariff, fixed by the local Chamber of Commerce, to prevent any undue competition with free labor. Half of the profits of the prisoner's work goes to the State; he is allowed to spend a quarter in procuring special articles of diet, etc., and the remaining quarter is paid to him on leaving, so that a discharged convict often finds himself with from one hundred to three hundred dollars cash capital. A large proportion of the prisoners use this in setting themselves up in trade, or in procuring passage to other countries. These rewards of industrial labor, together with the industrial training itself, constitute together the main and tolerably effectual counterbalance to the otherwise grave evils of association. The element of hope is always prominent in French prisons, and it is the sheet-anchor of their administration. A visitor to La Sante, at Paris, observed in the first cell he inspected a table on which lay a pipe of tobacco, a half bottle of wine, and a novel.

# The Papacy.

DEEPLY do I feel, ever will I protest, for I can appeal to the ample testimony of history to bear me out, that in questions of right and wrong, there is really nothing strong in the whole world, nothing decisive and operative, but the voice of him to whom have been committed the keys of the kingdom and the oversight of Christ's flock. The voice of Peter is now, as it ever has been, a real authority, infallible when it teaches, prosperous when it commands, ever taking the lead wisely and distinctly in its own province, adding certainty to what is probable, and persuasion to what is certain. Before it speaks, the most saintly may mistake, and after it has spoken, the most gifted must obey.

Peter is no recluse, no abstracted student, no dreamer about the past, no doter upon the dead and gone, no projector of the visionary. Peter for eighteen hundred years has lived in the world; he has seen all fortunes, he has encountered all adversaries, he has shaped himself for all emergencies. If there ever was a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been deeds, and whose commands prophecies, such is he, in the history of ages, who sits from generation to generation in the chair of the Apostles, as the Vicar of Christ and Doctor of his Church. It was said by an old philosopher, who declined to reply to an imperious argument: "It was not safe controverting with the master of twenty legions." What Augustus had in the material order, that, and much more, has Peter in the spiritual. When was he ever unequal to the occasion? When has he not risen with the crisis? What dangers have ever daunted him? What sophistry foiled him? What uncertainties misled him? When did ever any power go to war with Peter, material or moral, civilized or savage, and get the better? When did the whole world ever band together against him solitary, and not find him too many for it?

All who take part with Peter are on the winning side. The Apostle of Christ says not in order to unsay; for he has inherited that word which is with power. From the first he has looked through the wide world, of which he has the burden; and, according to the need of the day, and the aspirations of his Lord, he has set himself, now to one thing, now to another, but to all in reason, and to nothing in vain. He came first upon an age of refinement and luxury like our own; and in spite of the persecution, fertile in the resources of its cruelty, he soon gathered, out of all classes of society, the slave, the soldier, the high-born lady, and the sophist, to form a people for his Master's honor. The savage hordes came down in torrents from the north, hideous to look upon; and Peter went out with holy water and with benison, and, by his very eye he sobered them and backed them in full career. They turned aside, and flooded the whole earth, but only to be more surely civilized by him, and to be made ten times more his children even than the older population they had overwhelmed. Lawless kings arose, sagacious as the Roman, passionate as the Hun, yet in him they found their match

and were shattered, and he lived on. The gates of the earth were opened to the east and west, and men poured out to take possession, and he and his went with them, swept along by zeal and charity, as far as they could by enterprise, covetousness, or ambition. Has he failed in his enterprise up to this hour? Did he, in our father's day, fail in his struggle with Joseph of Germany and his confederates—with Napoleon, a greater name, and his dependent kings—that, though in another kind of fight, he should fail in ours? What gray hairs are on the head of Judah, whose youth is renewed like an eagle's, whose feet are like the feet of harts and underneath the everlasting arms?

"Thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and formed thee, O Israel; Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, and called thee by thy name! Thou are mine.

"When thou shalt pass through the waters, I will be with thee, and the rivers shall not cover thee.

"When thou shalt walk in the fire, thou shalt not be burned, and the flames shall not kindle against thee.

"For I am the Lord thy God, the holy one of Israel, thy Saviour.

"Fear not, for I am with thee. I am the first, and I am the last, and besides me there is no God." CARD. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

NOTE.—Cardinal Newman will be eighty-eight next February, but his vitality and health are astonishing. His correspondence he conducts entirely by himself, and says Mass every day. Until lately, he was accustomed to rise at six in the morning, and when the doctors insisted on his taking another hour in bed, he was convinced that age was beginning to tell on him. The necessity of the use of somewhat stronger spectacles for reading small print a year or two ago, caused him concern about his eyes; but there are few men so near ninety who can read at all. Cardinal Newman dines at one, and is a great believer in the wholesomeness of drinking nothing until the meals are over. He is passionately fond of music, and always assists at the quartette and chamber music performed in the house. The Cardinal enjoys a good joke hugely, but can't abide puns. "That, sir, was a grave breach of gentlemanly behavior," was his remark once, when some wag had perpetrated that atrocity, and his answer to the man who asked him if he objected to smoking in a railway carriage is historic: "Sir, I do not mind at all, but I shall shortly be very sick." His Eminence hates smoking, and was rather astonished when Sir John Millais, in the middle of his last sitting, lit a briar pipe of tried service, with the inquiry, "Hope you don't mind smoking, Mr. Cardinal?" In Birmingham his Eminence is very popular, and the Midland capital is rightly proud of possessing him. At every musical festival his place is sacred to him, and his entrance is always the signal for an outburst of enthusiasm. It was an impressive sight to see M. Gounaud and Mr. Santley publicly kneeling to him for his blessing before the first performance of the "Redemption." With all the municipal authorities the Oratory is always on the best of terms, for though the Cardinal is not a keen politician he is a model citizen But the Fathers may be excused some consternation when there arrived one day from the Mayoress an invitation to a civil conversazione, addressed to "Cardinal Newman and lady." Of his contemporaries there survive but few; but friends he has many, and admirers about millions. Mr. Gladstone has before now visited him at his home at Egbaston and is numbered amongst the oldest of his friends.

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WE must never desire to be placed higher than others, but rather be submissive, fully subject, for God's sake, to every creature, to all mankind. — *St. Francis.*

# Nano's Treachery.

## A TALE OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

BY VICTOR O'D. POWER.
Author of "Bonnie Dunraven."

### I.

It was a bright, breezy, delicious evening toward the middle of September, and a merry party of boys and girls had gathered to hold their Sunday "pattern" at the junction of five cross roads, amid the glens and mountains, valleys and moorlands of the south-western bounds of Celtic Cork.

The spot selected was one of the best vantage grounds in the parish. It commanded a wide and glorious view; wild ridges of heath-clad hills, melting away into dreamy blue outlines against the sky; glimpses of snug farm-houses peeping out here and there from amid their sheltering trees, the foliage just now tinted with the bronze and purple, crimson and yellow, of the late autumn; and away to the south the level azure line of the Atlantic seemingly painted upon the opal and pearl of the horizon.

A charming view assuredly; but it was not altogether for its picturesque advantages that the assembled company had selected this spot as their ballroom.

Their worthy parish priest, good Father Tom Daly, had taken it into his head that dancing was an invention of Lucifer's, and was wont to ride about his parish now and then of a Sunday evening, ears and eyes on the alert to catch the scrape of the offending fiddle, or the wicked drone of the erring bagpipes, and the rural votaries of Terpsichore dancing to their eternal punishment on the light fantastic toe.

So that a good view all around was a very fortifying consciousness to the assembled group just now.

Father Tom's big gray horse could be detected a mile away, Ere the reverend gentleman had arrived on the scene, the dancers would be safely out of range of his tongue and of his whip: for, on such occasions, he was given to an indiscriminate use of both.

The scene on the roadside just now was truly enlivening.

On the heathery bank sat the piper, "Danileen," as he was called, an extraordinary-looking figure. He rode about the country on a donkey, on and off which he had to be lifted, for the poor fellow was completely crippled from the knees down.

The donkey, furnished with an odd-looking saddle of straw-matting and a species of wooden frame, was grazing contentedly by the roadside, while Danileen's long, bony fingers plied the chanter with great energy and spirit.

Danileen's face was a study — a thin, long face, with a long, hooked nose, compressed lips, chin somewhat peaked upwards, and a pair of vivid, dark brown eyes, which glanced here, there, and every-

where with elfin brightness from beneath the battered sou'-wester which protected the head.

Those goblin eyes were ever restless as he played, and his head slowly swayed from side to side, as if in time with the drone and sputter, skirl and tweet-tweet of the pipes.

The dancing was going on vigorously.

First, as a rule, two boys would stand up and point to the chosen girls. Then the girls cast aside their shawls, if they wore any, and went to the middle of the road.

After the "heat" the boy handed his partner a penny. She went and "paid the piper."

Now, the *colleens* had their turn to call out, or rather point out, the boys, whom they likewise "tipped," and who, in turn, paid the piper; and so on.

It was amusing to hear Danileen call out now and then to the dilatory *bouchals*—

"Go, get partners! You can have your pick for a penny, why!"

Which they accordingly had.

But when any delays ensued in the marshalling of the "couples," racy, indeed, were the piper's remarks and frantic his gestures.

Dance followed dance with scarce a pause. Danileen would bawl, or rather screech, at the girls to call out the boys, and the boys to call out the girls,

"Yerra, faix, if I had the use o' my legs, it is I that would taych yiz all to be smart!" he would say at times. "Divil a fear I'll bother myself and my poor ass coming five miles to yiz any more!"

But this threat was never carried out. It was a weekly formula which Danileen's supporters knew and understood right well.*

"I wonder Mary Connor is not here this evening," Danileen remarked by and by. "There's not one of you can foot it like her. An' I don't see my purty Connie Collin ayther. Ha! there's something in this, faix!"

A smile went round from face to face, and glances were rapidly exchanged. One face, however, wore no smile—the dark, swarthy countenance of Nano Darragh, daughter of a well-to-do farmer living near.

"Why, then, is it any harm to ask you, Danileen, what you mane," Nano said, a flush rising to her face, "when you couple the names of Connie Collins and Mary Connor together?"

"We'll discoorse all matters by'n'-bye," Danileen made answer. "Come, come; out with yez! out with yez! What are yez about?"

But Nano Darragh was not to be thus put off.

That vivid color still burned in her cheek. For the past month or two whispers had reached her now and then to the effect that Connie Collins, the handsomest "boy" in the parish—eldest son of Cormac Collins, one of the wealthiest farmers around—was paying his addresses to Mary Connor, the penniless daughter of one of his father's workmen.

At first Nano could not credit the story. But ere long one trifling incident after another wellnigh convinced her of its truth.

* All this is sketched from reality. Danileen was presented not long since with a new set of pipes by no less a personage than the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

A fierce pang of jealousy shot through her heart. For the past year she had almost worshipped in secret this self-same Connie Collins; and now to think that Mary Connor should step inside of her, a girl who, but for the charity of some benevolent persons, couldn't afford to put on shoes save on Sundays, and who had never yet worn a hat.

It was maddening.

Nano Darragh glanced fiercely at times into her looking-glass, observing bitterly the swarthy hue of her face, the small, narrow, deep-set eyes, the wide, coarse mouth. She could not be blind to her own defects. And then would arise before her thoughts the lovely pink and white face of Mary Connor, the eyes blue as the flax-blossom, the rippling, golden hair.

But then Mary Connor was a beggar, and Nano Darragh's father could give his daughter a hundred and fifty pounds in solid cash any day, together with a brown cob, a heifer or two, a "long car," forty laying hens, and such a feather bed as was not to be seen, or so Nano was wont to boast, in the Queen's Palace, and very probably she spoke nothing but truth in this.

Nano knew, too, that Cormac Collins, Connie's father, was a hard man — a man who had made his money by industry, perseverance, frugality. It was not likely that such a man would consent to receiving poor Tim Connor's daughter into his house as his son's wife.

More than this. Should Cormac Collins suspect for a moment that his son was courting Mary he would, in all likelihood, adopt extreme measures to put an end to the affair forthwith.

All this Nano well knew, and felt within her the importance of holding the whip-hand over the lovers.

But then again it was a dismaying thing to regard them as lovers even in her own heart. Day after day the very thought of it agitated her more and more.

Her secret love for Connie Collins, fired by the flame of jealousy, burned furiously within her and goaded her to madness. She felt that she could conceal her feelings no longer. The time was come when matters should be decided one way or other.

"But I think it's a sin and a shame, Danileen," she returned angrily, "to mention that honest, dacent boy with such a girl — a worthless, poor slip of a thing, who couldn't even write her name until the Miss Barretts picked her up and instructed her for charity!"

"Phiew!" And Danileen gave a long, significant whistle. "Wisha, I axes your parding, Miss Darragh" — this with terrific irony — "for saying the likes. Sure I didn't know that you were so sweet on Connie Collins yourself, and, maybe, a bit jealous of the worthless, poor slip."

At this remark there was a suppressed titter among the girls around, and Nano's small, black eyes flashed fire.

"I jealous of Mary Connor!" she almost screamed. "Tim Connor's daughter — a poor pauper, without shoes or stockings."

"Whisht, whisht!" many voices interrupted together. "What's the good of talking like this, girl? Mary Connor never spoke bad of you."

"I never axed her to speak bad or good of me!" Nano retorted violently. "I want none of her friendship. I" —

"She's coming now, whatever," Danileen bawled out, with a shrill yell of his chanter, "so yis can fight the battle between yiz. But, *imbossa*, yiz might select some other place. I can't be foolin' with yiz. Come, girls. Get partners. Be quick. 'The Bantry Lasses.' Now for it!"

A merry reel was struck up accordingly, and four couples were soon drawn up on the road, just as Mary Connor herself joined the group, her pretty figure clad in white and pink and white muslin — a present from the Miss Barretts, the landlord's daughters, who had made a kind of protége of the girl since her childhood.

Mary Connor was a really lovely girl, and her chief attraction was that she was apparently unconscious of her loveliness. Her complexion was exquisitely fair; her eyes were sapphires, her lips coral, and her hair the color of shining gold.

Owing to the society of the Miss Barretts the girl had acquired manners far above other girls of her class. Yet she was always simple, kindly, and good-humored. She could write and read well, and do pretty fancy work. Her naturally sweet voice was cultivated, and she could sing delightfully as well as correctly. But she never in any way boasted of these acquirements, and Nano Darragh secretly resented this very modesty of her rival.

Had Mary Connor made a foolish display of her accomplishments Nano would have had some chance of turning her into ridicule, and provoking a laugh against her.

But Mary's very simplicity of manner had always disarmed Nano's wrath when the two girls chanced to meet. It was only when they parted that Nano remembered how little she had made of her opportunity.

"Welcome, welcome, my darling!" Danileen bawled out, as Mary Connor joined the circle. "Sure I thought we weren't to see your purty face at all this evening. And where's Connie from you, *aroo?*" the wicked piper added, with a chuckle and an elfish side-glance at Nano Darragh's flushed face.

A pretty rose-pink suffused Mary's cheeks at this question. In sooth, she had parted from Connie only five minutes before. He was to come along to the dance from an opposite direction, and thus throw the boys and girls off the scent.

"Your welcome to your joke now, Danileen," Mary said, in her pleasant, musical voice. "What do I know of Connie Collins?"

Danileen was playing away at "The Bantry Lasses," but for all that he could not resist the temptation of levelling another shaft at Nano.

"Oh, not you to be *sure*, Mary? You never meet the honest, dacent boy. Him an' you's not coorting at all, at all. Oh, no! An' that purty blood in your cheeks is there always, and it wasn't *his* name that called it up. Oh, no!"

Up jumped Mary, wreathed in smiles and blushes, and approached the piper with a merry laugh, her yellow hair floating away from her shoulders.

"If you say another word, Danileen, I'll — I'll —"

"Whisht!" cried the piper, nodding his head frantically. "Look ahead there. He's coming himself! Wisha, faix, it's I that knew well Connie Collins wouldn't be far away from his girleen."

Nano Darragh turned rapidly as Danileen's words reached her ears, and saw strolling down the road to the "five crosses" the tall, erect figure of the man who had won her love.

Had Connie Collins ever looked handsomer? He was dressed in a suit of navy blue, which set off his muscular young figure to the best advantage. A straw hat, with a blue and white band, was set sideways over his dark-brown, clustering curls. His dark-blue eyes were sparkling with life and fun and intellect. The bloom of health burned in his sun-browned cheek, and his handsome mouth was curved in one of those sunshiny smiles which seem peculiar to the Celtic South alone.

"Just in time — just in time, *mo bouchal machree!*" Danileen screeched in tones of genuine welcome. "Mary Connor wouldn't dance a step until you came; divil a step! You may ax herself. Out with yiz both, now; here's room enough. The reel is over, but we'll have 'Come Haste to the Wedding' and God send it soon!'

Danileen's triumph was complete, and Nano Darragh was cowed down to the very earth. The fierce light had died out of her eyes, the fierce color from her face.

As she saw Connie turn to Mary and smilingly lead the girl to the centre of the road she felt that her heart would burst asunder.

She could not endure the picture. It was too much for her. Muttering some excuse to the girl who sat near her, she stole away rapidly from the merry group, never pausing until the drone and shriek of the bag-pipes had died away in the distance, and she was all alone amid the silent hills.

Then falling face downwards upon the heather, she burst into tears at last, tears that seem to wring her very hearts-strings.

The paroxysm was almost savage in its intensity; but it was of short duration.

In five minutes the girl rose from the earth. Her face wore a sickly yellow hue, and her eyes were well-nigh invisible beneath the swollen lids.

"I have shed tears at last," she said to herself, as with clenched hands and compressed lips she stood motionless on the heather; "but never again will I be so foolish. Look to yourself, Mary Connor, look to yourself! Up to this you have had everything your own way, you and your lover. But this is the last of it. If I'm to hang for it, I swear that I'll have my revenge!"

She flung her clenched hands above her head as the wicked determination shot through her brain. Her features were distorted in the intensity of her emotion; her breath came and went in short, loud gasps.

A moment or two she stood there, in an attitude and with a look which would have made her fortune could she have transformed them to the stage. Then she fled from the spot and was lost to sight amid the hills.

## II.

After that Sunday evening of the dance at the "five crosses" Mary Connor was conscious of a marked change in Nano Darragh's manner towards herself.

Hitherto, when the two girls met, Nano was at least civil. Now she seemed to shun Mary, hurrying by, if possible, with her shawl pulled over her head, or, if forced to stand and talk, giving curt answers to Mary's smiling questions, her small, black eyes flashing ominously from the heavy brows.

Mary was puzzled. It never so much as dawned on her that Nano cared for Connie Collins.

True, on the evening of the dance, when Nano had stolen away from the party, Danileen, the old rogue, had uttered one or two pointed remarks to the effect that Mary Connor had made the place "too hot for Miss Darragh," and so forth; but Mary hardly heard the words.

All her thoughts were centered in her lover, and no wonder; for that very evening Connie Collins had asked the girl to marry him, and they were solemnly pledged each to each.

"We may have to wait some time, darling," Connie had said, a rare tenderness in his dark blue eyes, and softness of love in his low, musical tones; "but, sure, it can't be very long, please God! The old fellow, I know, is fond of the money, and, seeing that he made it so hard, I s'pose it's no wonder he'd value it. But when he sees I'm in airnest, I know he'll give in to me. And if he doesn't, *eroo!*" Connie broke off, with a new flash of his eyes, a new color in his sun-burnt cheeks; "thank God! I'm young and strong and hearty, and the whole world is before me, and we can make as good a home for ourselves in America, or Australia, or anywhere else — ay, and better maybe!"

Then the lovers kissed again — it is not fair to tell how often they had gone through a similar performance previously — and Mary repaired to the dance by one route, Connie by another, as you already know.

So that the girl's mind was busily occupied enough without heeding Danileen's ironical remarks, and that Nano Darragh looked upon her in the light of a rival was the last thing she could conceive.

The Miss Barretts had gone away for a few weeks to friends in Dublin, and Mary spent most of her time now in her father's cottage. She was, therefore, thrown more in Nano's way than usual, and day by day the girl's dark looks puzzled her more and more.

One evening at last the two girls met on the hill-side above Tim Connor's cottage. Mary was seated on a heathy knoll, an unfinished sock in her pretty fingers. The sock was blue and white, and was one of half-a-dozen pairs which the girl was about to present to her lover one of these days.

From where she sat she could see Cormac Collins' fine old farm-house peeping out cosily from amid the sheltering trees at the foot of the hill. The blue turf-smoke was curling up in long, spiral columns from the gray chimneys. A row of bronze and purple pigeons was

ranged along the roof. The haggard close by was plentifully stocked with hay and straw-ricks. In the goodly garden at the south side a whole village of beehives, under the genial shadows of ancient hawthorns, bespoke golden honey and pearly combs, and whetted one's palate by the very look of them.

A dream was floating before Mary's soft blue eyes. She fancied herself mistress of that dear old place, and the color mounted to her cheek, and the stocking dropped upon her lap, as her sweet, ringing voice crooned tenderly:

> My love he is fair as a bright summer day,
> And his breath is sweet as the new-mown hay,
> And his hair shines like gold when revived by the sun,
> And his cheeks are like the blossoms of the *dhrinan dhun!*

A footstep drew near across the hill. A shadow fell upon the heather. Nano Darragh's ill-omened face and ungainly figure broke in rudely upon Mary's happy dream.

"Oh, Nano, is this you? You startled me," Mary said, laughing and blushing. Then she paused abruptly, terrified into silence, indeed, by the savage look in Nano's dark face.

"I was down at your cabin looking for you." Nano said. "It's about time, I think, Mary Connor, that you knew my mind and I knew yours."

Mary colored a rosier red. Was it the unnecessary emphasis upon the word "cabin" which stung her?

"I didn't care to spend the evening in the cottage while it was so fine up here on the hill," Mary returned, a trifle warmly. "And what did you want of me, Nano?"

"You're knitting," was the seemingly irrelevant response, and Nano's eyes were fastened on the blue and white sock at which Mary had hastily resumed work. "For your dada, I s'pose?"

"No," Mary returned, with assumed carelessness; "my father is rather too old a man now to wear socks like this."

"And who'll wear them, then?"

Nano drew nearer as she put this question.

"Who but my sweetheart, to be sure," Mary said, laughing lightly, and hoping to pass the matter off in this way. "Why, then, Nano, what's wrong with you? I never gave you any cause to look at me like that." But Nano Darragh appeared not to have heard these closing remarks. Mary's first words still rang in her ears.

"For your sweetheart?" she repeated, and her swathy cheeks glowed with passion. "An' you have the impidence to say to my face — *you*, Tim Connor's daughter, without a rag to your back, or a shoe to your foot, except what the Miss Barretts throw to you for God's sake! You to think yourself good enough for Connie Collins, indeed."

"Connie Collins!" Mary interrupted, her face pale as death now, her little heart fluttering, for Nano's coarse words had stung her to the quick. "I never spoke of Connie Collins. Who said Connie Collins was my sweetheart?"

"Who said it?" Nano almost screamed. "Why, you said it yourself, you liar!"

Mary Connor sprang to her feet at this crowning insult, and, thrusting the stocking hurriedly into her pocket, turned away without a word.

But Nano was not to be treated in this fashion. Her long-suppressed rage and jealousy, once let loose, rushed from her heart in a resistless current. The quiet dignity of Mary's method of receiving her attack, galled her far more keenly than open abuse would have done.

"Yerra, hold a moment, and don't run like that for shelter to your old show of a father!" she cried, seizing Mary by the arm and dragging her forcibly round. "Stand your ground and listen to me. I'm for your good, mind you; and I just come to warn you in time. Give up all idays of Connie Collins. His father would as soon see him dhrowned in Poulgorm as married to the like o' you. Look to your own aiquals, I tell you, and you'll do better. But if you go on as your going for this time back — if you don't be said by me"— and now Nano brought her darkly-flushed face close to Mary, and her breathing came in short gasps —"you'll be sorry for it to the last hour o' your life. You'll have no luck — and that you mightn't have it!"

"Oh, Nano Darragh, may God forgive you!"

The words broke from Mary's trembling lips with a low, terrified sob. Then her bosom heaved and the tears burst from her eyes.

"I give you a fair warning!" Nano cried relentlessly. "You have two roads to thravel, and it's your own choice which you'll take. If you turn your back to that spot," and she indicated wildly Cormac Collins' snug farmhouse, "well and good. But if not — if not, may the curse o' God fall on you, Mary Connor, and wither you like a cut sheaf!"

She flung the girl from her as these dreadful words passed her lips. Then she rushed away down the other side of the hill, and came face to face with Cormac Collins himself.

*Conclusion in February Number.*

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## Proud of His Religion.

It is related of that hero of a hundred battles, General Shields, that once, while in the Senate Chamber at Washington, he happened to meet a priest of his acquaintance. The brave old General, who was a Catholic, and a practical one, — and proud of his religion, — very naturally got into earnest conversation with him. As the priest was leaving the Senate-Chamber, the General called out in a voice loud enough to be heard by all present: "Well, Father, I am getting old, and cannot live much longer; when I die don't forget to say Mass for me." The old hero would never allow himself to become the slave of human respect, as so many do who should have more manliness and more sense. He loved his religion and lived up to it.

# Pastoral from Cardinal Gibbons.

ALTHOUGH Thanksgiving has past, we are sure our readers will be glad to read the following Pastoral of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons:

*To the Clergy, Secular and Regular, of the Archdiocese of Baltimore.*

MY DEAR BRETHREN IN CHRIST, — The President of the United States has recently issued his proclamation appointing Nov. 29 as a special day of thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the temporal and spiritual favors bestowed upon us all during the year now drawing to a close. The faithful of the archdiocese having in common with our fellow-citizens deep cause for gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, will, we feel confident, be equally desirous of evincing their spirit of thanksgiving. We should all be grateful for the temporal prosperity, for the peace, liberty, and good order which prevail throughout our common country. The labors of the husbandman have been crowned with abundant harvests, commerce and industrial pursuits have gone forward with even stride. The spirit of fraternal charity keeps pace with the diffusion of Christian knowledge in the land.

It is true, indeed, that disasters by floods and storms in the West, and that pestilence in the South have darkened and afflicted many a home; but even in these visitations of sorrow, we should humbly bless our Heavenly Father, whose mysterious dispensations we cannot fathom, but should always adore. We should kiss the hand that strikes, as well as the hand that caresses; for, whether He smites or fondles, He is always a loving Father, and these occasional calamities are but the shadows that bring out in bolder relief the bright picture of our national prosperity. While, too, in other lands, the times for choosing the rulers of the nation are often occasions of political convulsion, of the interruption of all peaceful pursuits, and sometimes even of strife and bloodshed, the recent contest between ten millions of voters of the republic, representing sixty millions of people, has been settled peaceably and constitutionally without the loss of a single life, or even any interruption in men's ordinary avocations.

In heartfelt and grateful acknowledgment of all these blessings, and to humbly implore their continuance, you are requested, Rev. Dear Fathers, to recite after the late Mass in your respective churches, on Thanksgiving Day, the prayer for the authorities, and the faithful throughout the archdiocese are invited to assist at the service.

✠ J. CARD. GIBBONS, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*

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## The Habit of Swearing.

AN exchange says: "The meanest, most useless, and most contemptible vice that ever grew rank in the hot-house of the devil, is profane swearing. We protest against it as members of society, as decent men. On boats, in railroad cars, in places of business, on the open streets, at concert doors, and everywhere else, rings the incessant oath of the habitual swearer. Young men, just learning to curse, appear to think there is something manly and brave about it, while old swearers interlard the commonest remarks they make with cold-blooded blasphemies, and a variety of diabolical curses. No man or woman of refinement or decency at all can be otherwise than lacerated and shocked by these brutal and vulgar verbal missiles every day; and no fellow who is guilty of shamefully projecting them can do otherwise than sink beneath the contempt of such men and women, with every vile epithet they hear them utter. Public profanity ought to be, in all instances, an indictable offence, with a penalty of ten days in jail for every oath."

## The Church and the Knights of Labor.

THE following (says the Catholic Mirror) is a translation of the letter of the Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, embodying its decree in regard to the American Knights of Labor:

ROME, August 29, 1888.

*Most Eminent and Most Rev. Lord*, — I have to inform your Eminence that the fresh documents relative to the society of the Knights of Labor, which have been laid before the Sacred Congregation, were examined at its meeting held on Thursday, the 16th day of August, of the current year.

Having carefully studied these documents, the Sacred Congregation orders that this reply be made: That, judging by all that has hitherto been proposed to it, the Knights of Labor may, for the present, be tolerated. The Sacred Congregation only requires that the necessary corrections be made in the statutes of the organization, in order to explain what might otherwise appear to be obscure, or be interpreted in a wrong sense. The modifications should, especially, be made in those passages of the preamble of the rules which refer to local associations. The words which, in these passages, savor of socialism and communism, must be corrected in such a manner as to make them express simply the right given by God to man, or, rather, to mankind, *to acquire* by legitimate means, respecting, always, the rights of property enjoyed by every one.

I am happy to be able to inform your Eminence that the Sacred Congregation has praised highly the resolve of the bishops of the United States to take heed, in concert with itself, lest there creep into the society of the Knights of Labor, and other similar organizations, anything contrary to justice and honesty, or not in conformity with the instructions given as to the Masonic sect.

In confirming and supporting you in this excellent project, in the name of the Sacred Congregation, I pray you to accept the assurance of our respectful and devoted sentiments.

Your Eminence's very humble servant,

JOHN CARDINAL SIMEONI, *Prefect.*

To His Eminence Card. James Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore.

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## Hints for Health Seekers.

DON'T shake a hornet's nest to see if any of the family are at home.

Don't try to take the right of way from an express train at a railroad crossing.

Don't go near a draught. If a draught comes toward you run away. A slight draught is the most dangerous.

Don't blow in the gun your grandfather carried. It is more dangerous now than it was when he used it.

Don't hold a wasp by the other end while you thaw it out in front of the store to see if it is alive. It is generally alive.

Don't try to persuade a bulldog to give up a yard of which it is in possession. Possession to a bulldog is ten points of the law.

Don't call a very large, strong, sinewy man a prevaricator. If you are sure he is a prevaricator hire another man to break the news to him.

Don't allow the baby to drink concentrated lye. Concentrated lye is dangerous even in very small doses, except to a man who is accustomed to drinking whiskey.

## Thanksgiving.

WHATEVER fills the hearts of our fellow-countrymen with joy and pride when they contemplate the marvellous growth and ever-increasing prosperity of our common country, sends also a thrill of gladness through our Catholic hearts. We are a part of this great people, and whatever is good for our country is good enough for us. Catholics were the first in this New World to proclaim and put in practice the principles of religious toleration, and they will be the last to deny or violate the Christian chart of the freedom of conscience. American Catholics shed their blood for our independence, and the aid which we received from the Catholics of other lands was the providential means which enabled us to come forth victorious from the struggle, and to establish ourselves as a free and independent people.

Catholics, who bore a chief part in founding this great republic, must ever feel that is their duty to labor to make it perpetual. The church holds the fulness of God's supernatural bounties, and the republic is the richest earthly gift to his children. Both have a world-wide mission, — to purify, elevate, ennoble, and enlighten men, to free them from slavery, whether of soul or body, of heart or mind.

The republic gives liberty to the church; the church strengthens the spirit of obedience and devotion to the republic, and both co-operate to make prevail the will of God, which is justice, righteousness, peace, goodness. There is a natural harmony between the Catholic religion, which is wide, strong, and enduring, and the character of a great and free people. Hence it is in the nature of things that the Catholic faith should make headway in a country like our own.

What cause for thankfulness have we not when we recall the progress of the church in America during the last hundred years? From a few thousands we have grown to be millions. Then we had no schools; now nearly a million children receive instruction in Catholic schools. Then the churches were few and poor; now they are counted by thousands, and many of them are monuments to the taste and generosity of their builders. Like the growth of the country, our progress has been so rapid and so manifest, that words but enfeeble the impres sion stamped upon all minds by the facts themselves.

RT. REV. BISHOP SPALDING.

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## Idleness and Dissipation vs. Virtue.

IF you should see a man digging in a snow drift, with the expectation of finding valuable ore, or planting seeds upon the rolling billows, you should say at once that he was beside himself. But in what respect does this man differ from you, while you sow the seeds of idleness and dissipation in your youth, and expect the fruits of age will be a good constitution, elevated affections, and holy principles! If you desire a virtuous and happy life, in youth you must shape your character by the word of unerring wisdom, and plant in your bosom the seeds of virtue.

# JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

### MARY'S SKATES.

MARY had a pair of skates,
All nicked-plated o'er;
And every time she put 'em on
She fell upon the floor.

She took 'em to the rink one day,
And loaned them to a boy;
And when he sat upon his spine
She jumped and laughed for joy.

## Floreen's Golden Hair.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl called Floreen, who lived with her mother in a pretty valley far away from the big world. All the people in this valley lived by growing flax, and sending it to the mills at a great distance to be turned into yarn and woven into many frabics. Round and round the white cottages in the hollow between two hills were seen the fields of flax, long waves of delicate green, with drifts of blue blossoms upon the surface. On the top of one of the sloping hills that guarded the valley stood a forlorn old windmill. The ground round about it was barren and rocky, and one or two stunted, blighted trees stood near it, with a look as if they would like to run away, but could not. People said the old brown mill was haunted, and the valley children would cling to one another when, sometimes in the twilight on windy evenings, they saw the crazy old sails of the mill beginning to turn on the height, like four gray ghosts, circling through the darkening air.

It happened that one year something went wrong with the growth of the flax, and very little of it was good for use. Poverty, in consequence, fell upon the valley, and Floreen's mother, being a widow, was one of those who suffered from the failure most severely.

One day Floreen, on her way from school, was spoken to by a stranger travelling through the country, who stroked her long hair, and said: "You are a real little child of the valley, with all this flaxen hair." And then he gave her some sugar-plums and went on his way. Floreen went home to her mother with the sugar plums. They were not much in the way of food, but still they were something to eat. The stranger's words kept ringing in her ears, and she cried out at last: "Oh, mother, how I wish my head would grow real flax, and then you might not be be so hungry!" Her mother smiled, and called her a little goose, and and then went on trying to make soup out of an onion and a little salt.

That evening Floreen was wandering about alone, as she was fond

of doing, for she had a very inquiring mind, and often wished to ramble further away than the other children would venture. She was not much afraid of anything, and only laughed at her little friends for being afraid of the windmill. How it happened she never knew; but before she had begun to think she was near the top of the hill she suddenly found herself quite close to the mill.

"I shall just have time to go in and see what sort of place it is inside," she said to herself, "and then I shall go home." And in she walked, just as a breeze began to blow, setting the old sails creaking and groaning and going round in the air above her head.

She was now in a strange, brown chamber, where it was almost quite dark, and where stood some queer-looking machinery.

"Oh, dear," said Floreen to herself, "I wonder if this is the sort of mill where the flax is spun. How I wish all this useless yellow hair could be spun into flax to make money for mother!"

Hardly had she spoken the words when she felt her hair seized from behind and caught into the machinery.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Floreen, as the machinery tugged at her head and worked away with many a wheezy groan. But her hair did not come out by the roots, as she quite expected it was going to do. It only grew longer and longer, and thicker and thicker as it was pulled, and now the machinery went so fast that Floreen was quite bewildered, and scarcely knew what was happening, till suddenly the wheel stopped with a prodigious groan, and the little girl found herself standing beside a huge heap of the most lovely silky flax, glittering as no flax ever did before, quivering with yellow light on the earthen floor of the old mill.

You may imagine how astonished Floreen was at such a sight, and she was more delighted than surprised. She gathered up as much of the flax as she could carry in her skirts, and hastened down the hill to her home. Her mother was sitting crying at the fire when Floreen went in, and started up uttering cries of wonder when the little girl emptied her lapful of flax upon the floor. When Floreen told her story, the poor woman thought her child had gone mad, and gave her a dose of bitter medicine and put her to bed.

In the morning, however, Floreen still persisted that she was not ill, and had told the truth; but not till they had gone to the mill and fetched the rest of the flax would the mother believe that the beautiful glittering flax was all spun out of her little girl's hair. And no wonder, seeing that Floreen's hair was not one inch shorter for all that had been taken off it.

The next day the mother said, "I must go away and sell this flax, and you, Floreen, must take care of the house till I come back." And away she went with a basketful of the flax on her arm, and travelled night and day into a very distant country. On her way she met a horseman galloping along with a very anxious countenance. He was thinking so deeply that he nearly rode over Floreen's mother, who was walking along also lost in thought, wondering if she should get a good price for her flax.

"Hallo!" cried the horseman. "Excuse me; but I am on a difficult errand for my master, Prince Featherpate. I am searching

for the most beautiful flax in the world, for of this his wedding clothes must be made. I am tired searching, and nothing I can get will please him."

"I have flax for sale," said Floreen's mother, opening her basket.

The rays of brightness that shot out of the basket made the horseman blink.

"This is right good," he said, joyfully. "If it does not please him, I shall try no more!"

He took a large parcel of the flax, placed it behind him on the saddle, and then he put spurs to his horse and clattered away. And Floreen's mother continued her journey.

About noon that day she arrived at a beautiful city, where the houses were built of white marble, and orange trees were growing all down the streets. Floreen's mother went into the market-place, and, taking her stand among the stalls, opened her basket.

"Fine flax!" cried she, with all her might. "Who will come and buy my fine flax?"

Several people stopped and looked into the basket, and each one, as he did so, started, and, taking the flax in his fingers, felt it, stared at it, and then looked strangely at the woman who had it for sale, When they went on, others came up, and stood shaking their heads together, and looking askance at Floreen's mother.

Just then a bellman went through the town crying out: "A hundred pounds reward to any one who will find the thief who has stolen the Princess Clarindabella's hair!"

"How very strange!" thought Floreen's mother. "How could any one steal a princess's hair?"

She had hardly made this reflection to herself when twelve tall policemen came up to her, six of whom seized her basket of flax, while the other six took possession of the poor creature herself, and marched her off between them to goal.

While she sat crying in her prison, and thinking of her poor little girl at home, the basket of flax was carried in triumph to the king's place, a herald riding before it, and proclaiming that the Princess Clarindabella's hair had been found.

Now, some time before, the Princess Clarindabella had had the most beautiful head of golden hair ever seen, and the prince of a neighboring country had asked in marriage. All preparations were being made for the wedding, when, lo and behold! the princess's hair began to fall off, and, after a few weeks, she was left without a single hair on her head. She was in a state of extreme annoyance about this, and all the old women about the court declared that some wicked, envious person had bewitched the princess's hair off her head. Clarindabella vowed she would not be married without her hair; everything was at a standstill, and people were sent out all over the world to discover the sacrilegious wretch who had dared to make away with the royal ringlets.

When, therefore, the basket of golden flax, or hair, whichever you please to call it, was taken from Floreen's mother and brought to the

palace, all the ladies of the court jumped for joy, and had no doubt that the princess's runaway tresses had been found. The question now was, however, how to make the hair resume its place on her royal highness's head. The court ladies tried gum, and paste, and even glue, but all was no use. The hairs would not stick on. The court physician was sent for, and even he could devise no better plan than to get a wig made of the hair, with which the princess could make shift to cover her little bare poll.

The wig was made, and the princess put it on. It was voted very pretty and very becoming, and the only drawback was in the enormous length of the glittering locks, which measured seven or eight yards upon the floor. Clarindabella did not know whether to be most pleased at the length of her curls, or annoyed at the inconvenience they caused her; for, after she had ascended the royal staircase, they were sometimes found entangled in the lowest balustrade of the stairs, or some one was treading on them down in the hall. This was an undignified, as well as an inconvenient, position for a princess to be placed in; and, at last, after several state councils had been held on the subject, it was resolved that six small pages, in costumes of cloth of gold, should at once be provided to carry the princess's hair after her wherever she went.

No sooner said than done; and, at last, by night time the princess was found to be quite satisfied with her head-gear. When she went to bed, the wig was taken off and hung on a peg in her room, opposite her bed, and, looking at it complacently, she fell asleep. In the middle of the night, however, she wakened with a great shock, and a brilliant light on her eyes, and there she saw the wig all in a blaze of fire, as she thought at first; but, by and by, she perceived that it was not on fire, only shining with a most astonishing radiance that poured out of it in a stream over the wall and floor. And, strangest of all, about twenty little green and red goblins were dancing in the light with all their might, capering on the floor, and sliding up and down the shining hairs, with peals of elfish laughter. And they were singing songs like this:

"The greatest fun,
Under the sun,
Is to see the flax that the old mill spun
Out of the hair on Floreen's head,
Made in a wig,
Hung on a peg,
While Clarindabella lies snug in bed!"

Clarindabella sat up in bed and stared wildly, and then, getting too much frightened to look any longer, she buried herself under the clothes, and saw nothing more till the morning dawned. The next day she told her mother, the queen, that she would not wear the wig any longer, and described the bright light and the goblins, and the terror she had endured in the night time. The queen thought she was getting ill with a fever, locked up the wig out of her sight, put her to bed, and sent for the court physician. She also sent word to Prince Featherpate that the wedding must be put off, as the Princess Clarindabella had taken suddenly ill.

The news reached Prince Featherpate just as he was about to try on his wedding clothes, which (as we know who are in the secret) were made, like the princess's wig, all out of the flax spun by the old fairy wind mill, and which was, in reality, Floreen's golden hair. His army of waiting men had to stand back while he read the message from the queen. It affected him very deeply; but as soon as he had shed a few tears over the illness of his dear Clarindabella, he allowed himself to be persuaded that she would soon be quite well again, and proceeded with the trying-on of his clothes. They were made of what appeared to be certainly the most beautiful fabric in the whole world. Every hair of Floreen's was a golden thread, and woven up together they formed a heavy cloth of gold, which was exactly suitable for the wedding robes of a prince. The robes were a loose gown, and a long mantle which swept the floor, and was to be upheld by pages, like the hair of the princess's wig. Underneath these stiff and splendid robes the prince wore tight garments of the most delicate azure velvet. His cap was crusted with pearls and crowned with long white feathers. The rings which he wore on his fingers alone might have bought dinner for a thousand starving families.

When the robes had been pronounced perfect, and the poor weavers who had woven the wonderful cloth had been paid two-pence half-penny each for their labor, the royal wedding garments were hung upon the wall; and the prince went to bed.

What was his horror, however, when he wakened in the night, to see the room filled with an extraordinary light, and his golden robes walking about the place, with no one at all inside them; but with six goblin pages in royal livery holding up the train of the mantle. And as the clothes strutted along and the goblins marched after them, peals of uncanny laughter were heard, and the following words were sung:

"March up and down,
Oh, golden gown,
As puffed with pride
As though Prince Featherpate walked inside."

"Heavens and earth!" muttered the prince, "what audacious little imps!" But he had to hold his tongue and listen to another song.

"His highness fattens and thrives
On the ebbing blood of poor men's lives,
And the scalding tears of their daughters and wives,
And we goblins think it is hardly fair
That a prince should have such costly wear,
As robes woven out of a poor maid's golden hair!"

The prince snatched his sword and leaped out of bed, and the next moment was standing in the middle of his chamber in the moonshine, with his wedding clothes hanging innocently on the wall before him, and nothing left of the strange scene he had witnessed but some elfin laughter gurgling in a corner. He poked at this laughter with his sword, as if it had been a rat, and tried to stab it, but it escaped him and pealed about his ears like a chime of fairy bells. Choking

with rage, he went back to bed, and the next day declared that his wedding clothes were bewitched, and that nothing would ever induce him to put them on again. His ministers shook their heads, said it was well the wedding had been already deferred, and hoped his highness's little fit of delirium would have time to work off before he was called upon to fulfil his engagement.

As day followed day, and both Clarindabella and Featherpate remained obstinate, their several ministers agreed to meet in secret and hold a council as to the best means of bringing this unruly, though royal young couple to their senses. It was resolved that they should be permitted to get married without either golden robes or golden wig, if to this they would only consent. As they were tired of so long a separation as they had now endured, they agreed to the plan, for Featherpate hated the very sight of a long train, and Clarindabella declared that she was satisfied now to be bald to the end of her days.

A day for the royal marriage was announced; and on the eventful morning the court and all the company of wedding guests assembled in the state chambers of the palace. There was great tittering and laughing among the less well-bred of the crowd at the expectation of seeing a royal bride married without a single hair on her head, and a royal bridegroom in tight garments like an acrobat. The queen, Clarindabella's mother, could not bear to think of it, and at the last moment, when they were just descending the stairs to join the company, she led the youthful pair into a dressing-room, and implored them to attire themselves in a fitting and desirable manner. She had robes and wig at hand, and before they could remonstrate had popped each on the wearer for whom it had been intended. Taken quite by surprise, and looking in the glass, the resolution of the young pair gave way, and they acknowledged that they looked better than they had done without their respective coverings. Clarindabella had been feeling a little annoyed at the thought of marrying such a knitting-needle of a prince, and Featherpate had been musing involuntarily on the absurdity of his standing at the altar with a princess who had a head like a billiard ball. Now, therefore, they smiled at each other and agreed to obey the queen, who, greatly delighted, took a hand of each and introduced them to the astonished company.

All now went well. The chapel was filled with the whole court; the royal pair stood at the altar, when suddenly, just as the last word had been said, and the ring had been put on Clarindabella's finger, twelve little red and green goblins were seen walking up the church aisles and ascending the steps. They pushed aside the pages that upheld the prince's train, and the princess's hair, and took their places. A few moments afterwards they gave train and hair a gentle shake, whereupon the golden robes at once left Featherpate's back, and the golden wig instantly quitted Clarindabella's head, leaving the pair exposed to the laughter of the crowd, while robes and wig marched solemnly down the church aisle, followed by the goblins, and disappeared suddenly through the door.

When Clarindabella and Featherpate had both fainted, and both

been restored, when all the confusion had been calmed down, and the people who had laughed had been banished from the court, a council was held as to what was the best means of penetrating so strange a mystery. It was suggested that an investigation should be made into the circumstances of the purchase of materials for the robes and wig, and the police who had arrested Floreen's mother, and the horseman who had bought her flax upon the road, were both summoned before the commission. When they had told their stories, an order was instantly given for the release of Floreen's mother, and she was marched to the palace by a regiment of soldiers.

Then it was that, in presence of the queen, the prince and princess, and the whole court, she told her little story of poverty and hunger, and of her little girl's devotion, and her extraordinary adventure at the mill. She wept bitterly as she declared that the beautiful flax was all spun out of her little Floreen's hair, and had never belonged to the Princess Clarindabella at all.

"My poor little daughter!" she said; "God knows whether I shall find her alive when I go back after my long imprisonment."

When the poor woman ceased, it was seen that the queen was using her pocket-handkerchief; and, of course, immediately the whole court began to use its pocket-handkerchief.

"We have too long neglected the poor people of this distant valley," said the queen, royally. "I shall sell one of my best pairs of slippers instantly, and with the proceeds will make them comfortable until better times return to them."

At this magnificent declaration the court cheered enthusiastically.

"And you and your little Floreen shall be my special care," she said to the poor woman. "You shall stay with me and be one of my women, if you please; and your daughter, Floreen, shall be the princess's confidential maid."

The poor woman fell on her face and kissed the queen's hands; and, lo and behold, while they were speaking, the Princess Clarindabella's hair began to grow. It grew, after that, at the rate of an inch in a quarter of an hour; and before the day was over it was as long as even a princess could wish to wear it.

CLARA MULHOLLAND.

*The end.*

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## Just Try It.

TRY a sun bath for rheumatism. Try clam broth for a weak stomach. Try cranberry poultice for erysipelas. Try eating fresh radishes and yellow turnips for gravel. Try swallowing saliva when troubled with sour stomach. Try eating onions and horse-radish to relieve dropsical swellings. Try buttermilk for the removal of tan, and walnut stains, and freckles. Try the croup tippet when a child is likely to be troubled in that way. Try hot flannel over the seat of neuralgia pain and renew frequently. Try a cloth wrung from cold water put about the neck for sore throat. Try walking with your hands behind you if you are becoming bent forward.

## The Nativity.

PRIMEVAL night had repossessed
Her empire in the fields of space;
Calm lay the kine on earth's dark breast;
The earth lay calm in heaven's embrace.

That hour, where shepherds kept their flocks,
From God a glory sudden fell:
The splendor smote the trees and rocks,
And lay, like dew, along the dell.

God's angel close beside them stood;
"Fear naught," that angel said; and then,
"Behold, I bring you tidings good;
The Saviour, Christ, is born to men."

And straightway round him myriads sang
Again that anthem, and again,
Till all the hollow valley rang,
"Glory to God, and peace to men."

Thus in the violet-scented grove —
The May breeze murmuring softly by them —
The children sang. Who Mary love
The long year through have Christmas nigh them!

AUBREY DE VERE.

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## Let the Girls Romp.

MOST mothers have a dread of romps, so they lecture the girls daily on the proprieties, and exhort them to be little ladies. They like to see them very quiet and gentle, and as prim as possible. The lot of such children is rather pitiable, for they are deprived of the fun and frolic which they are entitled to. Children — boys and girls — must have exercise to keep them healthy. Deprive them of it, and they will fade away like flowers without sunshine. Running, racing, skipping, climbing — these are the things that strengthen the muscles, expand the chest, and build up the nerves. The mild dole of exercise taken in the nursery, with calisthenics or gymnastics, will not invigorate the system like a good romp in the open air. Mothers, therefore, who counsel their little girls to play very quietly make a mistake. Better the laughing, rosy-cheeked, romping girl than the pale, lily-faced one, who is called every inch a lady. The latter rarely breaks things, or tears her dresses, or tires her mother's patience, as the former does; but after all, what does the tearing and breaking amount to? It is not a wise policy to put an old head on young shoulders. Childhood is the time for girlish pranks and plays. The girl will grow into womanhood soon enough. Give them plenty of fresh air and sunlight, and let them run and romp as much as they please. By all means give us hearty, healthy, romping girls, rather than pale-faced little ladies, condemned from their very cradle to nervousness, headache, and similar ailments. — *Farmer and Manufacturer.*

## MOTHER AND CHILD. A TALE OF CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITY.

DURING the reign of the Roman Emperor, Valens, there were many Christians in the city of Edessa. The Emperor, who was a pagan, had issued an edict commanding all the churches to be closed. But, notwithstanding the edict, all the people went to Mass, for the priest sent word to them that he would celebrate in a field outside the city walls.

The Emperor was told of this, and, greatly enraged, he ordered the mayor of Edessa to massacre the whole of them the next time they should assemble for Mass.

Now the mayor was a kind-hearted man, although he, too, was a pagan; so he sent word secretly to all the Christians that he had received these orders, thinking they would stay away.

But, lo! when Sunday came the streets were thronged at an early hour, and there were more people than ever at Mass.

The mayor put himself at the head of his troops, in compliance with his orders, and marched towards the field where the Christians were assembled in great numbers. As they were passing, with measured tread and clang of armor, by a low-roofed house, a poor woman issued hurriedly from it, leading a little boy by the hand.

She was in such great haste that she noticed nothing, looking straight forward, and passed, with the child, directly through the file of soldiers.

The mayor, astonished, instantly caused her to be arrested and brought before him — then halted his troops.

"Woman," he asked, "what ails you? Why are you in such a desperate haste?"

"Sir," she replied, out of breath, "I am going to the place where the priest is to celebrate Mass to-day."

"You are not, then, aware that I am on my way to put to death all the Christians I shall find there?"

The woman then perceived that it was the mayor; so, looking around upon the soldiers, she replied: "Oh, yes, sir, I know it! and that is why we are in such a hurry. I feared we should be too late."

"Late! Late for what?"

"Too late to die for Christ."

"What! and would you sacrifice also your child?"

"My child, sir, would not be left behind. He is to share my happiness and joy."

The mother again took the hand of her boy, and both hurried away to the field to assist at the Mass.

The mayor and his soldiers stood awhile mute with astonishment gazing on the rapidly retreating forms of the mother and child, then sheathed their swords, and vowed that they would never execute so cruel and barbarous an order.

Thus the lives of many Christians were saved by the faith and heroism of a mother and child.

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"So far so good," as the boy said when he had finished the first pot of his mother's jam.

## BRING UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered to France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CATHOLIC parents may feel assured, when they send their children to Catholic schools, that they will be taught, among other things, the great virtue of obedience.

The obedience of children to parents is a true index of the character for good in all the relations of life of the future man or woman.

The disobedient child is the twig which is growing up tall and strong into the tree, which can never be bent to obey the law of God or man.

Good government subsists on the obedience of its subjects, and when it cannot secure that virtue in its subjects by moral means, it is obliged to secure it by force or fear.

The age of independence of a child, granted by governments, does not free the child from the obedience due parents by the law of God. The command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," obliges to the end of life.

Obedience to parents implies obedience to all lawful superiors. Therefore, the child in the school-room must be as obedient to his teacher as he would be to his father or mother; for the teacher is his lawful superior.

If fathers and mothers are neglected in their old age, it is because they reared up disobedient children. They reap what they sowed, and they must blame themselves for the bad fruit.

The Catholic Church warns and commands fathers and mothers to make their children obedient; for she knows that if the children are obedient to their parents, they will be obedient to her and to God.

The virtue of obedience cannot be kept without the help of God, and this help is given to all who receive the Sacraments He has made. The Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist are received frequently by the children in Catholic schools, and they are thus enabled to practise the virtue of obedience, and to preserve it strongly in their hearts.

Long life on earth, and eternal life in heaven, are the promised rewards by Almighty God to all who practice the virtue of obedience.

The children in Catholic parochial schools are taught to love God; for it is known that "to them that love God, all things work together unto good."

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BE content to have neither pleasures nor this world's esteem, and you will not complain of the wearisomeness which follows from abandoning your own will; and remember that the greatest gift one can receive in this world is the power to conquer one's self, by renouncing and casting aside his own will. — *St. Catherine of Bologna.*

# DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1889.


## NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

### Living Irish Literary Celebrities.

WE will commence a series of biographical sketches, under the above title, in our next issue. CATHERINE TYNAN, the sweet poetess, will be the subject.

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PRESIDENT CLEVELAND and his entire Cabinet have signified their intention to attend the centennial celebration of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., on the 22d of February next. The President will deliver the honorary degrees to be awarded on that day.

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THOMAS HAMILTON MURRAY, the well-known editor, will continue his contributions during the year. Mr. Murray occupies a leading place among our Catholic secular journalists, and his professional career has been marked by energy, progressiveness, and originality of ideas. He has done much toward elevating the Irish chapter in American history to its proper place, and deserves the highest commendation therefor. The reader will find an article from his pen in this issue.

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### Fifty Cents.

GET your neighbor to subscribe for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, and save 50 cents. Two copies for $3.

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### Don't Forget.

LET each one of our subscribers send a new one, and, when the new and the old pay, we will send each a good book.

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OF the nine hundred and ninety non-Episcopal ministers in Ireland, eight hundred and sixty-four have signed an address to Lord Salisbury against Home Rule. If the same paper was passed around Hell, it would receive the vote of the "whole house."

Do you read the Boston Daily and Sunday Globe? If you do not, you ought to do so.

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WE finish, this month, the interesting papers, — A Bostonian in New York, — written by a talented young journalist, Mr. W. J. Donovan, who occupies a position on the editorial staff of the Boston Daily Herald. Mr. Donovan is destined to excel in his profession.

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### Emperors Who Have Visited the Pope.

THE Emperors who preceded William II. as pilgrims and visitors to Rome, are Charles the Great, crowned there by Pope Leo III. on Christmas night, A. D. 800; Otho I., crowned in 962; Otho II. and Otho III., who died in Rome; Henry II., crowned there in 1014, and Conrad II. in 1027; Henry IV. (the Canosa Emperor), crowned in 1084; Henry V. in 1112; Lothair II. in 1185; Henry VI. in 1191; Otho IV. in 1201; Frederick II., who was crowned in 1220, and was twice besides in Rome. To Rome also came the Emperor Rudolph, of Hapsburg, crowned in 1272; Henry VII. in 1312; Ludwig V. in 1328; Charles IV. in 1355; Sigismund ("*super grammaticam*") in 1433; Frederick II. in 1542. Charles V. was in Rome in 1550; Francis I., Emperor of Austria, in 1819, and the Czar Nicholas in 1845.

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### These Terrible Jesuits.

Catholic missionaries in the East are said to have made the greatest discovery in the botanical department of medicine that has been made since the discovery of cinchona or Peruvian bark by the Jesuits. The new bark is asserted to cure the dreaded leprosy and its hardly less horrible fellow-disease cancer and hpdrophobia,

At the late annual Congress of Catholic Germans at Frieburg, the Catholic press was given sounding praise. In his remarks upon the subject, the grand old Windthorst said: "Catholics must not be satisfied with merely encouraging their press in words, but they must give material aid by subscribing and *conscientiously paying up their subscriptions.*"

### A Brave Priest.

Two men, named Jones and Williams, were charged at the Central Criminal Court, London, with breaking into the Church of St. Aloysius, Clarendon square, St. Pancras, and stealing two silver cruets, value two pounds. The Rev. Michael Ryan, who has charge of the church, was told by his servant that there was some one in the building, and, on going there, found the prisoners and another man in the sacristy, trying to break into the safe. They all rushed at him, and a severe struggle took place. Finally, Williams and the unknown man made off, Father Ryan, meanwhile, holding on to the prisoner Jones, who was ultimately given into custody. Williams was afterwards apprehended. Previous convictions were proved against both prisoners, and Jones was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labor, and Williams to two years. Father Ryan was highly commended for his pluck by the common serjeant.

### The Catholic University.

The board of directors of the Catholic University held a meeting in Baltimore on the 13th of November, and elected Rev. P. J. Garrigan, of Fitchburg, Mass., vice-rector of the university. The rector, Bishop Keane, was instructed to proceed at once to Rome and submit the plans and statutes of the institution to the Pope for his approval. Bishop Keane expects to be absent about four months. On his return he will visit the far West in the interest of the university. He stated, that by Jan. 1, 1889, one million dollars will have been pledged, which will be sufficient to perpetually endow the divinity college. The other branches will be taken up in the future. Vice-Rector Garrigan will at once take up his residence in Washington and devote his entire time to the completion of the university. While abroad Bishop Keane is instructed to consult with prominent men in all branches of learning in reference to the corps of professors that will be needed in the future.

### France and the Vatican.

In the Chamber of Deputies an amendment having been proposed to abolish the embassy to the Vatican, M. Goblet said: "As long as we live under the regime of the Concordat, it is necessary to maintain relations with the Vatican for the training of the clergy and the appointment of bishops and cardinals. The importance of our protectorate in Eastern countries also requires the maintenance of friendly relations with the Vatican. Rival powers dispute our protectorate. The friendship of the Pope is, therefore, precious. The Pope already has his bitternesses. It has been said recently that the Pope could no longer count upon any country but France. That does not mean that France will intervene to restore his temporal power; but the more the Pope is deprived of that power the more France ought to honor him by curtailing nothing of her respect for the high authority he represents."

### Catholic Germans in the United States.

A priest of Piopolis, Ill., Father Enzelberger, has, from full returns from every parish in the United States, completed a census of the German Catholic population, from which it appears that the number of practical German-speaking Catholics is 1,075,568, or allowing for possible incompleteness, the number is under 1,500,000. Of German congregations there are 855, and 1063 mixed congregations under German clergy.

The Republic: Rev. Dr. Lambert, the well-known author, who finds himself in dispute with Bishop McQuaid, shows his good sense in go ng to Rome, where he will try to have his case settled by the Propaganda. If Dr. McGlynn had acted in the same manner his position to-day would in all probability be far preferable to what it is.

### General Wheeler.

WESTERN WATCHMAN: The reported conversion of Gen. Wheeler, of Alabama, is confirmed. He was the ranking cavalry officer of the Confederate Army operating in the West, and, in that capacity, made a name for himself, equalled only by that of Gen. Sheridan, whom he resembled in many ways. He was more than a match for any cavalry general we sent against him. For more than six months he compelled Kilpatrick to camp every night within Sheridan's lines, and while he had command of the Confederate cavalry, our cavalry never gained sight of the enemy's infantry. His partiality to the church was known and commented on during the war. He had in his command a Father Bethay, who was a man of fine parts, a polished gentleman, and a good priest. An attachment grew up between them, which has ended in the general's conversion. The immediate occasion of his becoming a Catholic was the impression made upon him by the ceremonies and discourse at Gen. Sheridan's funeral. The manner and touching words of the Cardinal went to his heart, and he determined to postpone no longer the fulfilment of a purpose formed a quarter of a century before. His conversion will have great influence through the South. Another eminent Southerner is on the point of becoming a Catholic, and that is, ex-Minister of the Interior and present Associate Justice Lamar. He is a Catholic in all but formal profession of faith and admission into the church. There will be some remarkable conversions in the South before long.

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### Cause of the Defeat.

MILFORD NEWS: It was not civil service reform, it was not Sackville-West, it was not Canada, it was not pension vetoes, it was not Tammany, it was not Hill, it was not Grover Cleveland, per se. It was too much tariff reform at one dose, and too much money on the other side.

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CARDINAL NEWMAN has been quite ill recently. He is in his eighty-eighth year.

### The Truth at Last.

THE English newspapers for years back have been industriously engaged in hunting up every case of crime that occurred in Ireland, and using it to deepen the impression in the minds of their readers that that oppressed and maligned island is a nest of murderers, assassins, and outlaws of every kind and class. Yet they have been singularly oblivious to the fact that heinous crimes have always been, and now are, much more frequent in England. But the recent horrible murders in the heart of London seem to have opened their eyes to the fact and compelled some of them to acknowledge it. We clip, as an instance, the following from the London Pall Mall Gazette: "Talk about law and order in Ireland! The most disorderly Irish district is tranquillity itself compared with Gray's Inn Road. Yet for Ireland we have coercion acts, special legislation, and session after session of parliamentary attention. It is time surely that this should cease."

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### Blessing Bells.

ON Sunday, Nov. 11, in presence of a large congregation, Bishop Harkins, assisted by Fathers Kelly and Kennedy, blessed the new bells of St. Mary's Church, Providence, R. I. These bells, ten in number, were cast by the McShane foundry in Baltimore, and are named after the Blessed Virgin, all but two being memorial gifts, as follows: 1, Sancta Maria, gift of St. Mary's, by Rev. Robert J. Sullivan, the second pastor of the parish; 2, Mater Dei, gift of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Banigan,; 3, Virgo Immaculata, Mrs. Mary Gaugh; 4, Mater Misericordia, gift of the Society of Children of Mary; 5, Virgo Potens, gift of James T. Kennedy; 6, Mater Amabilis; 7, Regina Sanctorum Omnium, gift of Revs. S. M. H. Kennedy and Thomas L. Kelly; 8, Causa Nostræ Lætitiæ, gift of Alderman John Casey; 9, Refugium Peccatorium, gift of Catherine Brennan; 10, Janua Cœli, gift of Rev. Robert J. Sullivan.

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THE DAY OF DAYS.—Christmas is celebrated this year on Tuesday.

### Of Irish Origin.

THE Right Rev. John S. Foley, fourth bishop of Detroit, Mich., lately consecrated in the Baltimore Cathedral, comes of an old Irish family noted at once for the number of priests it has given to the church, and for its practical enthusiasm in the cause of Irish Nationalism. The paternal grandfather of Bishop Foley was in the thick of the struggle at Vinegar Hill, Wexford, a battle fought almost at the door of his own house. Bishop Foley was born in Baltimore. He is the first bishop of Irish blood given to Detroit, his predecessors in that see having been of French and German origin. The other new American Bishop, the Rev. D. J. O'Connell, D. D., Rector of the American College, Rome, who succeeds Bishop Keane, Rector of the American Catholic University, in the See of Richmond, Va., is also a Southerner of Irish origin. He was born in Columbia, S. C., and is the youngest priest who ever was president of the American College, Rome. His family, also, is distinguished for its eminent churchmen. One of his uncles is the Rev. Joseph P. O'Connor, D. D., of St. Mary's Star of the Sea, Brooklyn. Another, the Rev. J. J. O'Connell, D. D., is the author of Catholicity in the Carolinas and Georgia.

### The Domestic Monthly for Dec., 1888.

THE Supplements with the DOMESTIC MONTHLY are comparatively a new feature; but every number for the past half year has contained one or more Supplements. The DOMESTIC MONTHLY gives a variety of fancy work designs and descriptions, and it is constantly striking out new ideas. Now in its sixteenth year, it was never better nor had a wider popularity. The literary and artistic features of the December number are quite noteworthy, and its many editorial departments are uniformly well-filled. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher conducts the Household Department, which she has made so popular for years. All this is sold for fifteen cents a copy, or $1.50 a year, postpaid. Besides, every subscriber receives coupons good for $1.00 worth of paper patterns *free*.

THE DOMESTIC MONTHLY is published at 853 Broadway, New York.

### A Model Proclamation.

THE Thanksgiving proclamation of Governor Semple, of Washington Territory, differs from the ordinary proclamation in that it breathes a warm spirit of Christian charity and sympathy which should always accompany the celebration of the festival of National Thanksgiving. The proclamation is as follows:

"I recommend that on that day the people of Washington do assemble in their respective places of worship, in their school-houses and society halls, in their loggers' camps and miners' cabins, on their ships, and by the firesides of the rich and poor, in the city and country, and there give thanks to Almighty God for His infinite goodness to us and to all men. If any homeless ones be seen standing by the wayside on that day, I trust that those who are more fortunate will care for them, that they may see the silver lining to the clouds, and feel the sunshine of kindness for a moment, and so not despair of human nature. Such bread will return in blessed form to those who cast it upon the waters."

### Remedy For a Cold.

MEDICAL NEWS: Bathe the feet in hot water, and drink a pint of hot lemonade. Then sponge with salt water and remain in a warm room.

Bathe the face in very hot water every five minutes for an hour.

Inhale ammonia or menthol.

Snuff up the nostrils hot water every three hours.

Take four hours' active exercise in the open air.

Summer colds are the worst of all colds oftentimes, as it is then very difficult to protect one's self properly. A ten-grain dose of quinine will usually break up a cold in the beginning. Anything that will set the blood actively in circulation will do it, whether it be drugs or the use of the buck-saw.

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IN Spain for the past twelve years nearly two hundred monasteries have been built. The great increase is due in part to the religious who, banished from France, have found shelter in Catholic Spain, where they have prospered exceedingly.

### Dead Letters.

THE Superintendent of the Dead Letter Office, in his annual report for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1888, says that there were received at his office, during the year, 6,217,876 pieces of original dead mail matter, an increase of 882,513 pieces over last year. Of this number, 4,800,615 were ordinary unclaimed letters; 18,947 bore fictitious addresses; 173,708 were returned from foreign countries as undeliverable. Of the number of pieces treated during the year, 749,513 were restored to the owners without opening. Of the number of pieces opened, there were recorded 20,512, containing money amounting to $35,450; 3,697 containing postal notes amounting to $5,798; 23,338 contained notable paper, etc., amounting to $1,343,019, face value; 37,619 containing miscellaneous papers, etc.; 93,848 containing articles of merchandise, books, etc.

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### Justice to Foreigners at Last Makes Little Rhody Free.

ON the 16th of November, the governor, secretary of state, and attorney general officially counted the votes cast last April, on what is known as the Bourn amendment to the Constitution. This amendment is numbered seven, and enfranchises every male citizen of the United States, of the age of twenty-one years, who has had his residence and home in this state for two years, and in the town or city in which he may offer to vote, six months next preceding the time of voting. It abolishes the property qualification for voting for general officers. The vote was: Approve, 20,068; reject, 12,193; majority over the three-fifths of the total vote necessary for its adoption, 711.

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CLOTHING. — When we speak of Leopold Morse & Co., as one of the largest clothing houses in this country, we say just what we mean; their goods can be found everywhere, and no place in this city can you find a better overcoat, a cheaper overcoat, a finer all-wool suit, for the money, in fact, all grades of clothing, than you can at Leopold Morse & Co., 131 to 137 Washington street, corner of Brattle, Boston. They have no equals.

### The Grand Old Man Insulted.

ON the 10th of November, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone made the journey from Birmingham to Wolverhampton, in a carriage drawn by four horses. They were heartily cheered along the route. On arriving at Wolverhampton, Mr. Gladstone proceeded to the drill hall, where he received a number of addresses. In replying to the addresses, he was repeatedly interrupted, the disorder finally culminating in an uproar that compelled him to abruptly close his remarks. Great confusion followed, the crowd making a rush, and demolishing the benches that separated the members of the press from the public. The stewards guarded the private door by which Mr. Gladstone left the hall. The ex-premier proceeded to the railway station, the platform of which was closely guarded, and started for Oxford. At Snowhill the crowd that had gathered groaned and hooted. At Leamington, a former mayor of the town welcomed Mr. Gladstone and his wife, and presented Mrs. Gladstone with a bouquet. At Banbury they received a similar welcome. At Oxford, the crowd, which was composed largely of undergraduates, groaned and hooted at Mr. Gladstone as he was driven to the residence of Warden Heble.

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### End of an Irish Tragedian.

THE curtain is falling upon the career of another distinguished Irishman. The London correspondent of the New York Times writes that "poor Barry Sullivan lies in a helpless state at West Brighton. He has to be fed like a child. His reason is entirely gone, and he is unable to recognize anybody." In his golden prime, this brilliant Corkman, who began life as a dry-goods clerk in his native city, had no equal upon the tragic stage. And now, like his countryman Moore, he drivels his declining days away in a strange land, with the light of reason sadly quenched upon its throne.

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FATHER BALLERINI, Rector of the Civilta Cattolica, has presented to the Pope a sum of five million lire (about a million dollars), sent as an offering to His Holiness by the Catholics of Australia and India.

### A Righteous Verdict.

On the 1st inst., at Kansas City, Mo., Miss Jennie Quick, formerly a sewing-girl in the employ of Lewis Naytor, a dry-goods dealer, was awarded $7,000 against him. Some months ago, Naytor tendered her a check in payment for her services. She wanted cash, and in the quarrel which ensued Naytor ejected the girl, who is only seventeen years of age. Her arm was broken, and she sued for $10,000. The jury returned a verdict for $7,000 after ten minutes' deliberation.

### The Late Gen. Sheridan.

A schedule of Gen. Sheridan's estate has been filed, and foots up sixty-five thousand dollars. As most of the property is unproductive, Mrs. Sheridan will be left with a very small income, and a few friends have undertaken to raise a fund of one hundred thousand dollars for her benefit. They do not appeal to the public, but are quietly passing a paper round for signatures with great success. Several gentlemen, among them, George W. Childs, Anthony Drexel, of Philadelphia, Vice-President Morton, Joseph Pulitzer, Marshall Fields, George M. Pullman, P. A. Armour, and Gen. Puger, of Michigan, have subscribed five thousand dollars each, and a number of others have contributed one thousand dollars. It is believed that the sum desired will be raised without difficulty or much delay.

### 250 Miles an Hour.

There have just been submitted to the Syndicate of French Inventors the details of a contrivance whereby a journey can be made at the rate of two hundred and fifty miles an hour, — that is to say, a traveller will be able to go from Calais to Paris in forty minutes, and from Paris to Marseilles in two hours, and from Paris to St. Petersburg in eight hours. This dragon-fly speed is to be brought about by some new application of electricity, and is avowed to be as sure against accidents as against delay. This invention is the very thing that was wanted in the world. It is the very thing to be believed in when seen.

### London — The Little World.

Within the Metropolitan Police District this city comprises six hundred and eighty-seven square miles; there are about forty-nine hundred thousand inhabitants within these limits. It contains more Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of Palastine, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburg, and more Welshmen than Cardiff.

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The School Commissioners of the Catholic schools of Montreal have issued their yearly financial statement. The receipts amount to $120,559, and the expenses to $116,671, leaving a balance of $3,888. The general expense of the thirty-three schools was $62,614, and the general receipts were $11,335, the net cost of each pupil being $4.84⅘. The number of pupils in attendance was 10,602, and the number of professors 217. Eleven of the schools are solely for boys, and ten for girls, the rest being for both sexes.

### The Manchester Martyrs.

The memory of the martyrs Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, was observed in many of our large cities, on the 23d of November.

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The Pictorial Lives of the Saints is a very handsome volume that will form a most acceptable Christmas gift. The beautiful records of saintly souls are prettily told in English by the editor, Gilmary Shea. The Benziger Brothers are the publishers. It forms a volume of 538 large pages. Every page is illustrated by some eminent saint. To any person getting up a club of five subscribers at $2.00 each, we will send this splendid book.

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Rev. J. J. Murphy, S. J., formerly rector of Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C., and more recently of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York city, has been appointed to the chair of philosophy in Georgetown College. The former occupant of this chair, Rev. Edward H. Welch, S. J., of Boston, becomes prefect of studies, assuming control of all the classes of this department of Georgetown University.

CATHOLIC COLUMBIAN: Governor Ames, of Massachusetts, incurred the opposition of numerous bigots of his own party, because, being a man of liberal and enlarged Christian views, he gave, of his own means, money to a Catholic institution. If Massachusetts keeps on at this rate, these fanatics will be persecuting the Quakers, and burning witches again, as the forefathers of some of them did "lang syne."

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### Corner-Stone of a $300,000 Church.

THE corner-stone of St. Augustine's Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., was laid with impressive ceremonies, on Sunday, Nov. 11. Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, N.J., preached the sermon. The cost of the structure will be $300,000.

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THERE was a singular occurrence at the Borris races in Ireland. One of the five horses which ran for the Adamstown Plate was Mr. Meredith's Dainty, upon which the operation of tracheotomy was performed as a cure for the distressing ailment called "roaring." Dainty accordingly ran the race with a metallic tube in its throat, opening at the neck, where it was fastened with a silver plate, — and not only ran the race, but won it.

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STERN & Co., manufacturers and jobbers of sewing-machines and findings. They let and repair all kinds of sewing-machines; they have thirty years' experience, and can give thousands of references if required; they can furnish machines of any make at lower prices than any other house in Boston. 15 Essex street, near Washington street, is the address. Their store is centrally located. Horse-cars pass the door every minute in the day, and our readers will save money by giving them a call.

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"BALFOUR is in bed with chills," says a cable despatch. Let him shake. Even chills will seem warm to him one of these days, for there is an icy cold day coming for Balfour, says the Boston Daily Globe.

REAL ESTATE. — We still insist that Mr. Albert Gates, Jr., 120 Tremont street, and 3 Hamilton place, opposite Park street church, Boston, is one of the most reliable brokers in real estate, mortgage loans, insurance, care of real estate, and rent collecting, that can be found in this city. His long experience in the business, although a young man, entitles him to confidence, consideration, and respect.

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THE Emerson Piano Co. have removed to the spacious rooms, 174 Tremont street. The success of this company, under the present management, has been great indeed. We are credibly informed that no other company turns out more or better instruments than the Emerson. Our old friend, Mr. P. H. Powers, is the treasurer and business manager.

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PROVISIONS. — When any of our readers visit New Faneuil Hall Market, for the purchase of mutton, lamb, veal, etc., let them not forget to call on our friend, C. G. Dole, Esq., who is one of the largest dealers in these goods. His stall is No. 19 New Faneuil Hall Market, the Cradle of Liberty. Don't forget this: they will find Mr. Dole accommodating, genial, agreeable, and his goods in every respect will be equal to his representations.

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THE Chief Judge of the Parnell Commission and the chief defendant in the case are vegetarians. Both Sir James Hannen and Mr. Parnell have practically to avoid meat diet. Sir James used to suffer greatly from that curse of people whose employment is sedentary, — dyspepsia. He eats little flesh now, and certainly looks the better for it. Mr. Parnell also avoids the diet of the joint. His refreshment at luncheon-time is a glass of hot water, into which a lemon has been squeezed.

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MANY people use tooth powder, the grit of which injures the delicate enamel of the teeth. No injury will follow the use of Rubifoam. Large bottles, 25 cents.

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MR. PARNELL thinks that the work of the Commission now in session will last twelve months.

### Mrs. Gladstone.

BEFORE Mr. Gladstone left for Hawarden Mrs. Gladstone spoke in Holborn in support of the Home Rule candidate for election, Earl Compton. Her speeches are always good, and this one was amusing in illustrating the lady's simple faith in her grand old husband, and her belief that nobody really can be opposed to him at heart. She assured her hearers that in voting for Compton they were supporting a good and honest man; but, "more than that," said the old lady innocently, "you are supporting my husband in his fight for justice to Ireland."

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I. H. WILEY & CO., successors to Wiley & Richardson, manufacturers and importers of colors, paints, and varnishes, 84, 86, 88, and 92 Sudbury street, Boston, is one of the largest houses of the kind in this city. Everything in the paints, oils, colors, japans, and varnish line, can be procured from this establishment, at the very lowest cash prices. Call and be convinced; one trial will be sufficient for that purpose.

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HIS Eminence Cardinal Moran left Naples on Oct. 21, for Sidney, accompanied by his secretary, Dr. O'Haran. The same vessel took out six Vincentian Fathers, some of whom are to do missionary work in Sidney, and others to carry on a new college in the diocese of Bathurst. There were also other priests and several nuns. The Most Rev. Dr. Kirby, Rector of the Irish College, went to Naples on purpose to bid good-by to the Cardinal, and see him off.

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THE COLORED CATHOLICS of the United States propose to hold a congress about Jan. 1, 1889, at Washington, D.C., for the purpose of discussing the best means of promoting their interests in the United States.

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FATHER SULLIVAN, of St. Mary's, Providence, R.I., enjoys the distinction of being the first Catholic priest who has opened a court in Rhode Island with prayer.

### Not Creditable to Teetotalers.

BUT one-fifth of the amount needed to erect a statue to Father Mathew in Central Park, New York, has been collected.

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CARDINAL MANNING, and other English Catholic prelates, have sent an address to the Pope protesting against the Italian penal laws.

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FRAME YOUR PICTURES. — A great many of our out-of-town readers, as well as those in the city, want pictures framed and picture frames. Now the cheapest and best place in Boston to get anything in the picture line, as well as frames of every description, either high or low cost, is at Latimer & Co., 6 Chardon street, Boston, opposite the Revere House.

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POPE LEO XIII. has addressed a letter to Cardinal Lavigerie, in which he speaks in terms of warm praise and encouragement of the Cardinal's crusade against the African slave-trade; and his Holiness places at his Eminence's disposal a contribution of 300,000 lire (£12,000) in aid of the undertaking.

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BENJAMIN HARRISON will be fifty-five years six months and fourteen days old when he is inaugurated President of the United States.

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THE wife of the French President, and other ladies in Paris, have taken to wearing Irish lace. Is it not about time that the fashionable Irish ladies of America followed the good example of the Parisians?

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MALONEY, the artist photographer, 35 Hanover street, Boston, can be relied upon as one of the best in the city. He makes photographs, of all sizes, at his studio, pictures copied and enlarged to 8x10 or life sizes, and worked in ink, crayon, or water-colors; everything he does will be satisfactory. We recommend him highly to the readers of our MAGAZINE throughout the country.

### Clerical Common-Sense.

THE Rev. Dr. W. H. Thomas, for several years a respected clergyman of this city, and now settled in Worcester, has added appreciably to the high estimation in which he was held by the people of Cambridge, by his brief but exceedingly comprehensive reply to the request of Mrs. M. L. Shepard, that he would read from his pulpit a notice of her lecture, entitled, "Secrets of the Roman Catholic Confessional."

The doctor not only declined to comply with the request, but took occasion to give expression to his entire disapproval of the system and the spirit represented in Mrs. Shepard's lecture.

"I am not," he says, "in harmony with the un-Christian, un-American, discourteous assault upon the Roman Catholic Church now so popular about Boston. I am endeavoring to educate my people to higher things, and must decline to read your notice."

Here is good common-sense and practical Christianity happily combined. Dr. Haynes, of the Tremont Temple Church, has taken occasion to give expression to similar sentiments; the liberal utterances of these and other clergymen of intellectual ability and prominence in their various denominations, should be remembered when we unhappily call to mind the fulminations of fanatics like Dr. J. D. Fulton and Mrs. Margaret Shepard. — *Cambridge (Mass.) Chronicle.*

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MR. J. F. HOGAN, author of The Irish in Australia, writes to the Pall Mall Gazette to explain why Queensland objects to Mr. Blake. Among his reasons are the following: Mr. Thomas M'Ilwraith, the organizer of this powerful party, and the first premier of a "National Ministry" in Australia, is, like the majority of his Scottish fellow-countrymen, an ardent sympathizer with the cause of Irish autonomy; that no fewer than four of his Ministerial colleagues are Irishmen in full sympathy with the legislative aspirations of their native land; that the Irish element forms a potent and well-organized fourth of the total population of Queensland; and that the Irishmen of Queensland are well known as the most intensely Nationalist of the million of Celts that now inhabit the Australian Colonies.

### Consecration of a Bishop.

THE new Bishop of Wichita, Kan., Right Rev. John J. Hennessy, was consecrated in St. John's Church, St. Louis, of which he was rector, on Nov. 30. Archbishop Kenrick was the consecrating prelate, assisted by Bishop Hennessy, of Dubuque, and Bishop Fink. Bishop Spalding preached. Right Rev. John Joseph Hennessy was born on the 19th of July, 1847, at Ladysburg, in the diocese of Cloyne, county Cork, Ireland. He is at present, therefore, in his forty-second year. Most of these years have been spent in St. Louis, as his parents left the land of their ancestors when the present Bishop Hennessy was but two years of age. Naturally, his forty years have made him an out-and-out American, while, at the same time, he has lost none of his devotedness to the cause of his persecuted motherland. At present Bishop Hennessy is the only surviving member of his family, his only brother, a practising physician, having departed this life some five years ago.

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### Faith Cure.

THE Catholic Review says: "It is not necessary to warn Catholics against this 'faith cure' business, which, in various forms, and under different names, is attracting very many deluded people who are not Catholics. The 'faith cure' is only a new form of an old disease. People who have no faith, or whose minds are disordered, call upon Almighty God to work a miracle there and upon them, as though the Almighty were subject to beck and call. 'These people ask for a sign, and a sign shall not be given to them, save the sign of Jonas the prophet.' Intelligent Protestant ministers should warn their people against this so-called "religious" mania. The age of miracles has not ceased. It will never cease while the divine and omnipotent Creator exists, Who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

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THE New York World had all its canvassers out in Brooklyn one late Sunday, and discovered that, out of a population of eight hundred thousand, five hundred thousand did not attend church. Of the three hundred thousand who went to church, more than one half were Catholic.

### A Venerable Archbishop.

CATHOLIC COLUMBIAN: On the 30th of November, Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, D.D., will have celebrated the fifty-seventh anniversary of his consecration as Bishop of Drasa, and Coadjutor to Bishop Rosati, whom he succeeded as Bishop of St. Louis in 1843, and was made Archbishop in 1847. In that year His Grace was the only Archbishop in the United States. His life is a prodigy. He is still full of strength and energy, and with an ambition to make his own visitations and do his own work, negativing the suggestion of a Coadjutor. The venerable prelate is the only existing link between the generations of the past and present. May God grant him a still longer lease of his useful life!

### He Declines Office.

DETROIT FREE PRESS: "Sergeant, can I ask you some things?" queried Carl Dunder, as he made a call on Sergeant Bendall yesterday. "Of course." "Vhell, I like some solid advise. Shust der next day after election a stranger comes into my place und says: 'Vhas dis Mr. Dunder?' He vhas. Vhell, Mr. Dunder, how you like to be appointed a debuty mit der new treasurer's office?' Dot makes me feel proud. Und I vhas tickled und I sets oop der beer. Purty soon another man vhalks in und look aroundt und ask: 'Vhas dis Mr. Dunder?' He vhas. 'Vhell, Mr. Dunder, you vhas so smart on election day dot we like to reward you. Maybe you like to be deputy sheriff or haf a place in der shail?' Vhell, sergeant, dot makes me tickled some more, und dot means free beer for him. Eafery hour in der day since election somepody came in to me und say I vhas sooch an old vheel-horse dot I must be rewarded."—"Well!"—"Vhell, I like to ask vhas dot means. Shake says it vhas all dead beat; but I dunno,—sergeant. Vhas I a great man?"—"No, sir."—"Vhas I some vheel-horse?"—"No, sir."—"If I vhas oudt of town would some election come off shust der same?"—"Exactly. Those fellows are giving you the guy."—Vhell, I belief you. I vhas going back home und get dot club ready. Pooty soon somepody comes in mit a grin on his face und asks: 'Vhas dis Carl Dunder?' He vhas. 'Vhell, Mr. Dunder, how you like—' Dot vhas all oxcept I telephone mit der ambulance, und der werdict vhas, 'Hit on der headt mit a brick building.' Sergeant, good-day!"

### Closing of the Jubilee Year.

THE Sovereign Pontiff, through a Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, has issued an order for the celebration throughout the Catholic world of a special thanksgiving wherewith to bring to a close the memorable events connected with the Sacerdotal Jubilee of his Holiness. He has fixed for that celebration the last day of the present year, and the Holy Father has directed, that, on that day, in every church and chapel throughout the Catholic world, the Blessed Sacrament shall be publicly exposed during a portion of the day for the adoration of the faithful; that, at the end of the Exposition, five decades of the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin shall be publicly recited; that the hymn, *Te Deum Laudamus*, with the accustomed prayer, shall be chanted, and that Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament shall then be given to the assembled congregations. His Holiness grants to all who shall take part in the devotions a plenary indulgence to be gained on the fulfilment of the usual conditions.

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A SOLEMN TRIDUUM, in honor of the beatification of Blessed John Baptiste de La Salle, founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, was held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on the 13th, 14th and 15th of November. This will be a source of gratification to the reverend clergy who are incessantly working for the establishment of parochial schools, as well as to those parents who supply the subjects and measures for their support; but more gratifying still will it be to the Christian Brothers themselves to be thus honored during this year of grace.

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THE best place in Boston to buy desks of every description, safes, and library furniture, is at Desk Exchange, 78 Portland street. Chairs, bookcases, roll-top desks, and safes, new and second hand, can always be found here at very low prices.

### Total Abstinence in Ireland.

THE presence of Archdeacon McMahon, P. P., and Mr. J. G. Biggar, M. P., on the platform at the enthusiastic meeting in the Father Mathew Hall, Dublin, on the celebration of the ninety-eighth anniversaryof the birth of the Apostle of Temperance, shows that the movement is strengthening its hold upon the leaders of the people. It has already penetrated and permeated the great ecclesiastical seminaries. Bishops like Dr. Croke, of Cashel, Dr. O'Donnell, of Raphoe, Dr.O'Callagan, of Cork, and Dr. Browning, of Ossory, are taking the lead in their respective dioceses; and temperance halls have been erected in Derry, Cork, Longford, and elsewhere. So soon as there is a settlement of the national claim for the restitution of autonomy, the movement will go forward by leaps and bounds.

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SPURGEON takes even a gloomier view of Christianity in London than Cardinal Manning. On a recent occasion he said: "Do not look upon England as a Christian country. It is a great mistake to think that it is. They were living in old heathen land again. He spoke to a minister the other day, and asked him if some of his people were Christians, and he replied, 'No, they are just heathen.'"

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ONE of the oldest landmarks of this city now in existence is the wholesale commission and retail fish store, of Mr. Marshall Johnson, No. 12 A Faneuil Hall square, Boston, directly opposite the Old Cradle of Liberty. It is the finest-equipped fish store in the city, and everything in the fish line can be found here at the lowest cash prices. It is in itself a great curiosity to see it.

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MISS DAVENPORT, an Irishwoman who has lived in Spain the greater part of her life, and is more Spanish than the Spanish themselves — to vary a phrase applied to the English settlers in Ireland — has been appointed governess to the infant King of Spain. The appointment is worth seven hundred pounds per annum, with a retiring pension for life of five hundred pounds per annum. Her service will only be required for some five years.

### Three Sick Cardinals.

THE progress Cardinal Newman is making towards recovery is most satisfactory. On Nov. 14th, Cardinal Newman expressed a wish to see his old man-servant who was his attendant many years ago in Ireland, and who is now in business in Birmingham. The three Cardinals in England have all been seriously ill, but are all now better. Cardinal Manning, who would be more missed by English Catholics than would all the rest of the College of Cardinals put together, is recovering his health slowly but surely, and though he will never appear on the platform or in the pulpit with his old frequency, his interest in public affairs is as keen as ever, and the management of his diocese remains, down to every detail, in his own hands. Cardinal Newman, to whom the Pope telegraphed his special blessing the other day, and whom Mr. Gladstone regretted not seeing while in Birmingham, is almost in his normal state again; and Cardinal Howard, who has been taken to Brighton, though still pronounced incurable, has picked up his physical strength in a way which has astonished his doctors.

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THERE is no doubt but that all parents want to rear their children up to be good men and women; but there is no doubt also that all parents do not take the proper way of having that done. They take their own way, or the way of the world, and leave aside entirely the way of God, which is the only one in which boys and girls can be trained to be good men and women. If the eyes of all parents could be opened to see this, there would be no need of the constant exhortation of the Church of God to parents to bring up their children in the fear and love of God, to save their immortal souls.

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THE Ladies' Hair Store and Hairdressing Parlors, 22 Winter street, Boston, over Stowell's jewelry store, is one of the most popular stores of its kind in the city, and is patronized by the elite of this city, and its proprietor, Mr. A. L. Almeda, is a gentleman in every respect, and his lady attendants are always ready to wait on their numerous customers. The store is 22 Winter street, near Washington street, up one flight.

# Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books." — *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

## BOOKS.

*John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.*

THE HEART OF ST. GERTRUDE; or, A Heart According to that of Jesus. From the French of Le Père L. J. M. Cros, S. J. By P. P. S. 32mo. Cloth, red edges, 60 cents.

This little book is a humble offering to our divine Lord in the Holy Eucharist, of a chaplet of gems taken from the writings of His ardent adorers and lovers among the saints and holy men of all ages. And, as in the Sacrament of His Love, He is Himself the daily Bread of our souls, so we here present to the devout lovers of this ineffable Mystery one of these precious sentences for every day in the year, as a spiritual food to nourish within them a tender devotion toward the Adorable Sacrament.

FIRST COMMUNION. A Series of Letters to the Young. 32mo. Cloth, red edges. 60 cts.

The pious author of these letters has happily succeeded in arranging, in a clear and interesting form, a series of excellent instructions for all who are preparing for their First Communion. The veneration in which the Blessed Sacrament is to be held; the manner of preparing for a general confession; rules by which young persons may correct their habits and acquire new virtues, are inculcated in a manner equally instructive and attractive. This little volume will be read with profit by every one. May God use it to excite the lively devotion of both the old and young towards His blessed Son in the divine sacrament of His love, is the fervent prayer of the American editor.

*Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.*

THE CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL FOR 1889. Price 25 cents.

This welcome Annual has been received. It surpasses any former issue in illustrations and the general make-up. This is the twenty-first year of its publication. No Catholic family should be without it. We will give a copy of this book to any one of our present subscribers who will procure a new one for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, who will also get a copy of this useful book.

### The "Ave Maria," Notre Dame, Iowa.

THE Ave Maria monthly part has a number of notable articles, among which are The New Office of the Rosary; Arnold of Brescia, by the Rev. Dr. Parsons; St. Jude (Thaddeus), known as the apostle and patron of hopeless cases; and Precious Relics preserved at Toulouse. Miss Sadlier's sketch of The Dollards is a thrilling episode of Canadian History, which is being much talked about; Notre Dame des Anges, by George Prospero, recounts the history of one of the most famous of Our Lady's Shrines in France; a Soldier Prelate, by L. W. Reilly, is a brief biography of the celebrated war minister, Mgr. de Merode, so greatly beloved by Pius IX., and so "terribly missed" by Leo XIII.; Cecil's Fortune, by Christian Reid, is continued, and grows more and more entertaining as the plot unfolds. With these is included an excellent selection of short articles, essays, sketches, the usual notes and remarks, book notices, etc. This monthly part of the Ave Maria is of special interest, eminently readable throughout.

THE Sacred Heart Review is the name of a neat parish paper, printed at East Cambridge, Mass. It is published weekly under the auspices of the advanced class of Christian Doctrine connected with the Church of the Sacred Heart. One dollar a year; single copies, five cents. Success to the enterprise.

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THE Board of Trade returns show that, during the ten months ended Oct. 31st, 69,733 persons emigrated from Ireland, as against 74,822 during the same period last year. Out of this year's emigrants 63,531 went to the United States, 2,705 to Canada, and 3,678 to Australia. Next to New York Chicago has the largest Irish population of any city in the Union.

# OBITUARY.

## CLERGYMEN.

THE Rev. George Waters, S. J., is dead. Mr. Waters, who was called to the Bar in 1877, at the close of a distinguished University course, was the eldest son of Mr. George Waters, Q. C., the County Court Judge of the counties Cavan, Leitrim, and Waterford. Immediately after entering upon the practice of his profession, his talents won him a considerable amount of business, and when, four years ago, he retired from its ranks, in order to enter the Society of Jesus, no junior barrister of his standing occupied a position of greater eminence. While pursuing his theological studies, in the famous College of Louvain, he was seized with the illness which eventually proved fatal.

REV. MAURICE A. WALSH, Vicar-General of the archdiocese of Philadelphia, and pastor of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, died on the 22d of November, of Bright's disease of the kidneys and blood-poisoning. Father Walsh was born in county Waterford, Ireland, in 1833, and was ordained priest July 8, 1855, by Bishop Neuman, he then being twenty-three years of age. He was at one time rector of St. Charles' Seminary, in which position he remained four years. He was then appointed rector of St. Michael's Church in that city. He remained in that charge for fifteen years, when, on July 12, 1878, he became rector of St. Paul's Church. Twelve years ago he was honored with the dignity of vicar-general by Archbishop Wood. During all his life Father Walsh had been an indefatigable worker, and in his various charges he has left substantial evidences of his zeal and energy.

THE Rev. Thomas Tobin, of South Hill near Chorley, Liverpool, Eng., died recently at Clonmel, where he had gone for the benefit of his health. He was born on Dec. 21, 1824, at Fethard, Tipperary, and, after completing his ecclesiastical studies in St. John's College, Waterford, he was ordained priest in 1852, in the Cathedral in the same city. He gave his services to the diocese of Liverpool.

## SISTERS.

SISTER MARY LOUIS HAGERTY, aged seventy-six, twenty years a Sister, died on the 6th of Nov., at the Mount De Chantel Convent,—Visitation Order,—Wheeling, W. Va. Sister Mary Louis was a widow of Dr. Hagerty, of that city, when she joined the community.

MOTHER MARY JOSEPH, sister of Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, and of the Rev. James Croke, of San Rafael, Archdiocese of San Francisco, Cal., died, Nov. 7, at the Convent of Mercy, Charleville, county Cork, Ire. The Dublin Freeman pays this heartfelt tribute to the dead religious: "The apprehension that this melancholy event was at hand has for weeks flung a cloud of gloom over the town. For forty-two years she had lived and labored in the midst of its people. Her life was given to the poor and suffering, and the whole-heartedness with which she devoted herself to her mission won for her a large place in the affections of those to whom misery is a heritage. Among the more fortunate classes, also, her self-sacrifice did not fail of appreciation. No one of those to whom the efforts of her life furnished teaching and example could refuse her the tribute of their reverence. Eighteen houses of her order owe their existence to her. In her work within the cloister, she displayed to the last much of that enthusiastic zeal which in the early days of her religious life carried her to the East, to minister to the sick and dying soldiers of the Crimea. The sister of the Archbishop of Cashel will extend much more widely the circle of sympathy which will surround her grave. This circumstance will make her death a matter of personal feeling to Irishmen the world over, and will draw from many a heart in which her name would not otherwise touch a chord, a fervent prayer for the rest of her generous soul." May she rest in peace!

SISTER OLIVET, of the Sisters of Loretto, died at St. Mary's Convent, in Denver, Col., on Nov. 15. She graduated at this convent in the year

1886, and was received into the church about the same time. She entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Loretto, in Kentucky, and her health failing, she was recently sent back to Colorado. Sister Olivet was an exemplary novice, and, if God had spared her, would have been an ornament to the society. With the final vows upon her lips she appeared before the Generous Master to receive the reward of her sacrifice and devotion. *May she rest in peace. — Catholic.*

## LAY PEOPLE.

Mrs. Ellen Ewing Sherman, wife of Gen. Sherman, departed this life at her residence in New York city. The deceased lady was in the sixty-fourth year of her age, and had passed a life devoted to the good of religion, and filled with the merits of Christian faith, piety, and charity. A further sketch of this lamented lady's death will appear in our next.

The public will, with regret, learn of the death, in Paris, of Miss Kathleen O'Meara, the gifted authoress. She was, as her name indicates, of Irish descent, and was a relative of the Dr. O'Meara who attended Napoleon the First in his last days, and wrote the Voice from St. Helena. Miss O'Meara, it will be remembered, was the writer of the able and magnificent Life of Ozanam, and the recently published work, Madame Mohl and Her Friends, which met with such a hearty reception in literary circles.

Mrs. Mary Sullivan Duffy, one of the early settlers of Chicago, Ill., died recently at the residence of her son-in-law, W. J. Onahan, 37 Macallister place, after a brief sickness. The venerable lady had reached the ripe age of seventy-four years. She was a daughter of Jeremiah Sullivan, one of the early and best-known justices of that city. The family came to the city in 1839, and the judge died in 1854. A brother of the deceased was a volunteer in the Chicago contingent in the Mexican War, and won great and well-deserved renown by signal gallantry in battle, for which President Polk distinguished young Sullivan by conferring the rank of lieutenant in the regular army. The late John Wentworth especially interested himself in this case, and was always glad to tell the story of Lieut. Eugene Sullivan's bravery. The last public appearance of the deceased lady was at the funeral of "Long John." She was distinguished through life by her piety and benevolence of character.

The funeral services over the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Talbot took place at St. Joseph's Church, Egleston square, Boston Highlands, and were of the most impressive character. Solemn Requeim Mass was sung by Rev. Father Corcoran, of the Cathedral, as celebrant; Rev. N. R. Walsh, deacon; Rev. Thomas Mahoney, of Waltham, subdeacon; and Rev. P. B. Murphy of Natick, master of ceremonies. Over thirty clergymen from all part of the diocese were present in the sanctuary. The music, which was of the highest order, was rendered by Miss E. A. McLaughlin and John P. McCluskey of the Cathedral choir as soloists, and a large chorus, all under the direction of J. Frank Donahoe. The burial occurred at Arlington, and the body was attended thence by a large number of friends and relatives.

Capt. Christopher Plunkett, the one-armed veteran of the old Ninth Massachusetts Regiment, died at his residence in Glenwood, Mass., evening of Nov. 25th. Capt. Plunkett had been ill with pleurisy for some time. Capt. Plunkett was in his fifty-ninth year. He was born at Mt. Bellow, county Galway, Ireland, April 20, 1829. He came to this country at the age of twelve years, and after that went into the employ of the Merchants' Exchange, and afterwards became superintendent of Federal-Street Bridge, Boston. In 1861 Capt. Plunkett helped to organize the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment, and was elected captain of Company B, Otis Guards. He lost his right arm at the battle of North Anna. He has been in the employ of the custom-house since the war. He leaves four children, three daughters and a son, Christopher G., the well-known lawyer and politician. The funeral took place on the 28th, from the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Malden. *May his soul rest in peace.*

# Two Sharpers.

## ONE POSES AS EX-PRIEST; THE OTHER, A CONVERTED NUN.

THE so-called Evangelist Leyden, who has for the past few months disgraced many pulpits by his indecent, foul, and lying utterances, has the cheek and effrontery to pose before the people as an ex-Catholic priest. Now, the truth of the matter is that this man never was a Catholic priest, if, indeed, a Catholic. A few years ago, Mr. Leyden was employed in one of the large printing establishments in Boston. He was not a favorite among his fellow-workers by any means; on the contrary, he was rather disliked than liked, and described as a sullen, cunning, and penurious sort of person, and a very bad printer too, so bad in fact, that he was discharged. Since leaving this place his whereabouts was not known until only recently when he appeared as an ex-Catholic priest. The present printers who worked with Mr. Leyden said they never thought him to be a Catholic, and on account of his sullenness, but little was ever said to him, and his religion, if he ever had any, was never mentioned.

Mrs. Margaret Shepard is another cheeky and brazen individual. She poses as "The Converted Nun," and makes the announcements of her meetings on flaring posters, pretending to give secrets of the monastery and nuns and priests. It is doubtful if she ever was a Catholic, and if there is any truth in this little story, and it sounds as if there might be, Mrs. Shepard was never a nun of the Catholic Church, or any other church for that matter.

A gentleman living in Boston told us not long ago that Mrs. Shepard was born in Prince Edward's Island. She was very wild when a girl, he said, and her father and mother, both of whom were Protestants, decided to send her to some institution where she might be trained in a way that would cure her of her precocious wickedness. She was, like many Protestant girls, sent to a Catholic convent, where she remained for some time. After leaving the convent, she subsequently married a Mr. Shepard, who was a resident of either Summerside or Charlottetown, and a man reputed to be wealthy. When Mr. Shepard found out what his wife's past life had been he left her. The next thing I hear of her, said our informant, is endeavoring to break up the Catholic Church, and vilify all those who minister and worship within her sacred precincts. Another report which gained considerable circulation stated that Mrs. Shepard was a Magdalen at the House of the Good Shepherd, Roxbury. But this is another base fabrication, as the community of Magdalens was begun there only last February. Mrs. Shepard is an entire stranger to the institution.

Mrs. Shepard says she was formerly a nun; but she has never told in what convent she was. She does not tell this, because she cannot. Mr. Leyden is a cheap-looking person, and he and the bogus nun, like many others, are laboring in Boston, in the scandalous way they have been, for money making, simple and pure. No other reason brings them here. It is with regret that we are obliged to acknowledge that here in Boston there are enough bigots who believe what these cheap persons tell them, and not only applaud their false statements and charges, but encourage them on to stir up a bitter and sectional feeling among the people; and instead of having harmony, all is chaos,—at least among a great

many. Several ministers have taken up the work; and, of late, all that is sent forth from their pulpits is abuse heaped upon the heads of the Catholic clergy in particular, and the Catholics in general. It is quite evident that Mrs. Shepard and Mr. Leyden are engaged in this work to make money; and so they will appear as stars at the business, pretend to have been a nun and priest respectively, so that those who listen to them feel that what they are saying is the truth, founded on their own experience while laboring in the Catholic Church. How long will such a state of things exist? Not a great while longer, we think; for the people will soon see through their game, and certainly the majority of the people of Boston are not bigots.

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**Death of a Distinguished Musician.**

CHARLES J. LEWIS, a musician of rare talent and cultivation, and for the past thirteen years director of the choir of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, died on Friday, Nov. 23, at his residence, corner Harrison avenue, and East Newton street, of pneumonia. Mr. Lewis was born in London, England, fifty-two years ago. He was liberally educated, having made his classical studies at St. Mary's College, Oscott, Birmingham, and later graduating from London University. For twenty years thereafter, he taught the classics and the modern languages, and prepared young men for college. Mr. Lewis removed to Halifax, N. S., and thence to Boston about sixteen years ago. Here his sterling character, and rare musical and literary attainments won him many friends and admirers. He was versed in the literature of music, and was an authority on the music of the church. Under his masterly direction the Cathedral choir attained a high standard of excellence. He was a fervent Catholic. Mr. Lewis was singularly blessed in his family life. His gifted wife, to whom he was devoted, is the widely-known and much admired soprano soloist of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston. A lovely young daughter completed the happy home. The sympathy of a host of friends goes out to these sorely bereaved ones. The funeral took place on the morning of Monday, Nov. 26, from the Cathedral, and, despite the fearful storm, a great number of friends were in attendance, all the Catholic choirs of the city being represented. The Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Leo. P. Boland, with the Rev. Henry A. Sullivan, deacon, and the Rev. N. R. Walsh, subdeacon. The Rev. Dr. Talbot was master of ceremonies. The choir gallery was heavily draped in mourning. The choir sang Cherubini's Requiem. The "Dies Iræ" and the Offertory were from Casciolini, and were sung by the Sanctuary Choir. Father Boland gave the last Absolution; the choir sang the "Libera," and the regular quartette, Miss Ellen A. McLaughlin, soprano; Miss Celia Mooney, contralto; Samuel Tuckerman, tenor, and John J. McCluskey, baso, rendered the "De Profundis" with deep feeling. The mourners were escorted by Mr. P. H. Powers and Mr. Hugh Carey. The pall-bearers were Dr. John B. Moran, Messrs. John Curtin, Samuel Tuckerman, J. Frank Donahoe, Francis J. Smith, William Fitzgerald, John J. McLaughlin, John J. McCluskey, representing the Catholic Union and the Cathedral choir. The interment was at Holyhood Cemetery, Brookline. The services at the Mortuary Chapel were conducted by Father Boland, assisted by Father Walsh. The choir sang the "De Profundis" at the grave. The faithful Christian departed used his great gift for God's honor. May he rest in peace!

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IT should regarded as a first and sacred duty to have a Catholic paper in every Catholic household; for it will always be a guide and a counsellor, and a teacher of morality for young and old. The Catholic paper is a reflection of the daily life of the Catholic Church, and from it Catholics can learn how to regulate their daily lives. The Catholic paper is also a defender of the church, and as such is recommended for support by the leaders of the church.

Supplement to Donahoe's Magazine.
BOSTON, DECEMBER 10, 1888.

# Celebration of Thanksgiving in Boston.

## Eloquent Sermon by Archbishop Williams.

At all the churches of the Archdiocese of Boston the day was unusually observed.

At the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, at ten o'clock, a Solemn High Mass of thanksgiving, under the auspices of the Catholic Union and a large audience, was celebrated. Rev. Leo P. Boland celebrated Mass, assisted by Rev. Father Corcoran, deacon; Rev. Father O'Donovan, sub-deacon; and Rev. Dr. Talbot, master of ceremonies. Beethoven's Mass in "C" was sung by the choir, under the direction of J. Frank Donahoe.

After the first gospel His Grace, Archbishop Williams, ascended the pulpit, and preached an eloquent and impressive sermon, suitable to the occasion. His Grace said: In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. This morning, dearly beloved brethren, you have assembled here, as members of the Catholic Union, to offer up the holy sacrifice of the Mass to Almighty God, to return Him thanks for all the favors and all the blessings you have received during the year, and to ask that He may preserve you in His grace, and for a continuation of His favors during the year to come. You join also with all those throughout this country who, on the invitation of the head of our state and of the whole United States, unite in returning thanks to Almighty God for the favors received from Him during the year. And it is a beautiful sight to see a country united in paying public respect to Almighty God. It is but a simple act: it is one which we would suppose should be natural to all, and yet how uncommon it is in our days to see a nation speaking out and publicly returning thanks to God for favors received, and asking a continuance of them.

We have to return thanks to God for a year of prosperity and peace, without calamities; and if there have been days of suffering in a portion of our country, we may thank God that it has been

**Lighter Than it was Before,**

and that the end has come to it through the goodness of God.

We return God thanks for peace within our borders, thank Him for freedom from those disturbances which are to be found in so many places in the world; which is owing, under God, to another thing for which we ought to return thanks, — but for which men do not always remember to return thanks, — for our liberty. Yes, beloved brethren, we have reason to thank God for the liberty we enjoy in these United States; and we, as Catholics, have greater reason still, for when these states were declared independent, then and there commenced our freedom from legal persecution. And if, in the course of time, men have,

in the heat of passion, forgotten what is just, and attempted to deprive some people of their rights, it was only transitory, and they returned again to the old usages of liberty for all, freedom wherever it did not interfere with the state; allowing every person to follow out the dictates of his own conscience; and for that we return thanks to God to-day.

It seems to me that I cannot do better in this connection than to recall a letter written by our Holy Father, Leo the Thirteenth, last June, on "Human Liberty." There are principles which ought to be commonplace: but how forgotten they are, and how few consider them, and are actuated by principles emanating from good. He repeats them for the world, and he alone could do so. Who else could stand up and speak to nations as he does? He gives out what is right and wrong. Millions accept his word, as coming from truth; millions, who do not believe him to be the organ of divine truth, still listen with respect, and, being obliged to listen, must be convinced. While they cry out that they are unwilling that any one should give the law of God to others, and would be glad to find in this voice speaking to them in the name of God the truth, to find something contradictory to human thought, human consent, or natural law,

### They Cannot Find Anything

against which they can cry out, unless they do it to satisfy their passions. In this letter he discourses on human liberty. On this I will speak for a few moments this morning.

In order to understand that, we must first look at the natural liberty common to all men, and given first to man by God. We are told that in the beginning, when God created man, he placed before him good and evil, and told him whatever he should put out his hand for he should receive. But, at the same time, He gave him commands, and God commanded no one to do wrong. He gave no one a license to sin. He created man in the beginning and left him in the hands of council, giving him responsibility as to his acts. He gave him liberty to serve Him faithfully, but no license to sin. It is acknowledged by all, that man has reason and intelligence, which animals have not.

Animals are led on by instinct, they follow it; but with man it is an intelligence or reason. He is able to look around him and seek the best means to reach the end before him, and knows by his reason that there is one above who created him, and who will reward or punish him as he merits. Man can look around and see, and seeing, can choose between this or that, and after choosing, select; and this is the power that makes him responsible for his acts, and which distinguishes him from the animal who cannot reason. After he sees the good or bad of any object, the good attracts his appetite, and he has the desire to follow it, and that desire is will.

But his intellect may not always be clear; it may be obscured, for some reason, and may not give him the clear distinction between good and bad actions around him. The will may be obscured, and may follow not what is right, but what has appeared to it to be right, and by doing so be deceived.

And through intelligence we give clear perception to the will; the will may refuse to act, and not follow what the intellect teaches is best. Therefore God, seeing man liable to be deceived by intelligence by his will

He Places Beside Intelligence

a law which will direct him and tell him how to conform itself to right and wrong. That is the rule by which men find out what is right and what is wrong, just as the law tells us what is right in society. So with the natural law God lays down the moral law, and our natural instincts, intelligence, and will have to follow the law laid down by the teachings of God. Moreover, after having made our intelligence more distinct, making clear what is good and bad, by His law, God gives help by His grace to our will. Our will is weak, and may be carried away by surrounding influences, or by passion; but God gives strength to it that will correspond with its temptations, and help to still make clearer an intelligence made clearer by His law. This enables us to serve God more clearly, and to be perfectly free from the temptations of the world. It does not take away our liberty, or prevent us choosing one way or another, but it invites us, just as the mother takes the child's hand and invites it to walk, and, instead of being forced to walk against its will, the child does so willingly. As the child is strengthened by the mother's support when trying to walk, so the grace of God strengthens and fortifies our will and helps us.

Why does our Saviour call slavery sin? When the whole world calls out now — or the world that makes the most noise — for liberty to sin, it knows that God gave no license to sin. Why does he call slavery sin? Because slavery comes from a power outside our nature. We cannot be slaves of ourselves but of others. When a temptation comes it is from outside, a domination which leads us out of the way, takes from us our liberty; we go to this exterior domination, and follow it. We leave the knowledge of what is right, our natural appetite for what is right, to go to what is wrong, but more pleasing to us at the moment. Truth will make you fear sin, and truth following intelligence and liberty, and the light of that intelligence makes your will free, because, if we follow our free natural instincts that God has given us, we will not commit sin. These principles are to be carried into society.

What is the authority of the social laws? Do they come from society? How can they? Man existed before society, and who then gave those laws? They came from God, society from the men He created, and there still remains the same authority of God in our soul. All society together can only take the law and put it together for their uses. If the laws of society are related to

What is Right or Wrong

it is because they are eternally right or wrong, not because society makes them so. The same reason why an individual follows his intelligence exists as in the case of society. And if they are tempted to leave what their intelligence tells them is right, just as the voice exists

in society for the deciding of right and wrong, so the state will issue laws against it, and the people cry out against it.

What is the origin of all rebellions, of all right rebellions? It is because the world is filled with corruption; the legislatures have not acted according to the laws of God. When the people are not listened to, and oppression falls upon them, the knowledge of what is right sustains them, the right of man cannot be destroyed, and it remains there till it destroys the fabric of government.

And notwithstanding all this, how common it is for men to ignore all power from above, to say that the power of God does not exist. They ignore the power of God and try to destroy it; and what would they place instead of it? The convenience of society, whatever men choose to do, that is right, in other words, majority. Majority cannot make black white, or white black. These principles of right will survive to the end; as long as common-sense is in the world and fills our community we will recognize those laws. If we recognize not these laws of God, what will be our law? If we call it the law of reason alone, or will, or majority, there is no longer a distinction between right and wrong. What is right is what the majority do, and what is wrong what the minority do. Nothing is morally wrong, everything is morally good. Men don't care to do this, but it is the natural result.

The countries of Europe have some of them had examples of the result of men's passions being unchecked and finding expression in attacks upon the government. We, in America, have had a taste of it too. We declare this is wrong; but if we have no superior law to appeal to, but majority, wrong will be done, when they have a majority, and where then will we be without principle? No, there is the law of God above men, whether they are willing to accept it or not, and because of the fair play extended in this country we rejoice; that is what we call liberty; not being, every one



of every one else, but let every one act according to his own counsel, having no license to sin, but giving account to God for that faith which is in him.

One or two other points. There is the liberty of the press and of speech, of conscience and of worship. Liberty of speech and of the press is considered one of those good things to be desired in society. As long as they do good there is nothing better for society than free speech and a free press, as long as they contribute to the welfare of society. When they try to injure society they are then an injury and to be deprecated. Our leaning in this country is towards the fullest liberty possible, as long as it is compatible with peace. We prefer license rather than too much restraint; it is so easy to pass from restraint to tyranny. We prefer liberty of the press and of speech, but the state knows well that whenever the exercise of the right of free speech or of the press goes beyond a certain point, and interferes with the welfare of society, and what is just and right, and seeks to injure morals, or otherwise injuriously affect the people, then society steps in

to protect itself. Intelligence must be there, but what is good in itself may become an injury when the will forgets to follow out what is good, and turns to what is bad; then it is no longer liberty, it is slavery.

So with liberty of worship and conscience. Every man must be free to worship God as he chooses, so long as he does not interfere with the society in which he lives. Let us look at our principles; what are they? God gives us intelligence. We must look to that, and every man must look to the light that God places in his soul. We know that whether he likes or not he must serve. God will demand that the power he gave man will return to Him in His glory. God says, "You must serve Me, willingly or unwillingly, as you choose." God gave no commandment to the wicked, no license to sin. We must, therefore, worship God; it is the universal cry of the nation

**That we Must Do It,**

and let every one answer to himself as to how he does it, as intelligence tells us we must answer to God for it. God will call every man to account for the proper use of his free will, following out the principles which God gave him. Many are unwilling to have any yoke on them; they wish to be free to be do good or bad as they please.

They remind me of a book I read, in which the writer compared the Catholic Church to an old vessel tried up with chains in port, where no harm could come to it. He said: "The old hulk is safe; no danger to it from shipwreck. But I for my part prefer to ride the storm and go out on the high seas, and that even if I am shipwrecked." They prefer to have freedom from any law or any restraint founded on religion. If they could free themselves from God it would be well. But as long as they are upheld by God they must account to Him. They are like a man out on the prairie — nothing to bound their view; they may go where they like as long as they have the sun or the moon, or some elevation of the country to tell them where they are going. They are free to follow out their will, no limit to their vision, but they know their way. But take away this gift that surrounds them, take away the sun, or the moon, or the knowledge of the country, and then they are like the philosopher who has no God to serve, no law over him. Or take the vessel on the ocean going freely where the captain wishes to send it. But there is a compass which guides him and the captain knows his journey. Let him lose the light of the sun, lose his compass, and then where will be his liberty? No longer liberty. Liberty is following out the law of God; license is against it, and when either plainly has license the other is law.

Let us therefore, to-day, brethren, while acknowledging God as supreme ruler, let us remember

**That He Must Direct**

our intelligence, and let us pray that our intellect may be always clear and ready to receive the light of His grace upon it, so that we may never be separated from Him, and not be like the sinner, who, having the light before him, says, "I won't serve."

Pray to Him to give us true liberty, not license to sin, then we can give Him thanks for the graces He has given us and taught us to look towards Him. Return thanks for the liberty which has made us free to serve God, to follow His commandments, which make us free. Freedom, which leads us to God, slavery, which takes us away from Him, and let us pray God to have our freedom last, to free us from sin, that one day we may enter into the glory where freedom is and be led towards Him, where His goodness will satisfy all the wants of our nature, and there shall be our home for this and eternity. Amen.

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## Denominational Schools.

*Editor of the Boston Daily Evening Traveller:* It cannot be denied that a large number of Protestant parents desire the establishment of purely Protestant schools, by subscription.

The public-school system answered well enough at one time; but now, with the Bible out, with morality, true history, and prospects of other desirable elements to be taken out, the public school is in a pitiable condition, and is far from satisfactory to Protestant parents, who see no reason to be ashamed of their religion.

These honest, God-fearing Protestants, "with charity for all, with malice toward none," have no desire to interfere with foreign citizens who wish to educate their children in parochial or public schools. They humbly ask the privilege of having schools for their children where the Bible of their fathers may be read, and where history may be taught as the world has accepted it. They surely ought to have this privilege in their own country.

Let who will have the management of the public and parochial schools, nothing but Protestant schools will satisfy thousands of PROTESTANTS.

The writer of that letter is evidently an honest and fair-minded man, and has the courage of his convictions. To be consistent, Protestants ought to be just as anxious for parochial schools as Catholics are. If they have faith in their religion they ought, above all things, to be anxious to have that faith instilled into the minds of their children. We do not doubt what the writer states is true, that thousands of "honest, God-fearing" Protestants feel the necessity of schools in which their religion can be freely taught to their children, and the only surprise to us is that they are so backwards in establishing such schools. They acknowledge the necessity of Christian morality in order to good citizenship; they see that we are drifting into skepticism and laxity of morals for want of sound Christian instruction, which they cannot have in our public schools; and why in the world they do not act promptly and efficiently on their convictions we cannot conceive, unless it be through fear of coming in contact with the popular idolatry of the public schools. But individuals are beginning to speak out. The sentiment in favor of Christian schools is growing stronger and bolder, and we hope the time is not far distant when all good conservative Christian men, like the correspondent of the Traveller, will insist upon having schools in which positive religious instruction can be given without fear or favor. A defective Christianity is better than careless indifference and godless agnosticism.

The Catholic Review.

# Illiteracy of the Irish.

FATHER CONATY TAKES EXCEPTIONS TO SOME STATEMENTS IN REV. DR. MEAR'S THANKSGIVING SERMON.

*Mr. Editor:* I was surprised and pained to learn from a report in the Daily Spy, of the 31st, that Rev. Dr. Mears, a scholar usually so accurate, should have allowed himself to be mislead by statistics into an attack upon a people, and a people's faith, in a spirit entirely out of harmony with a gentleman and a student of his recognized character. Had these statements emanated from other sources, whose life is deep-seated and blind bigotry for the race and creed to which I belong, I would not stoop to dignify them by attempting an answer. As it is, I write in no spirit of controversy; but I feel that men like Rev. Dr. Mears will welcome any information which the "other side" has to give on a subject as important as that of a nation's character.

The statement is made, first, that Ireland, especially Catholic Ireland, is most illiterate, and, secondly, that the Roman Catholic Church is responsible for it.

That Catholic Ireland of fifty years ago could not be compared favorably with school-going nations cannot be denied, as no public-school system was offered by the government which Catholics could in conscience endorse; but that the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland was the source and promoter of the illiteracy that resulted, may be most emphatically denied.

To understand the question thoroughly, it is necessary to read the history of Ireland at a period when she was Christian, Catholic and free, and compare her with Ireland, Catholic, but ruled by Protestant England, aided by an Irish Protestant parliament, and I think we will find thousands of reasons which made her not a culprit and guilty of blame, but a victim and deserving of sympathy.

Without wasting time on the story of Catholic Ireland's love for learning, it may be well to remember that there is no doubt concerning her position, in the world of letters, from the fifth to the eleventh centuries. Her name was synonymous with education. To her schools, famed for philosophy and literature, taught by her monks, students went from every country in Europe, "cordially welcomed," as Venerable Bede says, "and often supplied with food and clothing gratuitously." So great was her renown that even the children of the royal families went to her for education, as did Alfred the Great, or sent for her monks to act as tutors, as did the daughters of Charlemagne. When the Danish invaders pillaged her monasteries and pulled down her schools, many of her scholars went to Europe and laid the foundations of schools and universities, in which Europe, Christianized and civilized, learned its lessons in the arts and sciences. Lisle, Antwerp, Tournay, Douay, and St. Omers were famous schools established by Irish monks. Bordeaux, Toulouse and Nantes had them teach in their seminaries. Louvain, Lisbon, Madrid, Rome, Paris, Seville, Valencia, Valladolid, Alcala, and Salamanca are well-

known universities whose foundations were laid by Irish scholars, and whose principal chairs were filled by Irish professors. These are pages from the golden age of Irish learning, when Ireland was Catholic and free. Men may well ask how comes it that a nation, with such a record, presents in this country its pages of illiteracy? Look for the answer in the alien rule, which resulted from the Norman invasion of the twelfth century, and which lasts until this day.

With the Normans began a war of races which ended in confiscation and subjection. England became Protestant, and to the hatred of races was added the hatred of religion. Men hating the people and hating their religious belief, became the rulers, made the laws and executed them. To root the people from the soil was the first intent of the invaders; to destroy their faith was the second. Nearly a century was spent in devising plans for the complete destruction of popery in the island, and the result was embodied in the code, known as the penal laws, which were a disgrace to civilization, and the foulest blot on the history of England.

The very alphabet was proscribed for the Catholic, unless he denied the religion of his father. No Catholic could act as a teacher, usher, or monitor, under pain of transportation or death. The schoolmaster, priest and wolf were recognized by law as three wild beasts, and a reward of one pound was placed on the head of each. The Catholic parent could not teach his child at home, nor send him to other countries for education, under penalty of loss of property, transportation or death, while the Protestant had all the advantages of a school, where his religion and letters were taught at the expense often of the Catholics, whose best land was confiscated and appropriated for school purposes. The Irish parliament, which was Protestant and landlord, doomed five-sixths of the nation to perpetual ignorance. Draco was barbarous and cruel, but his code suppressed crime; Ireland's crime was a thirst for knowledge without forfeiting religion. Catholic Ireland refused education under such conditions. Compare this state of Ireland under England from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century with Ireland from the fifth to the twelfth century, and who is to blame for the illiteracy? Paulding says: "England first denied them the means of improvement, and then insulted them with the imputation of barbarism." Edmund Burke once said: "They might worship Jupiter or Venus, adore the sun, or deny God, if they foreswore popery and transubstantiation, they were pure and immaculate, and entitled to rob the blind and idolatrous papists, whom they had recently abandoned." For nearly a hundred years after the treaty of Limerick in 1691, no Catholic school was tolerated in Ireland, and for nearly forty years afterwards no endowment was granted to them. In 1781 Catholics were allowed to teach, but only by license from the Protestant bishops, which they were slow to ask for, and slower to receive. In 1792 all restrictions on Catholics were removed, except the state endowments which were reserved for Protestant schools and colleges, excepting Maynooth, During all those years Catholics risked everything to preserve not only their faith, but some shreds of education. Children were smuggled to Europe, teachers were smuggled to Ireland, and under the cover of a

hedge, or in the caves of the mountains, men who had occupied chairs of philosophy in continental universities were found teaching the Irish peasants to read. Hunted from cover to cover, with scouts watching for the enemy's dragoons, the famous Nicholas Skerrett, afterwards Archbishop of Galway, taught a hedge school for years. Towards the end of the last century, and at the beginning of this century, bands of religious men and women began the establishment of Catholic schools, and the names of the Ursulines, Presentations, Christian Brothers, and Poor Classes are linked with the best work done in education since their schools began to be tolerated, and, notwithstanding the poverty of the people, it is to their credit that in nearly every village of Ireland some one or other of these communities has its school, educating the Catholic poor gratuitously, and to-day the Christian Brothers alone have thirty-five thousand boys in their schools.

In this country we are accustomed to look upon the government as in duty bound to provide means of education for the masses, where ordinary schooling may be received without interference with religious belief. It is interesting to just glance at the history of England's systems of public instruction in Ireland, and to notice how many centuries it took to bring it to its present general system of so-called national schools.

First. The parish schools of Henry VIII., begun in 1537, had for their object, "English order, habit, and language." Under Charles, William, and Anne, they were used "for the advancement of the Protestant religion."

Second. The Diocesan Free School of Elizabeth in 1570, the Royal Free Schools of James I. in 1608, the Erasmus Smith Grammar schools, were all systems ostensibly for general education, but practically for proselytizing Catholics.

Third. The Charter schools of Primate Boulter in 1730, sometimes called the "Souper Schools," were most avowed attempts at proselytism, as may be seen from Boulter's letter, begging the bishop of London "to assist in converting the papists," adding that "one of the most likely methods we can think of, is, if possible, to instruct and convert the young generation." They were incorporated as "The Society for Promoting English Protestant Schools in Ireland." From 1733 to 1832 they received parliamentary grants amounting to three hundred thousand pounds.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, examined the Charter schools and declared them a disgrace to civilization and a disgrace to society.

Wakefield says: "The people regard the Charter schools as a nuisance and a curse, instruments made avowedly for gaining converts to the Protestant faith." They do not now exist.

Fourth. The Kildare Street Society was an outgrowth of fair-minded Protestant liberality in 1817, "combining literary and moral instruction, and the Bible, without note or comment." Parliament granted thirty thousand pounds to these schools. O'Connell became a member of the society, and indorsed them; but in 1820 they were

allowed to be associated with proselytizing institutions, which controlled them, and Catholics shunned them, and they gradually ceased to exist.

Fifth. The national system, now in operation in Ireland, was due to the labors of Lord Cloncurry and Mr. Stanley, the chief secretary for Ireland, and is the first honest attempt to rid the state schools of Protestant sectarianism, "combining literary and moral instruction and separate religious education." While all other systems offered education to the Catholics at the expense of religion, the national system offered it at the expense of nationality. The others would unromanize the Irish; this would denationalize them. Irish history was not allowed to be taught. Ireland's name even was eliminated. Many men in this city can recall one of the hymns sung, by which they were called to give thanks for being "a happy English child." No teacher, except by stealth, could speak of Ireland's battles for liberty, or of the deeds of Irish heroes, except as they were misnamed Englishmen. The Catholics fought shy of these schools until 1860, when the system was reformed on more liberal lines, in deference to Catholic opinion. In 1878 Lord Cairns carried through parliament the "Irish intermediate education act," which established the system of result fees, and which allowed all religious denominations to enter into competition under the government.

In fact Catholic Ireland has almost absorbed the system, as the nation had absorbed the English adventurers of the pole.

Now for some statistics. In 1880 the national schools had 1,083,020 children on their rolls, and of these 855,059, or seventy-nine per cent., were Catholics. Here are twenty per cent. of the population in school, where there are no compulsory education laws. This, I believe, is the highest percentage reached by school-going nations, as even our own country, with its compulsory laws, has less than twenty per cent., and stands second on the list.

It is only within the last one hundred years that an Irish Catholic could learn, except by stealth, and he formed five-sixths of the population.

It is only within the last fifty years that anything in the shape of a common school has been known in Ireland, since England gained control of her destinies. These schools were at long distances, often from country places, and poverty and rent-earning necessities forced many poor cottagers to keep even their little children on farm and in bog when they should be at school. It is only since 1878 that liberal allowance has been made for intermediate education. Men in this city can remember when one man in a village had to do the reading for the multitude, while now in every home the weekly or daily paper finds readers. The illiterate in Ireland are recruited largely from the older people, who have had no school opportunities.

The Puritan is lauded for leaving home to save his conscience, while the Irish Catholic is upbraided for shunning an education which forfeited conscience. Let us be fair and read history. The Irish Catholic asks but the same chance with others in the race of life, and if he loved his religion, it was because it came to him with the traditions of centuries, while the state schools offered the religion of an

invader, which he believed to be false. If statistics of a few years ago bristle with the number of illiterate in Ireland, all I ask in fairness is, read the history of education in Ireland and locate the blame where, I believe, it belongs, not with the Roman Catholic Church, but with the alien who governs in Ireland.

Yours respectfully,
THOMAS J. CONATY.

Worcester, Mass., Dec. 1, 1888.

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# Rest to the Martyred Bishop.

As was announced in last week's number of the Catholic Review, the remains of the martyr of Alaska, Archbishop Seghers, arrived in Victoria, British Columbia, on Nov. 15, on board the United States steamer *Thetis*. Bishops Lemmens and Brondel received the remains. There was a representative gathering of the clergy and laity of the Archbishop's diocese on board the United States ship. On its deck all knelt as Bishop Lemmens offered up a prayer for their dead friend and spiritual ruler. As the remains were taken ashore, the bell on board the *Thetis* tolled mournfully. The British and American ensigns were placed at half-mast on the war-ships of both nations. All day the faithful came in scores to the residence of the clergy in Victoria, to pray at the coffin of their dead pastor. The remains were examined in the evening by Drs. J. D. and J. S. Helmcken, in the presence of the clergy and a committee of the congregation. They were found to be in a good state of preservation and well recognizable. The Archbishop's breviary had been deposited on his chest. A post-mortem examination revealed the fact that the cause of his death was a bullet-wound in the left breast, above the heart. Death must have been instantaneous, as the main artery was cut. This disposes of the report that the Archbishop was shot in the temple. On the following day, Nov. 16, Archbishop Gross celebrated the Solemn Requiem Mass, assisted by a great number of the clergy. In the last service Bishops Durieu, Junger, Brondel, and Lemmens took part. The panegyric over the humble prelate, who resigned the Archbishopric of Oregon City to continue his life-work in a more laborious and less prosperous diocese, was delivered by Bishop Brondel, of Helena, Montana. His oration brought tears to the eyes of the congregation. At the conclusion of the oration the final absolutions were chanted; the first being performed by Bishop Lemmens; the second by Bishop Brondel; the third by Bishop Durieu, and the fourth by Archbishop Gross. The remains were then conveyed to the vault beneath the church, and deposited alongside of the late Bishop Demers and Father Jonckau. A memorial card, bearing a likeness of the late Archbishop, was presented to the congregation. The card bears the following inscription: "Remember your prelates, who have spoken to you the word of God, considering well the end of their conversation, imitate their faith.—Hebrews xvii. 7. Pray for the soul of the Most Rev. Charles J.

Seghers, D. D., Archbishop of Vancouver Island. Born at Ghent, Belgium, 26th December, 1839; ordained at Mechlin, 30th of May, 1863; consecrated Bishop of Vancouver Island, at Victoria, B. C., 29th of June, 1873; appointed Archbishop of Emesa, *i. p. i.* and Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Oregon, 10th December, 1878; Archbishop of Oregon, 10th December, 1880; re-appointed to the See of Vancouver Island, 7th March, 1884; assassinated on the banks of the Yukon, near Nulato, Alaska, 28th November, 1886; temporarily buried at Fort St. Michael, 6th July, 1887; disinterred and taken on board United States steamer *Thetis*, 11th September, 1888; buried at Victoria, B. C., November 16, 1888. The Archbishop's last farewell: 'Adieu! I leave for Alaska, and God knows when or whether I shall return. Pray for me, *Requiescat in Pace.*'" The Catholic Sentinel, of Portland, Oregon, from which we (New York Catholic Review) have gleaned these facts on the funeral, appears in a black border, as a tribute to the good shepherd who laid down his life doing his Master's work, but whose name and example will not be forgotten the world over for his life of Christian self-sacrifice.

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## "Viewing" Remains.

SURELY it ought to be settled once and for all whether jurors *must* needs view remains. As a matter of fact, in so far as it is permissible for us to express an opinion on a legal question — the lawyers are not too modest in their expressions of opinion on medical questions — there is no better foundation for the practice of viewing remains than the traditions of the coroner's court. It would have been an excellent thing if the jurors who were on a recent occasion compelled by a coroner to view the body, under threat of fine, and refused to go, and let the coroner do his worst. We greatly question whether the fine could have been enforced or committal to prison actually carried out in default of payment. Some one should try the eventuality by arrangement with some coroner who takes a sensible view of the matter. It is cruel to compel men who are generally the fathers of families dependent on their health and energy of mind and body, to expose themselves to the most depressing influences with no better purpose than the enactment of a perfectly useless farce. Nothing whatever is gained by the visit of the coroner's jury to the deadhouse, or apartment where the body is lying. No absurd rule compels a jury of assize to view the remains of a murdered man, and why should a jury of inquest be compelled to perform that grim ceremony? The fact of death is always taken from a medical or some other witness. If there be a compelling law, which we take the liberty of doubting, the sooner it is repealed the better, for, at the present moment, needless risks are run, and nameless injuries to body and mind are done by this absurd custom, and with not a vestige of good to compensate.

## Now.

Don't go about looking for simply pretty things to present your friends with at Christmas and New Year's. Give them something that will last. At Messrs. T. B. Noonan & Co., 17, 19, and 21 Boylston street, are to be found a great variety of articles this year, the best we have known them to display, — articles which will be serviceable as well as attractive. What can please a Catholic friend more than receiving a nicely-bound prayer-book, a silver-chained rosary, an ivory crucifix, or a beautifully framed engraving or French lithograph? Consider this advice carefully before making up your mind to purchase. Too often we give our friends presents which simply please; why not an article which will elevate and bring a blessing all the year round?

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One hundred and twelve pages of reading matter in this issue of Donahoe's Magazine.

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## Running to Catch the Train.

Think of the vast number of railroad stations constantly emptied, to be filled with a new set of travellers! Now, quite a portion of the population as a whole, and a larger proportion of those who make up the travelling public, are in a condition that makes it unsafe for them to become excited, to act suddenly, or put forth unwonted exertions. Their hearts are enlarged and dilated; or have undergone fatty or other form of degeneration; or there is a dangerous aneurism of the aorta. With care, and the habit of rigid self-control, such may enjoy comfortable health for many years, or even to old age; but a single violent act may result in instant death. Many of these are wholly unaware of any serious heart-trouble. Yet every day and everywhere may be seen persons, perhaps with heavy satchels, or other incumbrance, hurrying for the train, to save themselves from being left. Says an American publication, the Medical Reporter, "If a record of all such cases could be made, it would probably be found that deaths or serious injuries occasioned by lightning or hydrophobia, so much spoken of and dreaded, would bear but a small proportion to those resulting from the daily, incessant, desperate efforts to catch the train." The editor adds the case of a friend, fat but remarkably healthy, never having had any sickness, who, finding himself late, started into a rapid run. On reaching the station, he sat down, but rose in a moment, wiped the sweat from his face with his handkerchief, and, saying, "he would not like to run that way again," instantly fell down dead. Of course, it is annoying to find one's self left, especially where important business is involved. Yet it is never necessary either to run or to hurry. All we have to do is to start in season — to form the habit of being on time — leaving a good margin for possible delays and the possible variation of the watch from the standard time. The habit will be worth in other directions, moral as well as physical, all it would cost. Form it, and there will be no occasion to hurry to catch the train.

## Medical Virtues of Onions.

A MOTHER writes: Once a week invariably, and it was generally when we had cold meat minced, I gave the children a dinner which was hailed with delight and looked forward to; this was a dish of boiled onions. The little things knew not that they were taking the best of medicines for expelling what most children suffer from — worms. Mine were kept free by this remedy alone. Not only boiled onions for dinner, but cives also were they encouraged to eat with their bread and butter, and for this purpose they had tufts of cives in their little gardens. It was a medical man who taught me to eat boiled onions as a specific for a cold in the chest. He did not know at the time till I told him, that they were good for anything else. An experienced physician writes as follows: The above ought to be published in letters of gold and hung up beside the table, so that the children could read it and remind their parents that no family ought to be without onions the whole year round. Plant old onions in the fall, and they will come up at least three weeks earlier in the spring than by spring planting. Give children of all ages a few of them raw as soon as they are fit to be eaten. Do not miss treating them to raw onions three or four times a week. When they get too large or too strong to be eaten raw, then boil or roast them. During unhealthy seasons, when diphtheria or like contagious diseases prevail, onions ought to be eaten in the spring of the year at least once a week.

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## Mind what you Read.

ONCE, at a public meeting, an elderly man, who had led an edifying, religious life, made this confession: "I had often heard people say it was right to read and see all you could, so that you might be able to judge for yourself as to whether things were right or wrong. I had heard a great deal about bad books and the mischief they did; and, thinking it would be best to judge for myself in the matter, I determined if one came in my way I would read it. The chance soon came, and I read the book; it was a very bad one. I finished it, thoroughly disgusted, and closed its pages, having fully made up my mind never to read another, and intending to think no more about this one.

"Ah, my dear friends," he continued, "there I was mistaken; it is forty years ago since I read that book, but I have never been able to forget it; some of its blasphemous sentences are as fresh in my mind as the day I read them! Many a time in my life I would have given dollars and dollars had it been possible to have blotted them out of my memory; but this is impossible; and probably as long as my life, or at least as long as my reason shall last, I shall never forget them."

Then take care what you read, dear children. Remember the words of our Lord, spoken before there were many books to read: "Take heed how ye hear." Don't listen to what an unbeliever has to say: he may put blasphemous, sceptical thoughts into your mind, which Satan will bring up again and again, often disturbing your peace, and acting like a poison. You may never be able to forget it.

# DONAHOE'S

# MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1889. No. 2.


"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

## Church Schools.*

I PLEAD again, as formerly, for the establishment and maintenance of church schools. I recognize fully the usefulness of much of the knowledge imparted in secular schools and the wisdom of upholding, in such a nation as ours, some system of instructing all classes of children. But it is the height of folly to elevate the worth of intellectual training and feeding above the worth of spiritual education, or to neglect the souls of our own children, because the minds of other children should be cultured. I wish that every parish could have its own Grammar school, where the church's catechism and history could be taught, along with writing and arithmetic.

## More Protestant Testimony.

THE CATHOLIC REVIEW: The strongest weapon against the wickedness of the day that causes the waste of so many words in Evangelical Conferences, in New York city and outside of it, is the religious school. With it the hearts and minds of the populace will be gained. This truth is dawning more clearly on Protestant minds. Its latest advocate, among our separated brethren, is the Sunday Magazine, Dr. Talmage, editor. It tells among other things that: "It is not alone the Roman Catholics who are advocates of separate schools. Many clergymen and laymen of the Episcopal Church are open in their denunciation of what they term Christless, and even Godless, education. The number of Episcopal parish schools where the distinct

* By Bishop of Fond du Lac, Wis., John Henry Hobart Browne, who died during the past summer.

dogmas of the church are taught, is very large, and certainly increasing. Trinity parish (Protestant) alone is educating some four thousand future voters, who have no sympathy for, but rather detestation of, the present public-school system. The question is not a new one. Some four hundred and twenty-three years before Christ, it arose in ancient Athens. The experiment of schools in which religious teaching was omitted, was tried then and there, and found to be a deplorable failure, and having an evil influence upon the morality of the people, and the system was altered, and religious teaching re-introduced into the schools. A smart man without religion is much more dangerous to the community than an ignorant man; but when a high secular education is reinforced with a thorough teaching in Christian morality, the moral health of the community is bound to be bettered."

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# A Great Act of Faith.

THERE are, upon this globe, at the present time, nine hundred millions of pagans and infidels. Of this vast number, comparatively few have heard of Jesus Christ, the only "name under heaven given to men, whereby we must be saved."

Imagine that immense multitude — nine hundred million souls! And of them, consider that more than fifty thousand die every day, going into eternity unbaptized and unshriven.

The thought of their spiritually destitute condition haunted the meditations of a priest in England nearly thirty years ago, and gave him no peace. He longed to go to them himself; but his superiors told him that he was needed where he was, and that "London must be his Japan." He could get no rest, however, from the desire to labor for their salvation, which oppressed his mind by day, and took possession of his dreams at night; and, finally, there grew up in his soul a purpose to found in England a seminary to train priests for the foreign missions. When he spoke of this project, he received the obvious reply that there were neither means nor men for the work; that for every pound the church received from the people it had urgent use for a hundred, and that for every priest in the country there was work enough for ten; and that, therefore, as the wants at home could not be supplied, it was idle to plan for the needs of the heathen abroad. This objection silenced him for the time, but did not convince him, for the ways of God, he remembered, are not the ways of man, and worldly prudence is sometimes folly in matters spiritual. So, while he discharged the duties that were entrusted to him, he gave himself up to prayer, that God, who, he believed, inspired him with the hope of serving his pagan brethren, would give him the means to realize it.

But all who heard of his project did not ridicule it. His Superior, in the Bayswater Community of the Oblates of St. Charles, first tried him, in order to become sure that it was the will of God that he should withdraw his hand from the work he had received through obedience, to devote himself to another of his own suggestion; and, when he

stood the trial like a true religious, encouraged now to hope and to pray for the opportunity to found the college.

That priest was Father Herbert Vaughan, now the Bishop of Salford, and that Superior was Father Henry Edward Manning, at present the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

At length, in God's own time, the young priest's project was laid before Cardinal Wiseman, who was then, viz., in 1861, head of the Church in England. His Eminence approved of it instantly. He hailed the proposal as the realization of a resolution formed by him on the eve of his episcopal consecration, in 1840, but, until that moment, apparently impossible of attainment; and he, from that day, depended on Father Vaughan as an instrument providentially chosen to carry it out. But two years were allowed to go by before any outward step was taken. The time, however, was fully utilized. The prayers of members of religious communities, and of other devout persons were obtained, for, as the Bishop says, "we were not blind to the difficulty of the task before us; but we hoped, by means of prayer, to secure upon it the divine blessing and light and guidance for its accomplishment."

It was a great act of faith, and Father Vaughan and Dr. Manning and Cardinal Wiseman were persuaded that, in such a case, "unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it."

In 1863 the undertaking was submitted to the judgment of the Holy See, and the great Pius IX. at once blessed it. In that same year the Bishops of England all adopted it, and the Vicars Apostolic of Scotland, and the Bishop of Kerry, in Ireland, wrote letters in favor of it.

The time had come for action. Father Vaughan, who had gone to Rome to consult the Vicar of Christ, returned to England, and was authorized to devote himself unreservedly to the work of establishing the college. But he was utterly without funds, and the Catholics in England were few, and nearly all among the poorest of the poor. Therefore, it was determined that he should come, with the approval of the Propaganda, on a begging tour to America.

Before starting out, he received from Cardinal Wiseman a cordial letter of recommendation, which began as follows: "You will remember that, when, some years ago, you first communicated to me your earnest and long-entertained desire to establish, in England, an institution for the education of priests to labor for the conversion of infidel nations, you found me ready, not only to approve of your intentions, but also to coöperate with you in carrying them out. I informed you that, many years ago, when, on the eve of receiving episcopal consecration, one, who has since obtained the title of 'Servant of God' in the Church, in remarkable terms urged me to labor for the formation of a college, in England, for that very purpose. The desire of seeing this carried out never passed out of my mind, but I had seen no means of attempting its commencement, till your proposal to devote yourself to it seemed to me to open a way to the fulfilment of my hopes. Hence you appeared almost surprised at the willing and ready encouragement

which you received from me. I record these preliminaries, in order that those whose assistance you may require, in following out your proposed plan, may know that it is not one wholly devised by you, and acceded to by me from personal kindness, or from over-eager zeal; but that, so far as time for mature consideration goes, it is an old and often-meditated idea, suggested, or even pressed on me, by a higher and holier mind than yours and mine."

Accordingly, Father Vaughan set out for South America on his begging tour. At Panama he found an epidemic of yellow fever and small-pox decimating the people, and no priests with them to shrive the dying and bless the dead: for the clergy, who would not take the oath of loyalty to the new constitution, had been banished by the President of the republic, and the administration of the sacraments had been made a crime. The missionary braved the pest, and ignored the iniquitous law. He visited the sick, he comforted the well, he baptized the children, — he exercised all the functions of the ministry, until he was arrested and dragged before the courts. He was released from prison only after giving heavy bail.

After quitting that inhospitable and stricken country, he came to California, and he himself will tell us his experience in San Francisco:

"On arriving at that great capital of the Pacific Coast, I found that I had fallen upon sad and sorry times. I found the taxes of the country increased at the rate of fifty per cent. I found that large subscriptions were being collected for carrying on the civil war, and that contributions were being levied for the relief of the sick and of prisoners; that a drought had visited the country, and had decimated the cattle of the whole state; that there was a panic among the farmers, and that there was a considerable diminution of revenue among the miners. I, moreover, found that the Catholic Church, which had sprung up all of a sudden, with a new population, in San Francisco, after having established for itself the finest churches in the city, and magnificent asylums and hospitals for the poor and the sick, was most heavily burdened with debts. The church had contracted enormous debts, during a time of fabulous prices, in order to erect the churches, schools, asylums, and hospitals, which were of absolute necessity. She had to provide for the maintenance of priests, and for ecclesiastical education, and for a number of other charitable works which were pressing upon them. I could not have come at a more inopportune season. The Archbishop, naturally looking to the wants and to the sufferings of his people, hesitated in giving me permission to collect from the faithful. But what did the faithful say, when they heard of the work which I represented? They told their Archbishop that even in spite of all the calls which were upon them, they would gladly take their part in the establishment of a work which was of such universal and apostolic interest. His Grace the Archbishop acceded to the zeal of his children, and collections were made, by his authority, in all the churches of the city."

From San Francisco, Father Vaughan proceeded to New Grenada

and Peru, but was driven away by the public officials of those governments. He went on to Chili, and there he was cordially welcomed; he travelled the country up and down, preaching in the churches and begging alms of the faithful from door to door. Bishops, priests, and people received him with open arms. Next he visited the Empire of Brazil, and received generous contributions from the Catholics of that country, including Dom Pedro and other members of the royal family.

Two years were spent by Father Vaughan in his quest for funds. On his return to England, he found the Cardinal dead, — the holy ecclesiastic had gone to his rest and reward on Feb. 15, 1865. But, in his stead, reigned one who was as his twin in magnanimity of soul and warmth of heart and nobility of mind and indefatigableness in the service of God, — the great Archbishop Manning, still the glory and guide of his brethren. He welcomed home the enthusiastic missionary, and bade him go on with his work, saying:

"I have the greatest joy in repeating, with all my heart, the words of encouragement and commendation which our great Cardinal bestowed upon you; adding, with all confidence, that I believe your work will bring a benediction, not only upon the heathen, but, also, upon ourselves. *Date et dabitur vobis* is true both of alms and of graces, and I look upon your work as one more of the tokens of the spirit of sacerdotal zeal and love of souls which God is stirring up in His church in England."

Accordingly, the college was opened on March 19, 1866, in a house, the use of which was given rent free, at Mill Hill in the north-west suburbs of London. Adjoining the dwelling, a piece of property was purchased for the site of the future institution. It was called St. Joseph's College of the Sacred Heart for Foreign Missions. Father Vaughan, with one student and one servant, constituted the community. They practised the virtue of holy poverty from the start, for the money, that had been so laboriously collected in the New World, had been invested in land and in the funds to provide burses; and when more students came than there was support for, often bread was lacking, and the rector had to go to town, and, going from house to house among his acquaintances, beg for food for his seminarians.

At the end of two years, there were in the college three priests and twelve students, of whom four were in orders, preparing for the ministry in foreign pagan countries.

On the 29th of June, 1869, the corner-stone of the seminary was laid by the Archbishop of Westminster. It was the first stone of the first college ever opened in England for the foreign missions. The building was ready to be occupied on March 1, 1871. In that same year the foundation of a church was laid near the dwelling of the students, and on the feast of St. Joseph, in 1873, it was formally opened and on the last day of March, in 1874, it was solemnly consecrated by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Vaughan, who, in October, 1872, had been made Bishop of Salford, but who still retained the office of Superior General of St. Joseph's Society.

In 1871 the College sent out its first missionaries; they were

four in number, and they came to the United States by order of the Holy See, and at the request of the Bishops of this country, to labor among the negroes of the South. In 1875, it sent forth four priests to India, to preach the gospel in the Guntoon and Nellore Missions of the Vicariate Apostolic of Madras. In 1879, it undertook the task of evangelizing Afghanistan, in Central Asia, and sent forward four missionaries to begin the work. In 1880, the Holy See appointed Father Jackson, of St. Joseph's Society, Prefect Apostolic of Labuan and Northern Borneo, and three priests were sent to his assistance. In 1886, at the petition of the Bishop of Auckland, two priests were sent to the Maori Mission in New Zealand. In 1887, the Holy Father erected the Prefecture Apostolic of Kafiristan, Cashmere, and Northern Punjab, and entrusted it to St. Joseph's Society; immediately six priests took possession of this field, and their labors have been blessed with abundant fruit.

In 1873, the report of the Mill Hill College after announcing that there were thirty students, said: "There are also some boys who are preparing as candidates in England or abroad to be admitted into the college." In 1880, the council of the society discussed the project of establishing a preparatory school, and in that year a beginning was made at Coedangred, among the hills of Monmouthshire. In 1881, it was transferred to Kelvedon in Essex; subsequently it was removed to Freshfield near Liverpool. It is called St. Peter's Foreign Missionary School. It opened in September last with about thirty pupils, of whom fifteen were new students, including three colored youths and a Chinese boy, Ah Jun.

In 1875, the society began to receive lay brothers; and later on Bishop Salford founded St. Joseph's Missionary Sisters of the third Order of St. Francis, who coöperate with the priests and students, according to their capacity and opportunity.

In this year, 1888, a seminary for the education of priests for the colored people of the South, was established at Baltimore, and already it has ten students. They attend the lectures given by the Sulpician priests in St. Mary's Seminary, and in their own institution receive special training for the work they are to do for the negroes.

At the end of last year the members of the society were as follows:

PRIESTS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Professors at Mill Hill | 5 | |
| Students at " " | 7 | |
| Professors at Fresh Field | 2 | |
| in Rome | 1 | |
| in England | 1 | |
| in America | 12 | |
| in India | 23 | |
| in Borneo | 11 | |
| in New Zealand | 2 | |
| Total | — | 64 |

STUDENTS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Students not priests at Mill Hill | 23 | |
| " " " Fresh Field | 28 | |
| Total | — | 51 |

LAY BROTHERS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| On the mission | 2 | |
| At the two colleges | 9 | |
| Total | — | 11 |

SISTERS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Professed | 21 | |
| Novices | 13 | |
| Total | — | 34 |

Total number of persons at work for the foreign missions under the charge of the Society . . . . . 160

A singular circumstance connected with the college, and one that has been noted from year to year, is, that ever since the institution at Mill Hill has had accommodations for twenty-five students, it has had about that number, and no matter how many are sent on the mission or how many find that they have no vocation for the work, their places are soon taken by almost precisely as many as go forth.

In addition to the priests, students, lay brothers, and sisters, who belong to the society, it extends its blessings to associate members, who, whether of the clergy or the laity, desire to coöperate in the propagation of the faith in heathen lands, by contributing to support its missionaries. The conditions of membership are: To pray for the conversion of the heathen, and for laborers to be sent into the harvest; to be enrolled as a member in the register of the society, and to contribute annually according to one's means. The spiritual benefits of membership consist of a participation of indulgences, and of a share in the merits of the missionaries, in their sufferings, labors, Masses, prayers, preaching, and other good works, as well as in the prayers daily recited by rule in the college, and in the Holy Sacrifice offered there every week for all the members of the Association living and dead.

Bishop Vaughan himself furnishes this statement of the object of the college:

"It is destined to educate young men to evangelize chiefly the heathen nations of the world. Every student binds himself to leave Europe for life, and, besides discharging his ordinary duties as a missionary priest, to propagate, to the best of his power, the devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Lord. Every student must also have the readiness to devote himself to the heathen missions, though a discretion rests with superiors to change his destination where need be, for a mission in one of the British colonies. Nationality forms no obstacle to admission into this college; youths of any nation are admitted, provided they possess the necessary qualifications. The appointment of the particular district or heathen country to which the missioners will be sent, depends on the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda. After the missioners have left the college, they will continue united together by a simple rule, which will form a band of union and mutual support. So far as possible, they will be sent 'two and two,' as our Blessed Lord sent His disciples; and those who have labored in the field of the pagan missions will be provided for in sickness and old age."

The students whom the college has trained, ordained, and sent out, have been chiefly Irish, English, Dutch, and American.

Already the society has lost six priests through death, and three of them were among the party of four missionaries first sent out by the college to the negroes in the United States.

To reply to the objection that the establishment in England of a college for foreign missions was "robbing the church at home of men and means," Cardinal Manning says: "In the first place, those who have a vocation for the foreign missions will not stop at home. It is because we have need of men and means at home that I am convinced that we ought to send both men and means abroad. . . . In exact proportion as we freely give what we have freely received, will our works at home prosper and the zeal and number of our priests be multiplied. . . . This is the test and the measure of the Catholic life amongst us. The missionary spirit is the condition of growth; and if the faith is to be extended at home, it must be by our aiding to carry it abroad. To say that we are overwhelmed with local claims and with home wants, and that the money expended for the foreign missionary college had better be spent on the spiritual destitution at our own doors, is the most shallow and the most miserable of delusions. . . . I think that if we are to be dwarfed and stunted and chilled by such worldly arguments as these, the earth under our feet will be barren, and the heaven will be stayed that it give no dew. I am confident that in the works of our Master, and in the tillage of His Kingdom, the more spiritual husbandry there is, and the more ploughs there are going to turn up the furrows of the field, the more pledge and promise we have not only of an abundant harvest but of an abundant blessing; and that if we give freely, he will not be outdone in generosity, and that by giving our utmost we shall lack nothing."

In illustration of the spirit of gratitude and self-interest that should promote the coming of Christ's Kingdom over all His creatures, the Bishop of Salford, before the Kultuerkampf in Germany was at an end, related this anecdote:

"Last year I passed through Holland on my way to Rome, and I heard that a little missionary college had just been established on the borders of Holland, of which a German priest was the head. I went to see his humble establishment — humble indeed it was, and I spoke with him upon its origin. I said: 'Well, you are a man of spirit, for while you Germans are being persecuted at home, you are establishing a college for foreign missions.' — 'Yes,' he said to me, 'this thought occurred to me — it occurred to me that perhaps one of the reasons why we Catholics of Germany are now going through so terrible a persecution, is, that hitherto we have done nothing for the heathen. We have administered to our own wants, and we have forgotten those abroad who had none to minister to them. And,' he added, 'I think that one of the best ways of obtaining the grace of God upon Germany, and of removing persecution, and of consolidating the Catholic Church in our midst, is to perform a great act of faith and to establish here where we can — on the borders of Holland — a German foreign missionary college. We shall show thus, even in the midst of sufferings and persecution, that we really love our Lord and desire to propa-

gate His name to the farthest bounds of the world.' I asked him: 'Have you dared to expound this theory in going about Germany, as you have done?' — 'Yes,' he said, "I have spoken of it openly everywhere, and people seemed to think there was a great deal of truth in it.'"

The United States owe to St. Joseph's College the priests who are laboring at St. Francis Xavier's Church, St. Monica's Church, and St. Joseph's Seminary, in Baltimore, Md.; St. Augustine's Church, in Washington; St. Peter's Church, in Charleston, S. C.; St. Augustine's Church, in Louisville, Ky., and St. Joseph's Church, in Richmond, Va.

But the harvest is great and the laborers are few. More priests are needed. More students, with a vocation to the priesthood, are needed. There are about seven millions of negroes in this country, and less than twenty priests working exclusively for them. Of these seven millions, about three millions believe in a low grade of Protestant Christianity, from which nearly all the commandments, and nearly all the sacraments have been eliminated: more than three millions have no religion; and hardly one hundred thousand — one-tenth of a million — are Catholics. Who will convert these heathen, who are here among us? Application for admission to St. Joseph's Society, in any capacity, will be gladly received by the very Rev. A. B. Leeson, 83 Hill street, Baltimore, Md.

"There is no man," said Jesus, the Christ, "who hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or children, or lands, for My sake, and for the Gospel, who shall not receive an hundred times as much, now, in this time . . . with persecutions, and in the world to come, life everlasting." L. W. Reilly.

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## Rules for Living Well.

The Caterer, in an article on "Good Living," considered from a culinary rather than from a moral point of view, sums up the matter in the following sensible way:

If living well consists in living neither luxuriously nor expensively, in what, then, lies the secret? And how may the man of moderate means take advantage of it? The question is not a difficult one to answer, and we will put that question in the shape of a few short rules:

1. Buy with judgment.
2. Buy the best, for the best is always the cheapest.
3. Let your economy regulate the quantity, not the quality.
4. Let your cook be a cook, and one that knows how to utilize what is now thrown to the dogs or otherwise wasted.
5. Study simplicity in the number of dishes, and variety in the character of the meals.
6. Let the housewife be watchful enough to trace the leaks that are liable to spring in every larder.
7. Let the mistress be indeed the head of her own household, and of her kitchen.

# "Ireland Under Coercion."

THIS is the first heading of The Diary of an American, by William Henry Hurlbert (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York), a book containing 475 pages of matter, written in the gossipy style of the average newspaper reporter, who, being invited or being officially present at social reunions and good repasts, is expected to give a rose-colored account in his newspaper of all the persons present, what they wore, how they looked, and all the clever things they said and did during the eating and drinking.

Of all lands on this fair earth, poor Ireland appears to be singled out from all others to bear the brunt, the whips and scorns and contumelies of vicarious, untruthful pens, manifestly to degrade, to misrepresent, to withhold the truth; to color and blacken it, often to suppress it, and in every conceivable manner to prejudice the reader's mind, and make the very name of Ireland and Irishmen a thing of loathing and disgust.

One of the chief efforts of Mr. Hurlbert is to paint Ireland as a land of crimes and criminals. So strongly are his views in this respect put forth, that it is almost impossible to escape the conclusion that the writer was in the pay of the London Times, and ordered to have his book published contemporaneously with the progress of what is popularly known as the Parnell Commission, now sitting in London.

None who know Ireland, or its history, will deny that agrarian "crime" has long been a sad, and painfully peculiar feature of that country.

It is not necessary here to go into details to examine the true meaning of the term "crime," when applied to agrarian matters, and particularly matters of an Irish agrarian character. If an opportunity were afforded, it would not be difficult to show that those "crimes," especially as relating to rack-rented tenants and oppressive landlords, were rather the outcome of fiercely oppressed human nature, bereft of the means and resources of ordinary living, than deeds committed from criminal intent or malignant disposition. First stands the law of God, supreme in all things, and next to this stands the law of nature, superior to all statutory laws, and as high above the mandates of man as the heavens are above the earth. Many an agrarian "crime," arising from the near-at-hand and evidently forth-coming condition of starvation, is an act of justice in the sight of heaven; but an act that leads to the gallows in the eye of English law, administered after the Balfourian fashion in Ireland.

Mr. Hurlbert either is unable or unwilling to make any distinction of what he considers to be "crime" in Ireland. He is ignorant of the fact, or forgets to tell us, that apart from agrarian "crime," the judges, on their semi-annual circuit of assize, in Ireland, leaving out a few counties, chiefly in the north-eastern part of the country, are presented by the sheriffs with white gloves, emblematic of a virgin assize. In other words, that there is no crime on the calendar to be tried!

Can this be said of England, Wales, or Scotland? Could the same thing be said of this country? Petty offences are committed in Ireland, same as elsewhere; but they are seldom of a character to be beyond the jurisdiction of a police court. Great crimes, outside of agrarianism, are almost unknown in Ireland. Official reports are abundant to prove these statements.

Mr. Hurlbert commenced his Diary of an American on Jan. 30, 1888, and ended it on June 26, 1888. In the interim he had made visits to London and Paris — the latter probably as a bluff to his London trips — so that a few months were all that was necessary to enable this smart newspaper man to add his quota to the ever-increasing pile of quack literature on Ireland. In the language of his country, "it pays," and every other consideration is made subservient to this Hurlbert-leading doctrine.

Our author starts into his work with a few sentimental phrases in praise of the great Dominican, the late Father Tom Burke, and follows this up with repeated mention of Mr. Davitt's name, just to show us that he is apparently on good terms with one of the leading spirits of Ireland. But, strange to say, he next has a slap in the face at Rev. Father McFadden, the recently imprisoned priest of famed Gweedore, and then gives us an extended view of the latter place. He is careful, all through, to keep prominently before the reader's mind that he is travelling with Lord Ernest Hamilton, sees things that remind him of his college days at Harvard, talks with Mr. Balfour, and dines at Dublin Castle. Says Mr. Hurlbert, "surely, if Ireland is ever to govern herself, she must learn precisely the lesson which Mr. Balfour, I believe, is teaching her." This is pretty dreadful, even from an American. Balfour, the convicted murderer of Irishmen, — remember Mitchelstown, — held up as a teacher of Ireland, of Irishmen; one whom they should follow if their country is ever to govern herself.

Reason and prudence should cease at this point, and nothing better than a bitter execration burst from the overloaded hearts and impassioned lips of Irishmen, to greet the insult of an intermeddler, whose chief business in life is that of a mere toady at the gift-table of others, who despise him for his cringing obsequiousness, and tolerate him only as a tool in their interests.

Mr. Hurlbert dines with Lord Ormonde, who promised to show him Kilkenny Castle. On Tuesday, Jan. 31st, he lunched with Sir Michael Morris, the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, for whom he furnished a sprig of a genealogical tree of the Morris family. Generous tribute for a luncheon! Next, Mr. Hurlbert converses with Justice Murphy, and regrets that he has not seen recently either Lord or Lady Ashbourne. Again, he dines with the Irish Attorney-General. Among the guests were the Chief Baron Palles, Mr. Carson, Q. C., and other notabilities. Then he called, with Lord Ernest Hamilton, upon Sir Bernard Burke, visited the Kildare-Street Club, etc. After this round of un-American skirt-rubbing with men who heartily despise him, Mr. Hurlbert hurries away northward into the heart of Donegal, and lec-

tures the hardy mountaineers on what they should and should not do. They should refrain from purchasing and using high-priced tea, as such a practice is unbecoming among such a class of people. Next, he hurries into Gweedore, the land of evictions, and gives us some panoramic word-painting about the beauties of the place and the music of the birds.

Oh, thanks, Mr. H.! Really, we have heard all these things told before, and by mightier tongues and pens than "thou ever wottest of." The author describes the dreadful evictions that have made the names of Gweedore and Cloughaneely famous, or rather infamous! Ah, no! He never even mentions Cloughaneely, where fourteen hundred souls were evicted! He is ignorant of these past events. He tells us about his country-woman, Mrs. Adair, but never alludes to the death of her husband's drunken agent, Adam Grierson, for the alleged murder of whom Francis Bradley was imprisoned in Lifford jail, and four times tried, at winter and summer assizes, before he was released. All he has got to tell us is something defamatory of the great *soggarth aroon*, Father McFadden, but not a word about the thirteen thousand dollars saddled upon that part of the country by the government because they failed to convict an innocent man.

Oh, worthy Mr. Hurlbert!

Nor does Mr. Hurlbert even remotely allude to the eviction of two hundred and forty-two tenants by John George Adair, the Scotch husband of Mr. Hurlbert's lady friend. This was known as the Glenveagh evictions, a dreadful account of which was published at the time by Mr. Donahoe in the Pilot.

After leaving Gweedore, Mr. Hurlbert visits Sion House, Tyrone. Beautiful name! I could give Mr. Hurlbert a few hints about Sion House that he never learned.

There once lived in Belfast a man named Herdman, who made money by means that — well, he made money, and added to it largely by putting on the screw tightly on mill-workers, whom he afterward owned almost body and soul. Then he and his sons started mills near Strabane, and called them "Sion Mills," — a holy ground, no doubt. These Herdmans were bigoted, ranting Methodists, tract distributors, Bible readers, etc. They sought for cheap labor, and went into a district in the north of Ireland where they procured it at their own figures. It is very untruthful for Mr. Hurlbert to state that girls, mere beginners in those "Sion Mills," ever earned fourteen shillings per week. It is monstrously untrue, and Mr. Hurlbert dare not venture on proof of such an assertion. The Herdmans were an Orange crowd, who could not get along smoothly enough with their workers in Pipe Lane Mill, Belfast, and went into the districts where labor was plentiful and cheap. They had money, and succeeded on the sweat and blood and toil of their white slaves; and now they can entertain men of the Hurlbert stamp to write about them in books.

In keeping with Mr. Hurlbert's figures of a financial kind, it should not be forgotten that he makes some of his characters in his book state that the stipend of a parish priest in one of the poorest

districts of Ireland is six thousand dollars per annum! Some curates he makes out as getting four hundred pounds per year (two thousand dollars), and others as low as one hundred and fifty pounds. We know many respectable curates whose salary is only one-fifth of this sum. But Mr. Hurlbert has been three or four months in Ireland talking to Jarvies and Galwegians, and many others whose names are not given; and so he must know things better than Irishmen who have spent their lives in the study of their country.

The task of pointing out and proving the errors, misstatements, untruths, and garbled accounts of important matters published in this book would be to write another book of equal size. Page after page is lovingly devoted to a whitewashing process of Lord Lansdowne and his agent Trench; indeed, the whole work is a defence of Irish landlordism and a condemnation of the National League.

The work is written apparently without any particular evidence of a malignant spirit, and herein lies its chief danger. It is written by an alleged American; but no man has more English blood in his veins than the author, formerly editor and proprietor (?) of the New York World. This is noteworthy in every line, or the writer has been well supplied at lunch-time in his journeyings with abundant material on which to draw and aid his fertile imagination. His visit to Belfast is on a par with the accuracy of his other visits throughout some parts of Ireland. He describes a building as the whilom mansion of the Marquis of Donegal, "now used as offices, and still called the 'Castle.'" There is no such whilom mansion of the Marquis of Donegal in all Belfast. There is a place where such a mansion once stood, but it is gone over forty years ago. Mr. Hurlbert would make a good story-teller of fiction.

In Note C of the Appendix to his book, the author gives us a chapter on the American "Suspects" of 1881, and mentions therein the case of a "Suspect" named Hart, in whose behalf the writer of this article interested himself successfully with Secretary Frelinghuysen, securing Hart's release from prison in opposition to our then minister at London, Mr. James Russell Lowell. The whole purport of this chapter proves the writer to be un-American in the last degree. Its bitter animus is Saxon to the core, and proves Hurlbert to be a Suspect himself.

PETER MCCORRY.

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## Statistics of Blindness.

THE world's blind are computed to number about 1,000,000, or about one sightless person to every 1,400 inhabitants. In Austria, one person in 1,785 is blind; in Sweden, one in every 1,418; in France, one in every 1,191; in Prussia, one in every 1,111; in England, one in every 1,037. The proportion is greatest in Egypt, where, in Cairo, there is one blind person to every twenty inhabitants; while in New Zealand it falls to one in every 3,550 inhabitants. Germany has the greatest number of institutes for the blind, 35; England has 16; France, 13; Austria-Hungary, 10; Italy, 9; Belgium, 6; Australia, 2; while America, Asia, and Africa together are said to possess only 6.

# The Finger of God.

By Chas. Warren Currier, C. SS. R.

It is a certain fact, attested by reason and revelation, that there is an eternal, all-wise, and all-just Being whose Providence watches over the interests of men, and leads all things to their end. It is equally certain, that after this mortal life, in the land of eternity every man shall be treated according to his deserts, by the Supreme Judge of human actions. But it is no less evident, that reward and punishment are sometimes meted out during the existence of this earthly life. Does not the history of the human race convince us of this? Are there not events in the history of nations and individuals that exclaim loudly, "the finger of God is here?" It would be an interesting study to consider all the different manifestations of God's justice during the course of the world's history. What was the great Deluge that mercilessly swept away the human race? what the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrha, the annihilation of the Canaanites, the captivity of the Jews in Babylon, and finally the fall of Jerusalem, but God's punishments inflicted upon man? What, we may ask, is the history of human suffering in general, but the manifestation of God's justice? And as it was with nations, thus it was with individuals. We cannot mention the names of Adam, of Cain, of the wife of Lot, the Israelites in the desert, Saul, Absalom, Jezabel, Nabuchodonosor, Antiochus, Judas, and so many others, without being reminded of God's indignation. It is remarkable also that many of these punishments were inflicted upon persons who had been persecutors of the just, or of God's people.

If we ask whether these manifestations of God's justice ceased with biblical times, history will immediately answer in the negative; for both ecclesiastical history and the lives of God's servants afford us many examples of signal punishments inflicted upon those who persecuted God in his friends. According to Eusebius, Pontius Pilate committed suicide at Vienne in Gaul, whither he had been banished. Nero, who inaugurated the first of the great persecutions against the Christians, also perished by his own hands. Several of the other emperors of Rome who persecuted the church died miserably. Domitian was killed in a conspiration; Trajan died humbled, when his glory had reached its zenith; Adrian departed this life in the midst of great torments, imploring some one to put an end to his miserable existence; Septimus Severus also died in the midst of great suffering and disappointment; Maximianus was killed by his subjects, who had revolted against him; the Emperor Philip was slain, and his successor Decius perished, together with his whole army, in a battle against the Goths; Gallus was killed by his soldiers; and Valerian, having been taken captive by the Persians, and treated with the utmost indignity, languished for several years, and ended his life in captivity; Aurelian was killed in a conspiracy; finally, Diocletian, as every one who has studied a little of Roman history knows, died a most miserable death.

Among the persecutors of the church who were brought to grief before their death, we mention Julian the apostate, Arius and Henry IV. of Germany; Frederick Barbarossa was drowned. The miserable end of the three modern persecutors of the church in France: Murat, Danton, and Robespierre, and the galling humiliation of Bonaparte, are still fresh in the memory of history. This was the fate of rulers and prominent men; but we never would end, were we to enumerate the visitations of God's justice on others of inferior stations in life. Suffice it, if we mention a few, such that are of late occurrence, and that have recently come to our knowledge.

Not long ago, on the eve of the elections in a city in France, the sub-prefect of Castres took supper at the house of one of the chiefs of the masonic lodges. He promised to use his influence to prevent public religious demonstrations, meaning processions. Naturally, this could not fail to be agreeable to the member of a society, the primary object of which is the destruction of the power of our God. He began to make use of vile language, in declaiming against priests, when, suddenly, as if struck by lightning, he fell to the ground dead. Some weeks later, the sub-prefect himself was carried off by a sudden death, in a *cafe* in Paris.

In the month of June last, at Somain, in France, a certain Herbaut, a bitter enemy of the church, committed suicide, after trying to murder his wife and a neighbor. He was at that time aiding in the persecution of the priests of the place.

The *Bulletin religieuse* of La Rochelle, in France, relates that the feast of Blessed Grignon de Montfort was being celebrated at Herbiers in La Vendee. Some impious men took occasion from this to vent their blasphemies, and publicly ridicule religion. At nine o'clock, the priest was called to a man struck down by apoplexy. He immediately repaired to the place. It was one of the blasphemers; he was unconscious, and in a few moments had breathed his last. At eleven o'clock the same thing happened to a second one of the number; at one o'clock, to a third, and, at five o'clock, a fifth was stricken with apoplexy. The last one, however, the least guilty of all, who had sinned more through weakness than malice, was able to make his confession, and recovered his health.

We read, in the *Unita Cattolica*, of Turin, that in a certain place in Romagna, the members of the communal council decreed that an ancient chapel, dedicated to St. Sebastian, should be demolished. When the people threatened them with God's vengeance, they replied that they would take all the excommunications they might incur to to their own reckoning. Three of them assisted in the breaking down of the chapel. The statue had been taken down from the altar, when, suddenly, one of the members of the council, who had put his hand on the statue, was attacked by a severe pain in the hand. The pain spread to his whole body, he fell unconscious, and, soon after died. Almost at the same moment one of his accomplices was struck by apoplexy, and a third became paralyzed. This produced such an effect that the chapel was no longer disturbed, and the statue of St. Sebastian was restored to its place on the altar.

Our readers remember, or at least have heard of, the burning of the Charlestown convent. The peaceful abode of the Ursuline was burned to ashes by a mob of fanatics, on the night of Aug. 11, 1834. It is said that the principal actors in this infamous tragedy were severely punished by God. These are the facts, as they are related: The man who took a chalice from the convent hanged himself a few days after the event; two others were hanged for a subsequent act of incendiarism; seven were drowned, two years after, while fishing in Boston harbor; three of the suspected incendiaries were blown up by powder, within the three following years.

The finger of God is still visible to those whose eyes are not wilfully closed. Certain events that have occurred in Boston, within the past few months, ought to cause some persons to reflect, and may serve as a warning to many. It is known throughout the country, that during the past year, Boston has been the seat of an anti-Catholic movement. Unprincipled demagogues have worked upon the passions of the bigoted and fanatic populace, in order to rouse the latent hatred against the Catholic Church, inherited from past generations. They have instituted societies, held meetings, edited periodicals, caused the pulpits to re-echo with invectives against the hated church of Rome; in a word, inaugurated an anti-Catholic crusade. Foremost in the ranks, stood Justin Fulton, whose name, in course of time, will be branded with infamy. In other cities of our country, he failed to attract attention; but here, in the Athens of America, in our cultured Boston, he was hailed almost as a prophet. Here he drew crowds of eager listeners around him. Here, too, he found his accomplices. The Rand-Avery Publishing Company undertook to publish his infamous and immoral book against the Catholic clergy. One of our daily papers, the Boston Herald, at that time published by R. M. Pulsifer, advertised the infamous work in the grandest style, and abetted Fulton in its columns.

Some months passed, and Heaven was silent. But do not some recent occurrences make it appear as if the finger of God were here too?

The Rand-Avery Company, the publishers of Fulton's book, may also have cause to reflect. It was suddenly announced, a short time ago, to the great surprise of all, that the company had assigned. The cause of the assignment was said to be too much business. Whatever the cause may have been, the fact was that they could not defray their expenses, and meet their obligations, and were thus forced to assign. The Rand-Avery Company was one of the largest printing and publishing houses in New England. If they extricate themselves out of their difficulties, as we charitably hope they will, it will be to their advantage to print no more works like the libellous book of Justin D. Fulton, or some greater calamity may befall them.

There remain other persecutors of the church, men like Fulton, Evangelist Leyden, Evangelist Wharton, ex-monk Walsh true and pseudo ex-monks and ex-priests and ex-nuns, who may still have to find out that an avenging God lives. Some of them, perhaps, persecute the church as Saul did, thinking they are rendering a service to God; but we believe their number is few. It will be to their advantage if God chastises here, for if they see and recognize the finger of God, it will teach them to fly from the wrath to come.

# The Exile.

DEEP in this heart there still are springs,
Though callous now and cold,
As oft as mem'ry homeward brings
The friends I loved of old.
I've heard they wandered one by one
For bread to foreign spheres,
Till no fond footstep lingers on
The scenes of boyhood years.

Ah, me! what fate did thus divide
The gathering on the hill,
The group around the old fireside,
The meeting by the mill?
Did Heaven truly thus declare
That Right should rule no more,
That Might may herd his cattle where
The village stood before?

My parents, too, are gone I ween:
Beside the surging wave
In Tulla's little church-yard green,
They found an humble grave.
They found within their native land
One spot, at last, their own,
Reached by no landlord's iron hand
No menace from a throne.

Through all her trials and her woes
They still clung to her breast,
And there at length despite her foes
They chose to take their rest—
To lie amid the mouldered clay
Of sires that once were free,
And mock the blind, despotic sway
Of those who banished me.

DENIS B. COLLINS.

TROY, N.Y.

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THE good will and desire to imitate the Passion of Our Saviour is a particular grace which the Holy Ghost gives to the soul which loves God truly, and is resolved to serve Him; because the soul which is occupied with its own affections and only loves itself, does not relish, or rather detests, this doctrine of the Holy Ghost. It does not believe that to reach perfection it is necessary to share in the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

# Drunkenness.

A Lecture delivered by Rev. James H. Cotter in Zaleski, Ohio.

"THOUGHT begets thought," is a principle in the Philosophy of Literature. Now, as this is true, an error in my thought, this evening, will be quite pardonable, for my research on the subject displayed many thoughts which were evidently wrong; because they were either lax or radical. "In the golden mean virtue holds its place;" and so we bring to a most serious subject fair minds; in order to rightly deduce reasonable conclusions from true facts.

Poetry considers drunkenness a jocose theme. Lord Byron laughs in his lines, saying: "The best of life is but intoxication." Moore writes his drinking song: "Pass 'round the bowl," in words which sparkle like the champagne that, doubtless, inspired them. Cowper sends forth John Gilpin on his frolicsome ride, who, returning without "hat and rig," has made not only "Cheapside" merry, but all who since have read of his drunken capers. Burns' "Tam O'Shanter" is a serio-comic picture of the poet's own escapades, when he was suffering less from the witches of Kirk-Alloway, than from the warm results of John Barleycorn. Shakespeare compasses his wit on my subject in the spacious nothing called "Falstaff." Bouicicault puts "Rip Van Winkle" on the stage; and men pity the drunkard in the good-nature which lead up to drunkenness and manifests itself in the state, while "Conn the Shaughraun" makes the theatre roar, when he drinks from a tailor's thimble, thus keeping (?) the terms of his pledge, which allowed him a thimbleful daily.

So, ladies and gentlemen, poetry and the drama make of drunkenness a good joke and of the drunkard a much-abused wit. Having our sympathy appealed to for the drunkard, we are apt to look laughingly and lightly on drunkenness, for there are few who stay to properly distinguish between principles and persons; and, besides, pity has in it a goodly share of love. Injury is thus, doubtless unwittingly, done the sacred cause of temperance; for our laughs at drunken comedy is not only relished but applauded by hell's horrors.

In social life the very name of drink tends to rob us of a becoming dread. Pet titles are used as if an object dear and sacred were named. Aye, dear is it, in deed and truth, that is often bought by the dear price of a life, a soul, or a heart's blood.

So drunkenness is made by levity a greater temptation, but none the less a terrible sin.

If lax principles work mischief, so also do radical ones. In my references on my theme, I found authorities who called a saloon-keeper, because of his occupation, a murderer; authorities who substantially asserted that the foam of beer was spray from the devil's burning lip; that the devil himself lead a sort of submerged existence in drink; something, without doubt, like that which Dante gives the damned, who are living, though drowned, in the "Stygian Pool" of the infernal regions; authorities, who held that the wine of Holy Scripture was

merely must; authorities who capped the climax of the radical by advising all good Christians to abstain from growing corn and grape. Now, ladies and gentlemen, such nonsensical principles evoke laughter, even in the world of the serious. Such radical utterances retard the progress of a noble cause. Such principles are so evidently absurd, even to the mind of a drunkard, that opposition directed against him by their advocacy, is an exhortation to persevere in his evil course; since he can lay the "flattering unction to his soul" that he is not the only fool in an unreasoning world. Now, temperance in drink is not a religion. Temperance is only one virtue, and a natural one; temperance, in very truth, is a great virtue, as drunkenness is a great vice. One vice, it is true, will condemn; but it is equally true that one virtue will not save. The one virtue may, alas! be one fair lily growing in a fetid swamp. So, we ought not to exalt ourselves, because we are not drunkards, since exaltation is pride; and so our process would only change our guilt. We ought not to exalt ourselves because we are not drunkards, since avarice may prevent it; and avarice, if it does not allow us to steep our hearts in alcohol, buries them beneath earth's mud. We should remember a wise saying of old John Bunyan, who, on seeing a drunkard staggering along, remarked, "There goes John Bunyan, only for the grace of God." And now, with these thoughts for a preface, we will consider drunkenness in its effect on society and the individual; we will discuss the real and sham cures prescribed for its destruction.

Drunkenness is a state induced by the inordinate use of intoxicating drink. Drink is a soulless, material thing. Therefore is it, in itself, incapable of inflicting an injury. It is the product of earth. Now, every effect follows the nature of its cause. God blessed the earth, and called its creatures good; therefore is its product, drink, good. Grapes and corn are used in Holy Scripture to manifest fecundity of soil. The two spies joyfully bore a bunch of grapes on their shoulders to indicate to wearied Israel the richness of Palestine, for which, under the leadership of Moses, they struggled for forty long years through Arabia's arid wastes. At the marriage feast of Cana, the poet has beautifully said, "The modest water saw its God and blushed." Men sat down, aye, even in the presence of the Christ, and, with him, drank the miraculous wine.

What, then, is bad, if drink be not; and yet the world is cursed because of its presence? Man's corrupt will, which perverts things from the Creator's purpose in bestowing them. What was the Creator's intention? The *use* of creatures, not their *abuse*. He made all things for man; but man himself, their master and monarch, he made for the skies. Everything can be misused. The glutton misuses meat in his surfeit; the miser abuses wealth by sitting down, and, with gloating eye, doting over his dollars; the eye of man may shape his course to deep damnation; the face of woman may be the reason of her ruin; the presence of a victim gives an assassin his opportunity of dealing a deadly stab; the Sacred Scriptures themselves have been made a reason for half the folly of the world. Now, surely,

none will say that dressed meat, United States gold or currency, the human eye, woman's face, slaughtered innocence, the Sacred Page, dictated by Wisdom's self, and written by Wisdom's finger, — that these are essentially bad. So is it with drink. Drink sins not. Man does, in its inordinate use. I say *inordinate*, since, if a doctor would prescribe drink as an only and necessary cure, as, for example, in the case of a bite of a rattlesnake, then drunkenness induced thereby is a necessary second evil. As a lesser evil, it is a moral good; hence the patient does not sin, since Nature demanded drink for its preservation, and what Nature absolutely requires is rightly and properly used.

Intemperance has ever been the curse of mankind. Even before Christian virtue gilt the deeds of men, drunkenness was decried as meanness. The Spartans intoxicated their slaves in order to teach children abomination for the vice. So we need not wonder at the hardy soldiers of Pelopenesia, who combed their long hair in the Pass of Thermopylæ, indicating thereby that they were ready for death, if Xerxes' hosts would give a quota. Later in history we have Mohammedanism thrashing the East, and bringing its triumphant scimitar far West, until, at Tours, it broke on the hammer of a Charles Martel. And why was the Crescent so triumphant? You may answer, religious fanaticism was the reason. Yes, with a cause equally productive of valor in a soldier, sobriety. The great Caliph Omar ordered a drunken soldier to be publicly lashed, and whipping for a soldier was a dire disgrace. So the armies of the Saracen were made strong as were their weapons keen; their endurance equalled the fatigue of a desert march; their hell itself was made hateful from the fact that the wicked soul, as the Koran tells us, was forced to drink hot water greedily as would a camel of a desert spring.

History shows drunkenness to be the ruin of nations. It has ever pulled down empires raised in hardihood and virtue. Look at pagan Rome! Rome, the strength of whose one-time soldiery was as the walls of Rome's Coliseum, which still stands as the giant monument to dead paganism; Rome, at whose feet knelt the monarchs of the world, save those who graced her triumphs; Rome, whose name gave a passport of esteem, even to St. Paul, whose teaching was deemed a scandal; Rome, with its citizens, among the nations, kings; her kings, gods; Rome, which could not be conquered by the world, was conquered by itself, suicided on intemperance. She became first a glutton, feasting on the tongues of flamingoes and drinking, as the classic satirist of Roman morals informs us, Falernian wine cooled with Alpine snow. So Rome, the Rome of Augustus Cæsar, fell *drunk* from its Seven Hills to be numbered among the things that were, but are no more. Thus does drunkenness figure in History.

But why not let the "dead past bury its dead," and come directly to our own Christian times and Christian peoples? Yes, peoples who disgrace the name they bear; besmear the fair image of God on their souls; dethrone reason which God Almighty seated high as a king on his throne in man's temple to rule his acts; make crooked the form that the Almighty made straight; set in sunken sockets eyes once bright

with true manhood and Christian character; cause, with dry lip and furry tongue, idiotic jargon; and, in act if not in word, sing out to God, as did the "ruined archangel," "Non serviam," I will not serve you. Thus drunkards respect passion in the place of reason,— adore their appetites, and reject their God.

Natural law, as well as the law of Christ, demands of men sobriety. The natural law tells us not only that we are men, but men bound with duties towards men; duties which God, the Author of society, as well as men who form its component parts, demand. And why should this not be so? Society confers blessings on us, and we, in turn, should return society an equivalent. We are not to live for our own happiness only, but to have our very existence a happiness to others. Society counts me one, and I owe it to society not to make her calculation a miscount, by proving myself a worthless member. Now, the drunkard is no benefit to society. On the contrary, he is a loss and a burthen. A loss! Think of the amount of time lost in drink. The London Economist estimates all the great wars of the world for the twenty-five years, between 1852 and 1877, including the Franco-Prussian, the Crimean, and the American war, at twelve billion dollars, and the costs of intoxicants during the same period, in the United States alone, at fifteen billions. From this we can form an idea of the degree of drunkenness, and the consequent loss of time. Loss of time is loss to society; therefore is the drunkard a loss to society. The drunkard is more than a loss, he is a burthen. Statistics show that "three-fourths of the expense of goals, reformatories, police-force, and asylums, is the legacy of the traffic." Here, then, is drunkenness made a burthen, which it takes millions annually to sustain. So drunkenness brings to society a loss and a burthen; nay, more; the drunkard is a scandal in society by setting an example of law-breaking to others, in making himself irresponsible, so that all laws may be broken, and every species of guilt made possible. The murderer drinks to nerve his arm, as well as to extinguish the burning conscience. The immoral drink to quaff themselves into forgetfulness of honor. All who drink do so, they will tell you, to drown sin, sorrow, and care. Fatal mistakes, cured not by the speeches of the doomed from that awful pulpit, the scaffold. Fatal mistakes, which cause men to forget that lost honor is never found in drink. Fatal mistakes, since earth's sorrows are made by drunkenness more sorrowful still; since care is increased when sin is added. Sin, more oppressive than care, makes care doubly oppressive. Sin, itself a sorrow, never destroyed a care.

Such is drunkenness in society. Narrowed by the walls of home, the picture is more revolting still. You have, doubtless, seen the children of drunkards and their homes. If the family be poor, so that the saloon-till can easily gulp their patrimony, the patches on the child's rags is only a fraction of the count of the parents' drunks. The home, if home it be, is bereft of decent furniture, while, mayhaps, hunger — cold, grim, and ghostly — throws its dark shadow on the bare, blank wall. If the children be of wealthy parents, fear of the squander,

and dread of the squanderer, seizes on wife and child. The child, poor thing! who looks vainly for what it ought to see in the parent, — example; the wife, who, once, in her youthful "fine frenzy "and grand trust, swore she would love him, aye, and has loved him and has hoped almost against hope for his conversion: though her heart is breaking that once was thrilled with love's delights; though her eyes, now aching with anxiety, which prompts her, ever and anon, to look out from the window for his return, once met the beautiful lustre of a sober man's eye; though her ears, which, in fancy, she thought would be ever filled with what Father Faber calls the "music of the world," — kind words, — now hears naught save the tripping footstep and the half-mumbled oath. Ah, call not this poetry! It is prose; too plain, alas, too true! What of a drunken mother? How the adjective drunken disagrees with the noun mother! Drunkenness, a term to be despised; mother, the term which crystallizes the truest, the holiest, and the best loves of earth. Oh, fallen man, behold the worst opponent of your misery in a drunken mother! Ah, this is too sad a theme to treat, so let us hurriedly dismiss it by saying that we would be tempted, out of love for our own mothers, to venture a falsehood and say there are no drunken mothers. Woe to drunken parents, since Holy Writ says, "Woe to him who passes his time at cups." Woe to drunken parents, for a parent bears a relation derived from, and less only, than the relation of the Creator to the child. The child respects the power of God when it obeys its parent; if, then, this power of the parent be ruined by drunkenness, what a woful tragedy of errors is introduced into the homestead! A home in its harmony should give us an idea of heaven. Happy homes are earth's heavens. The drunken husband belies his name, house-band, for, first, he pulls down his own reason, and, with it, tumble the props of home's happiness. The drunken parent disrespects himself, and, unless we have that charity for ourselves which begins and ends in character, we vainly may hope for respect from others, no matter what their relationship. Ah, drunken parents are doing the devil's work better than the devil could do it; and, if the children be angels, they are so because of angelic intervention; if they be devils, they can — horrible thought — point to the parent, and say, "There is my master and my model." Shuddering, let us pass on.

So far we have considered drunkenness in society and the family; now let us give a thought to its effects in the man. The body of man is the most perfect of all organisms. No painter has given us a perfect picture of even a human finger's beauty. Man's body is the "Temple of the Holy Ghost," and as such is a temple completely finished. Tourists go to see the Houses of Parliament in Westminster, with their fine Gothic friezes, their stately appearance, and magnificent proportions. These are captivating to the eye, until, on entering, a Gladstone takes the floor; then we forget the building in the grandeur of the man. The building is the work of man; the other the chiselled handiwork of the Creator, — THE VERY GOTHIC OF GOD. The human body was divinized in Christ's personality. Worthy, then, is it of not only care and

respect but of reverence. Now drunkenness ruins this edifice of flesh; it puts alcohol into veins that God filled with life's current; it sets a lurid flush where health should shine; it makes the eye look as if it would like to skulk from its socket, and hide itself away for very shame; it makes the voice, which otherwise would be clear and ringing, to sound muffled or harsh; it, in a word, ruins man's health. If epilepsy or insanity come not as a result of intoxication, it shortens life by destroying an appetite for proper food. What is alcohol? It is the result of a process of decay. The stomach does not digest alcohol; it cannot, since medical science tells us we digest nothing save those things which have naturally ripened or been perfected. If grain, which the sun of heaven has browned into beauty and usefulness, is made into flour, then our system from bread receives the nourishment of a starch food. If, however, the same grain is fermented, it is killed, as a food, in the process and alcohol is left. This alcohol the stomach cannot digest. The system absorbs it, so much so, indeed, that Dr. Albers, of London, Eng., distilled half a drachm of rectified spirits from a drunkard's brain. If the stomach does not digest it, we can easily infer how the constant use of intoxicants first irritates and finally destroys digestive power. So appetite goes, health as a consequence, and death comes with a twice-hurried stride to meet us.

The soul of the drunkard suffers. The drunkard's god is the drunkard's cup. In it his will-power is drowned. For it he sighs. Without it he is unhappy; yet with it he is worse than a fool; for a fool is the creature of circumstances, while the drunkard is the son of wilfulness. For drink the drunkard is willing to rob his near and dear ones, to pawn his honor, aye, to damn his soul. His memory is lost. He forgets that he came out from God, and is beckoned back to God. His judgment is impaired, for the drunkard ever looks on good advice with the suspicion that injury is offered his rights as a man. His understanding proves defective; since, knowing that he is made "little less than the angel," the man makes himself lower than the brute. Yes, the brute (as far as it is capable) pities the drunkard; for it is well known that a horse will not walk over the prostrate form of its drunken master. It is known, too, that a cow will eat laurel only once, and will never again touch the poison. Would that the drunkards of the land would rouse themselves to indignation since a cow and a horse have turned their teacher. Now, I would ask, what do you think of the popular saying, "He is a right good fellow; his only failing is, that he takes a little drop?" "Only!" As if drunkenness could be an independent vice, and not the fruitful parent of a vicious brood. Ah, many and varied are the drunkard's sins. He lays down his cup and says: "That tastes well." I now propose that he will wash the whiskey down with a cup I will fill. Drink down, O drunkard, the tears of your sorrowing mother, and say, They taste well. Drink down the blood of your poor broken-hearted wife and then say, It tastes well. Drink down the cup filled to flowing with your own sense of honor and say, It tastes well. You may say this tale is varnished; seek, then, from those concerned, the plain one. Let the drunkard ask his mother what makes

her eyes red-rimmed, and her sigh will give him a pointed answer. Let the drunkard ask his wife what has paled and furrowed her cheek, and her surprise that he did not know will be a rebuke. Let the drunkard ask his own heart what has become of God-given affections, and he will find that the blue flame of alcohol has licked dry the deepest depths of his soul's honor. And all this for what? Mayhaps to reach the golden apple of ambition. No; but to kill ambition. Maybe to reach a fortune? No; but to sink one, or prevent even the possibility of ever acquiring one. Maybe to conquer an enemy, and feel the gratification arising from a sense of victory? Not so; but to deliver himself, gagged and bound with a thousand chains by the arch-enemy of true manhood and Christian character. He slaughters all his sacred obligations for a glass of rotten liquor, and so goes staggering through life until he falls *drunk* at the foot of God's judgment seat. There let us leave him: even our prayers cannot reasonably follow him; for our prayers, like his life, might be a mockery to God.

We have not yet heard the Sacred Scriptures, "Be sober and watch!" says St. Peter. Now how will we watch the enemy of our salvation, if we do not watch ourselves? How will we conquer our enemies, if we have not first won a victory over our own corrupt passions? "The drunkard," says St. Paul, "shall not possess the land;" the Eternal Eden, where the Beatific Vision imparts rays of beauty to be woven by angelic fingers into robes of glory for the beatified. Such, briefly, are the stern and decisive judgments of Holy Writ.

Having, at some length, spoken of drunkenness itself, we will now consider the prescriptions offered as its cure. There are politicians who make "right good fellows out of themselves" by saying that they are for legislating against the very manufacture of intoxicants. Humbug! What do these words mean? They mean, that politics, which cannot point to one whom it reclaimed from drunkenness, will do an infinitely more difficult task,—reform the world. "We have," says one of those great minds that nursed the infant greatness of the Republic, "no way of judging the future but by the past." Drink has ever been manufactured, hence drink ever will be; and politics will never turn this old world, hoary in its iniquity, into the ways of grace. I think it would be a little like the old crab teaching the young one to walk straight; the whole proceeding would end in a double wabble. If drink will not be manufactured here, it will be in another state, and if neither here nor there, it will be in Europe, where there never were bruted such theories. You might as well say that you will destroy man's passions as to say you will rid the world of the objects of their gratification. One, unfortunately, supposes the other. If you would destroy man's passions, you would, with one fell stroke, destroy virtue, which is the exercise of conscience and reason against passion and sin. Such theorists as these politicians may well be said "to begin at the wrong end of the horn." You may ask, what of "Local option?" If the saloon, as local optionists hold, is an evil, keep the evil where it will be as directly as possible under the dominion of law. The very purpose of law is to restrain evil. Local option, as

shown in our neighborhood, drives one devil out of one place to put ten into another. I fail, then, to see the benefit of society from such a proceeding. Think you that you will convert a drunkard by putting the saloon out of town? That would suppose that there were no drunkards in the country. Putting the saloon outside the corporation limits, inconveniences, but does not, nor will it, convert the drunkard.

What, then, can government do, since, as a protector of society, it has a right to take measures against evils in society? *Let it begin not at the end.* Let it see that poisonous drafts are not sold to men who will drink. Drunkards claim this protection, which will lessen their guilt, for it is often not the quantity, but the quality, that make men mad. Drunkards claim this protection from murderers, the fiend whom they are fools enough to call friends. Let the government see that men, not devils, are allowed behind the saloon bar; for, if honesty is needed in every business, honor and honesty, as far as we possibly can find them in man, is needed in the saloon. This done, we will have acted like our European governments, who see to the characters of their "publicans," and bind them to act like men. This, I believe, would be a reasonable beginning; and, I believe, until this is done, no beginning of reformation in the traffic is possible.

What is the real cure for drunkenness? Conscience, and, in some cases, medicine. Let a man take the pledge, and with his will aided by God's grace, there is already an end to his vice. Catholics take the pledge in honor of our Lord's sacred thirst on Calvary. There is no promise resting on more sacred and more solemn motives. To the pledger who will brave thirst, by abstaining from death-giving draughts, Christ will give a draught of eternal life. To the pledger who makes an honest effort to rise above his miserable state, Christ will send, if necessary, all the angels of heaven as a stay and support. But let it be a pledge that we will take, and not a miserable promise, with its origin in deception, its continuance in impatience, and its end in k enness.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, in ending, I cannot forbear from expressing a prayer that drunkenness may decrease, as it is decreasing, in my native land. Ireland is under the leadership of men who love temperance. If "Ireland sober" means "Ireland free," then is she going grandly on to the goal of her grand ambitions. From America may God avert the dangers of intemperance to the body-politic, and may she fulfil, in every way, the high hopes of those, who, with tongue and pen and sword, stood by her, and saved her in the time of her birth, as well as later in the period of her chastisement. May she be, in every sense, the home of freemen, aiding religion by her legislation to save those who would otherwise count themselves out of the roll of freemen, by making themselves slaves, — worse than those who stood on blocks in Southern marts, — slaves of the passion of Intemperance.

NOTE. — More than one-half of the audience, before whom this lecture was delivered, were of the Methodist denomination.

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LABOR has its pains, but it also has its rewards; it preserves us from indolence, the source of so many evils.

# Irish Home Rule and Culture.

**How the Arts and Industries of Ireland will revive under Home Government.**

SHOULD the hoped-for "re-organization of the British Empire" include "Home Rule" for Ireland, with representation in the Imperial Parliament, not the least interesting of the phenomena following it in Ireland will be the revival of national culture, especially in fine and industrial art. Travellers in Switzerland, in Germany, in Italy, in France, and in Belgium, are perplexed in the museums by Gaelic manuscripts, many of them delicately illuminated, concerning which the custodians or catalogues make scant explanation. At Oxford and in the British Museum, in various public and private collections in Dublin, are beautiful evidences that the arts of design were early associated with the classical and sacred volumes which the Irish scholars, driven from their native haunts, carried away with them. In decorative art, in architecture, in sculpture, and in the manipulation of metals, Ireland has an obscured history that makes more pathetic her long intellectual death. While Western Europe sank into darkness, a twilight of learning and of art actively prevailed in Ireland; but when the glory of the Renaissance gradually spread over the Continent and extended its mild radiance to England, war and penal statutes had destroyed the vestiges of culture in Ireland.

Her churches, ark-shaped, with plain or twisted pillars and round-headed windows in incised mouldings — with interiors in which simple dignity is warmed by modest ornament; her bells and bell shrines; her chalices and crosiers; her book-covers and bookcases, showing that her artists were expert in filigree and in damasking, in repousse and enamel, both cloisonne and champleves; her belfries, towers, and duns; her clasp and mosaics, glass engraving and gem mounting, of which authentic examples are cherished illustrating the skill of the country from the fifth century to the fourteenth — all serve only to make more deplorable the decadence of a people whom penal laws so depressed, that, when the present monarch reached the throne, three-fourths of the natives could neither read nor write. The sturdy commercial industry of Ireland, which appeared during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, had been as ruthlessly destroyed by statutes scientifically contrived in the interest of English rivals. To-day the shops of the Irish cities are filled with the manufactures of English towns. There is no considerable native production, except linen. All the arts of design have long been dead.

The happiest as well as the most trustworthy symptom in the Home Rule movement is that its growth has been parallel with the resuscitation of intelligence. The penal laws expired in 1829. The national schools were officially opened in 1832. With a population of seven million, the enrollment was only one hundred thousand, so long were the masses of the people accustomed to the conviction that education was felonious. Each succeeding decade has found the enrollment increased; and when it now reaches its maximum of

more than one million in a population of less than five million — the highest in proportion to population of all countries, not even excepting our own — the demand for Home Rule is found also at its maximum. More than three-fourths of the representatives chosen to speak for Ireland in Westminster have cast, for three years, a solid vote for the restoration of the National Legislature. That this demand will be acceded to no student of the English mode of dealing with modern political problems can doubt. The feud, — political, religious, ethical, — that has raged for centuries, will cease. Good-will will become a habit of the English and Irish people towards each other. With the fixity of that habit we may look with confidence for the revival of culture in Ireland, which will be found especially attractive in fine and industrial art.

Since the abolition of the Irish Parliament, in 1800, there has been no native authority for the appropriation of revenue. During the same period, England has become thoroughly aroused to the necessity of encouraging science and art. Availing herself of the fifty thousand volumes, and the hundreds of cases of natural history left by Hans Sloane, a native of Ireland, she founded the British Museum. Later in the century, she spent half a million dollars on the National Gallery, and has annually bestowed upon it a liberal allowance. The South Kensington Museum, the National Portrait Gallery, and the India Museum are all of comparatively recent origin, and have cost the treasury millions for their foundation and support. Museums of art have been opened in the provincial towns, supported in part by corporate, in part by private, and in part, indirectly, by parliamentary aid. The effect of Kensington, and other training schools, upon the industry of England has been such that last year a leading French authority cried out that, if France did not bestir herself, England would take from her the markets of the world, which the superior technics and taste of the French designers have monopolized for a century, or since the establishment of art schools throughout France. Parliament expended last year upon the science and art of England nearly five million dollars, and upon science and art in Ireland, less than three hundred thousand dollars, one-half of this being only for buildings. Would not an Irish Parliament deal more wisely with Irish art and Irish manufactures?

England has used Irish talent for her own profit with sagacity and success. Her art owes much to James Barry and Sir Martin Shee,— neither a first-class painter, but both admirable instructors and critics. When the Queen makes her progress to open or to prorogue Parliament she passes through a national gallery the sides of which are frescoed by Maclise. In music, Ireland claims Balfe and Wallace. In philosophy, Boyle and Berkeley, Thompson and Tyndall, are hers. Moore obtained no attention until he turned his dulcet lyre to praise a Prince of Wales; and Lecky is popularly classified as English with as little hesitation as a Burke, a Sheridan, a Goldsmith, a Philip Francis. There is a spurious and a lofty patriotism. There is a true and a false nationalism. It ought to be possible for the genius of the Irish people

to express its individuality, as it was possible for that of Greece, for that of Venice; and that individuality is as genuine and characteristic as we believe American nationality to be. Under the beneficent operation of Home Rule, and the permanent adjustment of the relations of England and Ireland on a political basis of justice and mutual friendship, we shall see the arts and industries of Ireland flourishing, encouraged by her own Legislature; and her men and women of genius, no longer expatriated, working with love and confidence upon the noblest problems of her destiny.

MARGARET F. SULLIVAN, in December Century.

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# Hewitt's Catholic Organ.

IN last week's issue of the Buffalo Catholic Union that sterling patriot priest, the Rev. Patrick Cronin, says:

"It is difficult to determine how any man with Irish blood in his veins, or Irish sympathy in his heart, can vote for Hewitt, the Know-Nothing."

In the press, at least, the poll was certain on this point; for from Maine to California there is not a single Irish-American or Catholic paper but one that dared to affront its readers by an advocacy of Hewitt's election. This exception, to the honor of our race be it said, is not Irish. The only paper thus appealing to Irish-American and Catholic readers is owned and run by Mr. Herman Ridder as an English annex to his German Katholisches Volksblatt, and is called the Catholic News. To Mr. Ridder's German ignorance of the depth of Irish resentment against Mr. Hewitt's Know-Nothing insults to the race, it is fair to ascribe the course he has taken in thinking that the parade of a list of office-holders with Celtic names, or a reference to what Mr. Hewitt may have said years ago, is sufficient to gloss over his present outrageous insults. James Carey, the dead Dublin informer, was once a trusted Nationalist; yet few critics would try to counterbalance that reputation against his present infamy. And so with Mr. Hewitt. The course of Mr. Ridder's English annex, of his German Catholic weekly, has drawn out an indignant letter from that grand old Irish-American Democrat, whom all honor and esteem so highly, Eugene Kelly, of New York.

Weekly Catholic, Troy, N. Y.

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THE health of ex-empress Eugenie is good with the exception of the rheumatic affection that has troubled her for years, and that impels her to seek annually the counsels and care of one of the great physicians of Amsterdam. She is wealthy, and in growing old she has grown penurious, so that her heirs, the children of her sister, the Duchess of Alba, will probably inherit one day an immense fortune.

# "Missing Girls:" A Moral.

An article appeared in a New-York paper recently under the head of "Missing Girls." In the course of the story many reasons were given by gentlemen, at the head of various charitable institutions, of the whereabouts of these girls, and how many there were who come under this head — "Missing Girls." What sadness these words mean at the home of the missing one! Perhaps a father, mother, sister, or brother are left grief-stricken, bewailing the loss of the beloved one, who often has been the sunshine of the house. What terrible thoughts are anticipated! Impossible to tell where she has gone or when she may return. Death may have overtaken the missing, or perhaps something worse. Greater must the grief be and more alarming to the imagination when the lost one is a girl. Everything is possible then and the contemplations must be dreadful. Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in New York city, said that "there were thirty thousand bad women in the city. He said his calculation was well based. He sorrowfully asserted that the American people were deteriorating, and instanced the numerous divorces all over the country. He came to the conclusion that our public-school system was answerable for this. It was a huge political machine. The only remedy was going back to the time-honored system of teaching religion in the schools. The new generation was growing up godless and immoral, highly educated, but to no purpose. Mr. Gerry said that unless this important question was soon taken up the nation would perceptibly feel the evil effects of the want of some religious training in the public schools."

This statement coming from a man, in a position to know whereof he speaks, is a very startling one, and whether he meant it or no, he has only verified what the Catholic priests of Boston have been endeavoring to have the people understand, "that the public-school system was answerable for this," and that "the only remedy was going back to the time-honored system of teaching religion in the schools. The new generation was growing up godless and immoral, highly educated, but to no purpose."

It is all very well, and sounds very nice, to have a full-grown Catholic, a pupil of the public schools, give as his reason for being opposed to parochial schools, that *he* was all right, and as sound in his religion as if he were a parochial-school pupil. He is one of the minority. It is the majority of the public-school pupils who are relax in their religious duties, and guilty of what surely follows, immorality and other sins.

Those professing to be Catholics should not join with those fanatics who have aroused in Boston so much hard feeling of late by their dirty thrusts and sinister charges at the Catholic Church. If these cheap talkers despise Catholics, why should they oppose the teaching of Catholic children in parochial schools? There can be but one answer. It is because they fear that children educated this way will grow up

and continue as long as they live, Catholics, in all that that word implies. The poor children especially, who are poor often because of negligent parents, receive little, if any, influence at home. At the public schools they receive no moral training, and is it any wonder, with such a state of things existing, that that child grows up professing still to be a Catholic, but who probably will not see a priest until on his death-bed, and, perhaps, not then? How many children are kept from Sunday-School, because they have no clothes? no boots? Lots of them! Will these children grow up good Catholics? Some may, but the majority will fall by the wayside. No matter how much education a man receives, without moral training, he is a beast. "What profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The girl educated in the parochial school receives a training that will embark her in safety over the wide world. Nothing can happen her, go where she will. She has that training so deeply rooted within her that no temptation can cause her to stoop to sin. She will never be numbered among the "Missing Girls." This is what a parochial education will do for any boy or girl who is taken hold of in time.

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## The Year 1889.

### Centennial Celebration of the Organization of the Catholic Church in America.

THE year 1889 is the centenary year of the Catholic Church as an organized body in the United States. Nov. 6, 1789, the American hierarchy was founded by the creation of the bishopric of Baltimore and the appointment thereto of the Rt. Rev. John Carroll, S. J. The centenary of that event will be magnificently celebrated in Baltimore. But earlier in the year comes another centenary, that of Georgetown College of the Jesuits. It will be honored with a three days' celebration, beginning Feb. 20 and closing on Washington's birthday. There is a peculiar fitness in this coincidence of dates, for Washington was a devoted friend of Georgetown college, and his interest in it was handed down in his family for four generations.

Two of his grand nephews, Augustine and Bushrod Washington, were students there in 1793; George, son of the younger Bushrod, in 1830; and Henry, son of Lawrence Washington of Virginia, in 1834. The Jesuits had an earlier American school than Georgetown, the first, indeed, of which we have record in the English colonies of America. It was at the junction of the Great and Little Bohemian rivers, and was called Bohemia academy. One of their first pupils was John Carroll, afterward first bishop of Baltimore.

Cardinal Gibbons, ninth in succession from its pioneer bishop in the see of Baltimore, will preside at Georgetown's centenary, and as large a representation as possible of the American episcopate and priesthood will gather at that place of hallowed memories to rejoice with the Society of Jesus that has given to the American church its first bishop and countless other blessings.

# The Suppression of the Jesuits by Pope Clement XIV.

THE Jesuits are always a burning question. The warfare upon the Society is perennial, determined, and never-ending. It is said that the holy founder of the Society, St. Ignatius Loyola, prayed that the Society might never cease to be persecuted, and the facts of history for the last two hundred years serve to confirm the conviction that the prayer was a prophecy which is quite likely to be fulfilled. Even in our own enlightened age, when "men run to and fro and knowledge is increased," and when the progress of light and liberty has served to soften the prejudices and liberalize the minds of all intelligent, right-thinking people, there is a remnant of bigots (a race, by the way, which never dies out) who seem determined to do their utmost in the fulfilment of the prayer of St. Ignatius by keeping up the agitation and perpetuating the persecution of the Society.

In the assaults of these determined enemies of the Society, there is, perhaps, no more plausible and telling argument, none upon which the changes are more constantly and persistently rung, than the fact of their expulsion, at different times, from several countries of Europe, and especially their final suppression by Pope Clement XIV., in 1773. Indeed, so constantly and perseveringly has this been represented by these enemies of the Society, as convincing evidence of the corruption and dangerous character of the Jesuits, that the mass of the people, who are unacquainted with the facts of history, are easily persuaded to believe it, and there is too much reason to fear that even many Catholics are stumbled by the fact that the suppression was effected by the Pope, to whose decisions, even outside the sphere of his infallibility, they are accustomed to assent almost without question; and they cannot resist the impression that there must have been something radically wrong about the Society, or the Pope never would have resorted to such an extreme measure.

What, then, was the real reason for the suppression of the Jesuits? In one word, it was the choice between two evils, which had been forced upon Clement by a powerful and unscrupulous political combination, the least of which evils seemed to him to be the suppression of the Society. In other words, it was a measure extorted from an unwilling Pope, who was friendly to the Jesuits and had no confidence in their traducers, to save France, Spain, and Portugal from following the example of England, by throwing off their allegiance to the head of the church, thereby apostatizing from the faith and driving the whole church in those kingdoms into all the untold evils of schism. The history of the machinations by which this melancholy result was brought about, constitutes one of the saddest, most deplorable passages in the history of nations.

The spirit of the age was favorable to such a scheme. Two hundred years' experience of the blessings of the "glorious Reformation" had developed a sad condition in the religious world. The spirit of Protestantism had pervaded society to such an extent that faith in Christianity had been very generally undermined, especially among

the aristocracy and the leading influential politicians and officials of state. The masses were still Catholic, and the reigning monarchs of the Bourbon type (of unsavory memory) were nominally Catholic; the Catholic religion was the religion of the state; but, unfortunately, the monarchs were weak men, and were all under the control of prime ministers who were ambitious, unscrupulous, and in sympathy with the infidel philosophy of the age. Aranda, Prime Minister of Charles III. of Spain, Choiseul of Louis XV. of France, and Pombal of Joseph I. of Portugal, were all members of an infidel oligarchy which, at that period, really dominated Europe, and they were all jealous of the church, and bent on her destruction. With a keen appreciation of the best means of accomplishing their object, they waged an exterminating war on the Society of Jesus. Without conscience or scruple, they used the basest means to destroy the Society, because its members were the most able and the most constant defenders of religion and the church. The history of their infernal machinations to destroy the Order, root and branch, and to expel them from all their countries, is simply a history of infamy of the deepest dye, and the only reason why the conduct of these men is not universally condemned and held up for the execration of mankind by all historians and writers on the subject, is the fact that party bias leads Protestants, if not actually to justify and sympathize with them, at least to extenuate and apologize for their sins, by representing them as having been the authors of great reforms in church and state.

Louis XV. of France, all the world knows, and all the world knew at the time, to the great scandal of the government and people, was governed by his mistresses. The notorious courtesan, the Marquise de Pompadour, hated the Jesuits because they would not countenance, in any shape, the immoral relation subsisting between her and the king, and she used all her powerful influence against them. She was backed by a combination of all the elements of opposition to revealed religion, and the purity of public morals. The whole party of Encyclopedists, free thinkers, and infidels of every stripe were naturally their enemies. The remnant of the Jansenist party longed to be revenged on them for their able defence of Catholic truth, in opposition to their insidious errors, which had been condemned by the Holy Office. As usual, the Society was misrepresented, reviled, and accused of all sorts of crimes. The Duke de Choiseul, who was in sympathy with the free-thinkers, was not at all backward in pressing their suit with his royal master, and, in November, 1764, Louis XV. confirmed the edict of Parliament by which the Jesuit colleges were closed, and about four thousand of the Fathers, in the most cruel and heartless manner, were compelled to leave France.

Aranda, in Spain, who had acquired complete control over the king, Charles III., labored with unceasing diligence and unrelenting hostility to destroy the Society throughout the Spanish dominions. Some idea of the means employed for the accomplishment of this end may be formed from the fact that forged letters were at times circulated, purporting to have been written by the General of the Jesuits in Rome to the Spanish provincial, containing sentiments of the most offensive and dangerous character. One of those letters ordered the provincial to

stir up insurrection among the people; and, at another time, a letter was placed under the king's eyes, purporting to have been written by Father Ricci, the General of the Order, but which the Duke de Choiseul, the French Prime Minister, was accused of fabricating, announcing that he, the General, had succeeded in collecting documents which incontestably proved that Charles III. was the offspring of adultery. This absurd invention made such an impression on the mind of the king, and so incensed him against the Society, that he at last determined upon their expulsion.

But perhaps the most active, determined, and unscrupulous agent for the destruction of the Society was the infamous Pombal, Prime Minister of Joseph I. of Portugal. This notorious and unprincipled schemer had spent some time in London as Portuguese ambassador, and had imbibed sentiments in sympathy with the Protestantism of the English Church establishment. Having returned home, and being, after some time, elevated to the premiership, he determined to attempt the reformation of the church, after the English plan, throughout the Portuguese dominions. It is probable that he had very little faith himself of any kind; but the mass of the people being still Catholic, he was obliged to act with caution, and hence his whole proceedings were veiled under a thinly-disguised hypocrisy. In pursuance of his nefarious measures he saw the necessity of attacking the Jesuits, and, if possible, of expelling them from the kingdom. Hence, under hypocritical professions of a desire to reform the Society of Jesus, he petitioned the Holy Father, Benedict XIV., for a brief of authorization to proceed against them. For this purpose, he caused his agents at the Vatican to present to the Holy Father, certain documents, carefully prepared, and full of the most outrageous and barefaced lies, charging the Jesuits with the most infamous crimes. Benedict was on his deathbed. In his heart he did not believe the representations made to him. He had too much reason to know, or at least to suspect, the designs of the men who were clamoring for the reformation of a Society which had always been the most efficient agent in the reformation of the people. He did not know, indeed, but that individuals might have been guilty of conduct inconsistent with the spirit and principles of the Order, though even of this he had no satisfactory evidence. Yet so earnestly and persistently did these heartless agents press their suit upon the dying Pope, that he, at length, felt compelled to yield to their demands, though not till he had, as he supposed, carefully guarded against the possibility of injustice being done. He was careful in his brief to insist upon their having a fair and impartial trial, and he laid great stress on the necessity of the inquiry being made in such a manner that the innocent should not be made to suffer with the guilty, if, indeed, any guilty should be found, which the whole tenor of the brief showed he was unwilling to believe.

Professedly acting under the authority of this brief, Pombal, instead of instituting a formal inquiry, proceeded at once — in fact, before the brief was properly authenticated — to condemn the Society without trial and without the slightest particle of evidence. It is not necessary here to repeat all the outrageous cruelties perpetrated by this remorseless tyrant, this second Henry VIII., in order to accom-

plish his nefarious purposes; his attacks on the leading Catholic aristocracy who stood in the way of the successful carrying out of hi designs; the moral certainty that he concocted the celebrated schems of assassination in which innocent men and women were implicated, by suborned witnesses, and, finally, as an after-thought, the including of the Jesuits in the general charge, and incarcerating them without trial; his cruel, heartless murder of men and women of high position and spotless reputation. Nor need we recall that most infamous and painful transaction, the ruthless destruction by Pombal of the Jesuit missions of Paraguay, the "Reductions," as they were called, in which those devoted Fathers, with incredible labor, patience, and sacrifices for two hundred years, had succeeded in redeeming thousands of savages from barbarism, and forming them into intelligent, peaceful, and prosperous Christian communities, all, with a heartless cruelty, not exceeded by savages themselves, sacrificed to the wicked caprice of a tyrant, who had sworn the destruction of the Society, and who never rested till he had expelled the whole Order from the Portuguese dominions. That act stands out in bold relief, as one of the blackest pages in the history of the world, and furnishes infallible evidence of the infamous character of the man who was the principal agent in the final suppression of the Jesuits by Clement XIV.

Among these innocent men, driven from the Portuguese dominions, as well as from France and Spain, some were feeble with infirmities of age, or weakened by disease and hard service in laboring for the good of their kind; others were youthful postulants, many of them from aristocratic families, in which they had been brought up in luxury and ease. Yet, with a heroic self-denial and determination worthy of martyrs, all endured the horrors of the middle passage on shipboard as they were transported to Italy, where hundreds of them were landed and thrown upon the charity of the Holy Father and their friends, in the most absolute destitution and even squalor, having been deprived not only of all their earthly possessions, but even of decent clothing and sufficient food.

Choiseul, Aranda, and Pombal had their agents in Rome, who were laboring with unceasing diligence and pertinacity to influence the Sovereign Pontiff against the Society of Jesus. Unfortunately, there were not wanting in those days unworthy ecclesiastics who had been corrupted by power and place, and who were employed as tools for the accomplishment of the designs of their ambitious masters. These men had been forced upon the Holy Father against his will, and he could not get rid of them. They had neither conscience nor principle, and they knew, for they were given distinctly to understand, that their favor with their masters, and their ultimate reward, would depend upon the degree of their success in influencing the Pope. These men were aided in their disreputable work by the Jansenists, the open and declared enemies of the Jesuits, who, notwithstanding their condemnation by the Holy Office, still sought, by subterfuge, hypocrisy, and chicanery, to carry their point. Their agents at Rome were men of ability and extraordinary *finesse*, and they were backed by a powerful influence from the strongholds of the heresy, especially in France.

This strong combination of able and determined men had tried

their hand with Clement XIII., who succeeded Benedict XIV., in the Papal chair; but he was firm and unyielding, and though they made his life miserable by their importunities, their slanderous falsehoods and misrepresentations, and though they threatened all sorts of evils to the church, unless he yielded to their unholy demands, he remained immovable and loyal to the Society to the last. When the Spanish Government, through the most iniquitous means, succeeded in banishing the Jesuits from all the Spanish dominions, including the Spanish possessions in the New World, Pope Clement XIII. appealed to the infatuated king in favor of the Society. His Holiness called God to witness that "the body, the institution, the spirit of the Society of Jesus were innocent; that it was pious, useful, and holy in its object."

On the 19th of May, 1769, Cardinal Ganganelli was elected Pope under the title of Clement XIV. He was a friend of the Jesuits, and had been appointed Cardinal by their recommendation. All the agencies of evil which failed with Clement XIII. were set to work, with an energy stimulated by disappointment, to accomplish their object with the new Pope. The majority of the Sacred College was completely in favor of the Jesuits, and the Pope, when he began to yield to the resistless force of the arguments that were brought to bear upon him, finding that his natural counsellors remained firm and unshaken in their opinions, became isolated and had to withstand alone a pressure of most extraordinary and terrible character. His Holiness desired to gain time, and writing to Louis XV. of France, candidly says: "I can neither censure nor abolish an institute which has been commended by nineteen of my predecessors. Still less can I do so since it has been confirmed by the Council of Trent, for, according to your French maxim, the General Council is above the Pope. If it be so desired, I will call together a General Council of the Church, in which everything shall be fully and fairly discussed, for and against." But this was just what the infidel ministers did not want, for they knew very well that they would stand a much better chance of coercing the Pope into compliance than of influencing a council of bishops who, to a man, were in favor of the Society. They would brook no delay. In the most importunate manner they declared that the king of Spain had become so excited, that he would lose his reason unless he obtained a formal promise that the Society should be suppressed. Threats were made that kingdoms would throw off their allegiance to the church unless the prayer was granted, and these threats certainly had some significance when we call to mind the political system of Europe, which allowed the masses of the people to be ruled and kept down by a corrupt and tyrannical oligarchy. The example of England, forced into schism by the reckless tyrant, Henry VIII., stood out as a warning of what might occur again if some concession were not made to the combination of tyrants who were now really laboring for the same end, and who were determined on the suppression of the Jesuits — the Pope's body-guard, as they were called — as the most effective mode of storming the castle itself and carrying the citadel of the church by assault.

It is a fact worthy of note that, in this unholy and disgraceful warfare upon the Jesuits, two nations stood aloof and gave the suppressed

Order the benefit of their countenance and support. These were Prussia and Russia. Frederick II., of Prussia, though himself a Protestant, or rather an infidel, and in sympathy with the free-thinking philosophers of the time, knew well that the Jesuits were not only perfectly innocent of the charges brought against them, but were among the foremost and best defenders of social order which had revealed religion for its principal support. He knew that the infidels of Europe were merely hastening the revolution by attacking the Jesuits, and, therefore, declined to join in the persecution of men who were really the firmest supporters of constitutional authority. He was in constant correspondence with the infidel philosophers, and on one occasion wrote to D'Alambert: "What progress has your boasted philosophy made? You will reply, we have expelled the Jesuits. I admit it; but I can prove to you that it was pride, private revenge, cabals, and, in fact, self-interest, that accomplished the work."

Again, writing from Potsdam to his agent in Rome in 1773, the year of the suppression, he says that in the treaty of Breslau, he had guaranteed the *status quo* of the Catholic religion, and he had never found better priests in every respect than the Jesuits. "I am determined," he says, "to retain them in my states."

To the eternal credit of the Empress of Russia, she not merely approved of the Society, but she gave the strictest orders that it was to remain in her dominions. She saw the folly of persecuting the staunch friends of the throne and the Altar, and when they were expelled from other countries they were invited to her dominions, and remained there unsuppressed.

But the agents of Satan seemed to be inspired with diabolical hatred, and with an invincible determination to succeed, and they pressed their suit with such insolence and brutal disregard of the feelings of the Holy Father that he at length felt compelled to yield, not because he thought it was right in itself, not that he had lost confidence in the Jesuits, not because he approved of his own action, but simply to avoid what he was made to believe would be a greater evil. Not only were threats used that kingdoms would throw off their allegiance to the church; but in 1772 the Spanish Ambassador determined to terrify the Pope into submission, and with extraordinary pertinacity bullied the Holy See by this solemn warning on a certain occasion in public audience: "Beware, lest my master, the king, approve the project which has been entertained by more than one court, the suppression of all the religious orders! If you would save them, do not confound their cause with that of the Jesuits."—"Ah," replied the Pontiff, "I have for a long time thought that this was what they were aiming at. They seek even more—the entire destruction of the Catholic religion—schism, perhaps heresy, such are their secret designs." "This conversation," remarks the historian,* "raises the veil and shows that the abolition of the Jesuits was merely considered expedient for fear of greater evils. The Vicar of Christ was placed in a dilemma of the most grave and difficult character. He neither censured the Society, nor believed in the absurd calumnies launched against it; but, administering the affairs of the church, considered it advisable to bow

* The History of the Society of Jesus, by A. Wilmot, F.R.G.S. Burns & Oates, London: Catholic Pub. Society Co., New York.

temporarily to the storm for fear of greater injury to faith and morals which might be the sequence of another line of conduct."

And here it is worthy of remark that no Bull of Suppression was issued, but merely the brief, "*Dominus ac Redemptor Noster*," which could be revoked at any time without difficulty, and was not binding on the Pope's successors. The usual formalities for its publication and canonical execution were not observed, and the bishops were not commanded, but merely recommended, to notify the contents of the brief to those concerned.

At length, on the 21st of July, 1773, it is said that the Pope exclaimed in a tone of deep sorrow: "The bells of the Gesú are not ringing for the Saints, they are tolling for the dead." On the same day His Holiness affixed his signature to the brief suppressing the Society. Cardinal Pacca tells us, in his memoirs, that after Clement XIV. had affixed his signature he dashed the document to one side, cast the pen to the other, and from that moment was demented. The awful pressure, and the extreme anxiety to do what was best under the circumstances of most fearful difficulty, had unhinged the mind of the Pope. He was sane only at intervals, and then deplored with excessive grief the misfortunes of the church of which he had been the very unwilling instrument.

And what spirit did the Fathers of the Society manifest under this crushing blow? If they were such terrible agitators, such dangerous plotters and schemers, such enemies of the human race as they were represented to be, we should naturally look for some resistance on their part. Not so, however. On the 16th of August, 1773, we are told, a prelate, accompanied by soldiers and agents of the police, gave notice to the Fathers at the Gesú of the suppression of the Society throughout the world, and on the 22d of September following Father Ricci, the General; Fr. Canelli, Secretary General; Frs. Le Forestier, Gautier, and Faur were confined in the Castle of St. Angelo. They were simply seized without trial, in violation of all law and justice, and cast into prison, where Fr. Ricci, who was a saintly as well as learned man, died in 1775 at the age of seventy-two, solemnly declaring before God and His Holy Angels, after having received the last Sacraments, that the Society of Jesus had given no cause for suppression, and that he had given no cause for his own imprisonment. At the same time he did not attach any guilt to those who injured the Society, and forgave them most earnestly from his heart. This was the spirit of the Society everywhere. It was their spirit, when unjustly and cruelly expelled from Spain, France, and Portugal. It was quite notorious that in Portugal the Jesuits had only to signify their approval of revolution, and wide extended insurrection would have been the result. The missions of Paraguay embraced a large number of trained and disciplined soldiers, with arms and ammunition, and a word from the Jesuits would have placed them in an attitude of hostility which it would have cost millions of money and thousands of lives to subdue. Indeed, the Fathers incurred the displeasure and lost the confidence of their converts by their persevering efforts to induce them to submit to the outrageously cruel decree of Pombal.

Being dispersed by the brief suppression, these devoted men, thus

violently wrenched from the associate life which had become a second nature, and was so dear to them — now a scattered flock — still labored for the greater glory of God, and were distinguished everywhere as men of science and skilful educators of youth. Throughout the civilized world the members of the order, instead of showing resentment and making trouble, achieved triumphs in literature, in science, and in the pulpit. They were ready to serve wherever they could do good, and when the time of their restoration came, they were everywhere greeted with the most enthusiastic welcome.

A striking incident, illustrating the true spirit of the Society, is related in Albert Weld's Suppression of the Society of Jesus in the Portuguese Dominions.

On the death of Joseph I., and the accession of his daughter Maria, Pombal, who had added to his many other crimes by intriguing, though happily unsuccessfully, to deprive the lawful heir to the throne of her rights, had been disgraced, tried for his life, and condemned; but the sentence, through the clemency of the queen, had been commuted to banishment to the confines of his own estate in Coimbra-Pombal, as it was called. "The first city," says the writer alluded to, "which opened its gates to the Jesuits, after their return into the diocese of Coimbra, was Pombal, the place where the minister of that name was exiled and died. Strange to say, for fifty years the remains of this persecutor of the Society had been allowed to remain unburied in a chapel on the Pombal estate, and, as if by a special interposition of Divine Providence, those remains had been doomed to lie unburied till Mass had been said over them by a Father of the Society of Jesus," a truly Christian revenge, as the writer justly remarks, and furnishing a touching, practical illustration of the command: "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate and persecute you." The Mass was celebrated by Father Du Vaux, who, in a letter written March 6, 1832, gave the following graphic description of the scene: "We were received with the ringing of bells, complimented and led in triumph by the arch-priest, accompanied by his clergy. The church where two of our Fathers went to say Mass was magnificently illuminated as on the greatest solemnities. As for myself, moved by a religious sentiment which it is impossible to express, I had slipped away with a Father and a Brother before meeting with the good Curé, and had run off to the church of the Franciscans, to pray at the tomb of the Marquis. But the unfortunante man had no tomb. At a little distance from the high altar we found a bier covered by a miserable pall, which the Father Guardian of the convent told us was his. It had waited in vain for the honors of sepulture from the 5th of May, 1782. . . . I can say, then, in all truth, that after more than half a century of proscription, the first step of the Society, on its solemn return to Coimbra, was to celebrate an anniversary Mass, in the presence of the body, for the repose of the soul of him who had proscribed it, and in the place where he passed the last years of his life, disgraced, exiled, and condemned to death. What a series of events was necessary to lead to this! I left Pombal scarcely sure if this were a dream or a reality. The presence of the coffin; the name of Sebastian pronounced in the prayer; the sound of all the bells of the parish celebrating the return

of the Society, and all this at the same time! I fully believe that this impression will never be effaced from my heart."

Such is Jesuit revenge; such the spirit that the Society has always manifested, for they have learned it at the foot of the cross of their Master and great Exemplar, and we may well apply to them the language of the great Apostle to the Gentiles: "For we preach not ourselves, but Jesus Christ our Lord, and ourselves your servants through Jesus. In all things we suffer tribulation, but are not distressed; we are straitened, but not destitute; we suffer persecution, but are not forsaken; we are cast down, but we perish not. Always bearing about in our body the mortification of Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our bodies."

H. L. R., in American Catholic Quarterly.

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## Is Marriage a Failure?

SINCE the famous letter of Mrs. Mona Caird, which appeared sometime since, on "Is Marriage a Failure?" the subject has been treated in magazines, newspapers, reviews, etc., not alone in England, but all over Europe, so that it has occurred to me that we might consider the matter. "Is Marriage a Failure?" Certainly not. Marriage is a Divine institution and cannot be a failure; but, like everything else, it can be made a failure in certain cases. So can the Blessed Sacrament be made a failure by many people. So can all the Sacraments be made failures; but what is the cause? The cause is to be found in ourselves. Why do so many marriages prove what some people chose to designate as failures? I shall tell you. The parties do not, before marriage, proceed in a proper manner, with the necessary dispositions for so holy a Sacrament. Do not many also commit grievous sin, whilst preparing for marriage, instead of entering into the marriage in a pure and unsullied state? What can be expected from such marriages, commenced in sin, and sure to go on in sin? But let these about to enter the married state, proceed about this solemn duty in a true religious sense, seeking a proper partner for that which may be a long union. Every one has a will of his own, the wife as well as the husband, and one must give way to the other. Both have equal rights, and they should be respected, and both should be consulted on the domestic relations of the household. The temper of each may be tried, but this should be borne with. Husbands should not domineer over their wives, and wives should not scold their husbands. If it should unfortunately happen that a husband comes home drunk, the wife should not scold him at the time, but wait until he gets sober, and then she should not scold, but speak to him of her love for him, and praise and extol his other virtues, and point out quietly the misery he is likely to bring on himself and his household. This done in a quiet, loving way will do more to win the erring husband than all the scolding possible. Husband and wife should pray together. They ought to make it a rule to approach the sacraments together at least once a month. If they go on in this manner, there will be a complete answer, in the negative, to the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?"

REV. FATHER CAREY, in the Catholic Review.

# A Valiant Woman.

## The Late Mrs. Ellen Ewing Sherman.

"She had sympathy and solace for those in misfortune, was charitable to the poor. In her own household a pattern of domestic virtue. Her children rose up and called her blessed."

THESE lines were written by the late Hon. Thomas Ewing to be inscribed on the monument of his wife, the mother of the late Mrs. Gen. Sherman, who died Feb. 20th, 1864.

I know no lines more appropriate to express my profound respect for the memory of a lady who, on a hundred occasions or more signed herself to me, "Ever your sincere friend, Ellen Ewing Sherman."

She was the eldest daughter of the late venerable Secretary of the Treasury, and first Secretary of the Interior, Hon. Thomas Ewing, and Maria Boyle, daughter of the late Hugh Boyle, Lancaster, Ohio, who married, late in the last century, Mary Doherty, of Donegal, Ireland.

Mrs. Sherman's father was the son of a New Jersey revolutionary soldier, Capt. George Ewing, who mortgaged his property for eight thousand dollars and lent it to the government, and after six years and a half in the army, he returned to find his estate all gone, and received "Continental pictures" not worth ten cents on the dollar. In reduced circumstances he removed to West Liberty, Ohio County, Va., where his son Thomas was born in 1789.

The Ewings were originally from the north of Ireland. I once, however, found the first edition, — the Garrick edition — of *Junius Letters*, and now in possession of Mrs. Sherman's family, bearing the following: "Printed by Thomas Ewing, Dublin, 1783." There are many of the name in the capital of Ireland.

On the seventh day of January, 1820, Thomas Ewing and Maria Boyle were united in marriage by the Rev. Father Young, nephew of the late Bishop Fenwick, and in the early part of October, 1871 —a few weeks before his death — he was received into the Catholic Church by his life-long friend, the late Archbishop Purcell.

His children at his death were Mrs. Maria E. Steele, Mrs. Gen. W. T. Sherman, Gens. Thomas Philemon, Hugh, and Charles Ewing. The latter died lately at Washington.

In the summer of 1850, in the presence of Gen. Taylor, the President of the United States, and his Cabinet, the deceased was married to her father's protegé, whom she had known since he was thirteen years of age, Lieut. W. T. Sherman, U. S. A.

There was born to them eight children: William T. and Charles C., dead; Mrs. Minnie S. Fitch, Miss Lizzie, Mrs. Ellen S. Tackara, Miss Rachel, Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S. J., and Philip Tecumseh Sherman.

I first met Mrs. Sherman at a charity fair in December, 1870, at Washington, D. C., got up for the benefit of the Woman's Hospital. Since then I have seen her in her own home in Washington. Our correspondence was uninterrupted for almost sixteen years, and then only because she was in impaired health.

From the first time I saw her to the last I always cherished her kindly manner, simplicity, and broad intelligence. I was glad, of course, to know her, because I had been an officer in the army in which her illustrious husband was a general, and was encamped within a few miles of him when he lost his eldest son in the summer of 1862.

As a Catholic, too, who was intimately known to cherished friends of her in the West; I was glad, also, because long before I ever saw her I had heard of her piety and sweet humility from the lips of venerable ecclesiastics, who had known her from childhood, and held her in great and merited regard.

The celebrated March to the Sea, or "Marching through Georgia," began towards the beginning of December, 1864, under the command of her husband, Major-General W. T. Sherman. When he started he left an infant son, Charles C., in the arms of his wife, five months old. When he captured Savannah, and heard the joy-bells of the nation ring out his fame, a little note, in the fair, round, clear-cut hand-writing, announced that his child, Charles C., died on the 6th of December, a few days after the gallant husband and dear father began the greatest military march in history.

At this time Mrs. Sherman sojourned at the Convent of Notre Dame, Indiana, where her cousin, the late Mother Angela, was Superioress.

A friend wrote her about the needs of the Catholic library at Chicago, after the fire. She wrote, under date of July 29, 1872, from St. Albans, Vt.: "I shall be in New York about 12th of August, and wish to get list of books from you. I shall leave an order for them to be forwarded by a certain date."

From St. Louis, in November, 1874, she discourseth on a book, just published, at the time, by the alleged daughter of a once notorious woman, whose falsehoods are forgotten by a thoughtful public.

"I am delighted," she wrote, "that we have such a sentinel in the watch-tower. You have given the needed warning in regard to that woman and her pernicious book. Those who are displeased with you now on account of it, will be thankful, after awhile, that you had the sagacity and the courage to place her in her true light before the Catholics of the country."

In a letter from Washington she wrote, "Dear old Ireland, I love her." This was not sound, signifying nothing, because, upon the south wall of her parlor, continguous to the life-size oil-painting she had of the late Pius IX., hung a sprig of an oak-tree from Donegal.

When the General's Memoirs appeared, a gentleman wrote a criticism of them for a Western paper. He wrote to Mrs. Sherman of what he saw; she promptly replied, "I have seen the article of the 27th ult., to which you kindly refer me. . . . I don't know who wrote the article, but I have inquired, and, should I learn, I shall let you know. If you find out please notify me."

The joke of the matter was, that the person whom she was communicating with was the writer of the critique.

In March, of the same year, she found out who the writer was,

and wrote to him: "I have been very remiss, and really must have seemed to you most obtuse and unappreciative in not sooner acknowledging the very handsome tribute from your pen, to the General, published in the ——— ——— of Jan. 27th. I soon found out who wrote the article. Many thanks."

There is no need of keeping back what thousands know; to wit, the hostility of the late Gen. Grant to Sherman's presidential prospects. The leaders of the Republican party in the West, and a number in the East, were friendly to Gen. Sherman's nomination in 1876, a short time before President Grant delivered his famous, or infamous, Des Moines, Ia., speech. This was a bid for the anti-Catholic prejudice, and an indirect attack upon Sherman, because his wife and children were Catholics. With Grant's aid, or, with his non-interference, Sherman would have been nominated in 1876, and probably elected; but it was not in accord with the plans of the White House ring at the time, its friends in Philadelphia and New York.

The plot was to put up some stick for a single term, send Grant round the world, come back in time for a nomination in 1880, and so on, *ad infinitum*, during his, Grant's, life.

How the sturdy Republicans of New England and the West sat down hard upon this scheme is too well known to repeat.

Some few years after, friends wrote to Mrs. Sherman about the strong feeling setting in towards the general's nomination. To one of them she wrote, under date of Jan. 11th, 1884, from St. Louis: "My opinions regarding presidential probabilities are exactly the opposite of yours. With a wife and family, Catholics, and a son a Jesuit, no man can be elected in this country; and I would look upon the election of the General to the office as the greatest earthly calamity that could befall us, even aside from the abuse and calumny which would be heaped upon us during a campaign. He and I are drawing to our sunset, and the sky is serene and the air peaceful. May God defend us from the frightful din and battle of political broils, and from the interruption of domestic life, which four years in the White House would involve," etc.

The shops of the metropolis were getting the last touches of the deft attendants; country cousins in hundreds promenading our crowded thoroughfares on the evening of the 28th of last November, when the rumor flew over our city that "Gen. Sherman's wife was dead." Few of the visitors paused in their walks, nor did the gorgeously-decked windows fail to cast their glittering splendor upon our sidewalks; yet there were some who did murmur the sad words: "The wife of Gen. Sherman is dead." Dead! Thanksgiving Eve, — and others looked toward the west of the town, within view of the naked elms of our Central Park, at the plain mansion wherein lay the lifeless form of the most beloved of daughters, the most devoted of wives, the kindest of mothers, and the truest of friends,

MRS. ELLEN EWING SHERMAN.

Truly may one say, with the ancient religious:

"In the midst of life we are in death."

Tenderly the mortal remains were borne through our streets, as thousands were hieing to thanksgiving feasts, towards the river's bank, where they were transferred to the train and carried away, on Thanksgiving evening and night, to that West which she lived in so long and so loved, and where rest her grandmother, Mary Doherty, of Donegal, her parents, and sweet children, William and Charles.

The ridiculous statements of the secular press, — proof of the want of educated Catholic writers, — of her receiving a golden rosary, with a piece of the true cross, from the late Pius IX. The writers don't know what "a rosary" means. She never got anything of the kind. She did get the golden rose, a favor bestowed upon distinguished Catholic ladies, remarkable for the virtues that are the glory and pride of the Catholic wife and mother.

She never was a trustee of "Peter's Pence," because there are no trustees of any such fund. Every bishop, as every ordinarily informed person knows, is his own trustee, receiver, and donor of Peter's Pence.

Most beloved of friends, farewell! Sweet rest to your pure soul! is the orison of all who ever had the honor and pleasure to know you; and gently lie the loam upon your coffin, because you sought, when in life, to lighten the burdens upon the weak, the unfortunate, the poor.

Your memory shall not wholly die, nor shall the black rain of many years efface the recollection of one so deeply, profoundly loved by all who knew her, as the daughter, wife, mother, friend; the foremost Catholic lady in good works; a valiant woman for the greater glory of God and the alleviation of suffering among the poor, the weak.

R. F. FARRELL.

NEW YORK, December 3, 1888.

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## Law and Religion.

THE Supreme Court of Tennessee has decided that a blacksmith belonging to a Christian sect that keeps the seventh instead of the first day of the week as Sunday violates the law by working at his trade on the day observed by the general community as Sunday. The Supreme Court of Connecticut has decided that a pavilion used by a "Spiritualistic camp-meeting association" for religious services on Sunday and for "dancing and parlor skating" during the week is not exempt from taxation as a church. The Supreme Court of New Hampshire, has decided that the constitutional guarantee that "every individual has a natural and unalienable right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience and reason" does not secure to the Salvation Army the right to worship by beating the bass drum.

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MAN acts neither wisely nor well if he has good-will without exerting himself to carry it out in good works; for God gives his graces to procure these results.

# An Irish Christmas in Canada.

CHRISTMAS recalls the past. It is a very mirror to the Irish heart, — replete with memories of affection and love. In every land, where the Irish exile is found, to-night there will go up a prayer for beloved Erin. Around Canadian hearths will gather the sons and daughters of old Ireland, and, amidst the happiness of their Christmas greetings, they will not forget to ask, How fares it in Ireland to-night? Yes, truly, the Irish heart, on this Christmas Eve, slumbers in poetic visions of Erin. What a pilgrimage to the shrine of our race! Twenty millions of her children, in America and Australia, are watching for the full dawn of Irish freedom. In India, slumbering beneath a sultry sky; on cedared Lebanon; beside the classic Tiber, whose waters chant a requiem o'er the departed glories of imperial Rome; along the banks of the St. Lawrence, shadowed by the Maple Leaf of freedom; beyond the rushing waters of the Mississippi; in the Irish homes of the West; in camp, in court, in cot, and in mansion, the Irish heart to-night throbs to the glories of Erin, and responds to every chord in that harp that erstwhile flooded the princely halls of Tara, and filled each Irish home with the minstrelsy of song:

"Deep in Canadian woods we've met,
From our bright island home;
Great is the land we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own.
And ere we leave this shanty small,
While fades the autumn day,
We'll toast old Ireland, good old land,
Dear Ireland, boys, hurra!"

Around our Christmas boards of cheer to-night we'll toast the land of heroes and of saints, — a land made strong by centuries of struggle. You ask, How does Ireland stand to-night? Does she not stand like some monarch mountain, fresh from the hand of the Eternal, with the purple cloak of centuries about her, ready to receive, upon uplifted brow, the heaven-born kiss of freedom? The greatest statesman of the nineteenth century, William Ewart Gladstone, is busily weaving, in the loom of his mind, the mantle of her perfect freedom. The woof is of a double texture, — Land Reform and Home Rule; and the power which has set the shuttle working, has come from Irish agitation. A bloodless revolution is sweeping over Ireland, neither the guillotine nor the bastile marking its course. Was ever race more true to country than the Irish? To-day there is a stronger and wiser patriotism in Ireland than there has been at any time during the past century, while in New Ireland, beyond the seas, the scions of St. Patrick (God bless them!), engirdling, as they do, the globe, are enlisting the hearts of mankind in the Irish struggle, and educating public opinion to a just and generous recognition of Ireland's national hopes. Of course, we, in this country, of Irish parentage, because, forsooth, we were cradled 'neath maple and pine, should have no concern for the land of our forefathers, sanctified by the blood and tears of heroes and martyrs.

The Saxon, whose heart beats time to the whirl of commerce, is applauded as patriotic if he speaks of the federation of all English-speaking peoples of the Old and New World, while the Celt is a traitor to this country, with good words upon his lips, and kindly wishes in his heart, for the dear old land blessed by the memory of childhood days, and sweetened by the love of family affection. Such inconsistency is too palpable, — too grossly selfish to escape condemnation. Irish patriotism has travelled down the centuries, never changing its divine spirit. It is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. I care not whether it burn with indignation upon the lips of a Parnell in Westminster, be manacled in Portland prison in the person of Michael Davitt, or stand upon the scaffold in the glory of an Emmet, its spirit cries Freedom, and it will not be stifled. It has burned through centuries of oppression in the Irish heart, flashing out at times fitfully, but ever pure and glorious, as the altar from which it flamed. Misguided at periods, it has seized the glittering sword, and sought, with arm puissant, to smite the oppressor down. Across centuries of direst gloom it has lit up, as with a pillar of fire, the Irish race, in their pilgrimage to the shrine of freedom. It has known no distinction of creed, for love of country is no matter of dogma. It has burned as purely in the breast of a Grattan as it has in the heart of an O'Connell; and whether it gleamed from the sword of the patriots of '48, or found expression upon the eloquent lips of an Isaac Butt, it is the same grand, ennobling patriotism, whose soul is freedom, and whose highest hope is the glory of beloved Ireland. From sire to son it has passed down, pure as a rivulet at its fountain-head, reflecting, in the person of the great Irish leader of to-day, Charles Stewart Parnell, the same dauntless courage and unbending resolve that marked his patriotic grandsire, Sir John Parnell, in his struggle against the Union. It is, therefore, useless to stand in the way of Irish freedom. Irishmen, at home and abroad, are fixed in one purpose, — that of winning back for Ireland the common liberties enjoyed by every civilized nation.

And so our Irish Christmas of '88 is one of hope. In the Irish homes of Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, — in historic Quebec, in the city of Mount Royal, in Toronto, with its brave and earnest young patriots, — members of the Irish National League, — wherever a true Irish heart beats to-night, it throbs to the aspirations, the hopes of Irish national freedom.

"I dreamt a dream; 'twas Ireland seen
In distant years beyond,
Enthroned and crowned a beauteous gem,
Earth's idol, cherished fond, —
And nations passed before her,
And courtiers graced her halls,
And the song of Mirth and Freedom
Pierced her battlement and walls.

"The wounds and scars of olden days
Had left her maiden brow,
And manly hearts stood by her side,
And swords spoke of a vow, —

That Ireland, dear old Ireland,
Should forevermore be free,
And her patriot sons in union
Drive the Saxon o'er the sea.

"I saw the Shannon pour along,
In joyous accents clear,
Its tide of music, sweet and strong,—
Each wave was filled with cheer;
And hastening on in proud acclaim,
Swept Barrow, Suir, and Lee:
For a nation's heart was throbbing
In each wavelet to the sea!"

What token shall I give thee, beloved Ireland, on this Christmas eve of a wedded devotion to thy cause? What token but a prayer, at the crib at Bethlehem, that He, who came to give spiritual freedom to mankind, may restore to thee thy sceptre among the nations?

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Christmas Eve, Toronto.

## Manliness in Speech.

THERE are many young men who seem to consider it essential to manliness that they should be masters of slang. The sporting world, like its brother the swell-mob, has a language of its own; but this dog-English extends far beyond the sporting world. It comes with its hordes of barbarous words threatening the entire extinction of genuine English! Now, just listen for a moment to our fast young man, or the ape of a fast young man, who thinks that to be a man he must speak in the dark phraseology of slang. If he does anything on his own responsibility, he does it on his own "hook." If he sees anything remarkably good, he calls it a "stunner," the superlative of which is a "regular stunner." If a man is requested to pay a tavern bill, he is asked if he will "stand Sam." If he meets a savage-looking dog, he calls him an "ugly customer." If he meets an eccentric man, he calls him a "rummy old cove." A sensible man is a "chap that is up to snuff." Our young friend never scolds but "blows up;" never pays, but "stumps up;" never finds it difficult to pay, but is "hard up;" never feels fatigued, but is "used up." He has no hat, but shelters his head beneath a "tile." He wears no neck-cloth, but surrounds his throat with a "choker." He lives nowhere, but there is some place where he "hangs out." He never goes away or withdraws, but he "bolts," he "slopes," he "mizzles," he "makes himself scarce," he "walks his chalks," he "makes his tracks," he "cuts his stick," or, what is the same thing, he "cuts his lucky." The highest compliment you can pay him is to tell him that he is a "regular brick." He does not profess to be brave, but he prides himself on being "plucky." Money is a word which he has forgotten, but he talks a good deal about "tin," and "the needful," "the rhino," and "the ready." When a man speaks he "spouts;" when he holds his peace he "shuts up;" when he is humiliated, he is "taken down a peg or two," and "made to sing small." Now, a good deal of this slang is harmless, many of the terms are, I think, very expressive; yet there is much in slang that is objectionable.

# The Green Flag Campaign of 1888 in New York, versus A. S. Hewitt.

For the first time in the history of New York the green flag of Erin played an important part in the late municipal canvass,— so important, indeed, that the most astute, as the most farseeing of our politicians have been surprised,— amazed, indeed. Hewitt, the mayor, gave orders 16th of March, 1888, to display no green flag *under* the American flag, which has been the custom for almost a hundred years, on the seventeenth day of March, St. Patrick's Day.

His action astounded the Ancient Order of Hibernians; it pained the Benevolent Catholic Associations; it grieved the Father Mathew Guilds; it maddened the 69th Regiment; it fretted the liberals in both parties; it amazed the Tammany Hall leaders; and it cut the ground from under the feet of the "County Democracy," the immediate friends of the cranky Know-Nothing mayor.

The mayor's order, of course, was obeyed; but the vengeance vowed against him and his friends took root on the evening of the 17th of March, 1888, at Jones Woods and Irving Hall, and became ripe on Nov. 6. It was in the latter place where Col. Michael C. Murphy took the impolitic mayor to task, and held him up to the deserved scorn and ridicule of his enthusiastic auditory.

The small ward kings and shallow thinkers imagined that the whole thing would blow over during the summer; that the spray of Coney Island, the breakers of Far Rockaway, or the merry waves of Long Branch, would have obliterated the whole affair; that the foolish act of the mayor would have been forgotten, and that, as usual, the regular ring put through the political noses of the masses, would have brought them, as in 1886, to his support, to stand by the party.

The longheads in the Tammany Hall organization talked little of the incident during the summer; but as the nights became cool, there was quiet but elaborate preparations made for Mr. Hewitt's — *wake*, political.

His friends, the county democrats, busily set to work and promised like the devil in the gospel to all who would listen to them. Alas! the warmest of their friends became lukewarm when it was learned that rheumatic, loquacious Abram was "slated" for the nomination for Mayor. The cool days and cooler nights brought on rapid disintegration — open rebellion broke out — and desertions by platoons followed.

The leaders took the alarm. The old Know-Nothing wouldn't budge an inch, and insisted upon being renominated. In their emergency a citizens' meeting was planned. It was comprised of *dumb* Know-Nothings, religious cranks, residents of New Jersey and Brooklyn, and the non-descript class who attend all kinds of gatherings with open mouths, but closed ears.

Something had to be done. A select few waited on gallant Col. Murphy, and begged him to eat his words about Hewitt of the 17th of March in Irving Hall. He declined to do so. They persisted. He

yielded, and was rewarded by the nomination for sheriff. This was sop number one for the Irish who had conveniently let slip from memory the silly mayor's act on St. Patrick's Day.

The offices were few this year, the county offices. A Hebrew should get one of them, and he did in the person of Mr. Sanger. There were only four places in all: Mayor, Sheriff, County Clerk, and President of the Board of Aldermen.

The leaders looked over the field again and shook their heads. It was resolved to pick out another so-called representative of the Irish to get sop number two. One of the mayor's officeholders was found in the person of Mr. James Daly. The quartette advanced into the field. Hewitt, an Englishman's son, but arrogantly claiming exclusive Americanism; Sanger modest and shy; Murphy, with the moss of the ruins of Kilmallock, Limerick, in his hair; and Daly with the mellifluous brogue of Galway upon his tongue.

The Republicans did the usual pantomime, write long resolutions, nominate well-known citizens, and wait for their — funeral.

The Tammany Democracy stepped to the front, whipped out its tomahawk, and began a frightful cutting and hacking at the epistolary Know-Nothing mayor, with young Grant in front, Flack on his right flank, and aggressive Edward Reilly on his left.

The battle was short and sweet. Old Hewitt got a huge blow of a ballot with fifty thousand *plus* marked on it; the Republican candidate left him behind, and the young Tammany Brave went away from them into the one hundred thousands.

"The jealous English mayor now has banned the Irish green,
And forced us to conceal it like a something foul and mean;
But yet by heavens! He'll sooner raise pig iron from sheet lead
Than force our hearts to leave the green 'neath old Hewitt's head."

This doggerel was hummed on election eve, and has been encored since the old gentleman's *wake* was begun.

The exquisite English of our mayor has been the subject of much comment by friends and foes. He called Col. Murphy, who so vigorously denounced him, "A good fellow." An editor who does not agree with him, "a brooding Buddha." Reporters who don't flatter him are "liars." Immigrants are "beggars." His father was a very indigent one. The Knights of Labor are "worse than burglars." The Grand Army of the Republic asked for the use of a room in the City Hall. He refused it by the inquiry, "Do you want the earth?" Working men are "a class;" but he truly says he is "a crank."

A Roman statesman once said it was fortunate for Rome the day he was born; our irascible mayor evidently believes he was born for some really noble, but at present occult, purpose. He thus far has only excelled in the Billingsgate line, the fishwoman's vocabulary.

A public speaker in the west side, during the month of October, first referred to the green flag in the campaign. The reception given the speaker astonished the officers of the meeting.

Again, on the same side of the city, he referred to Gov. Hill and Sheriff Grant, whose names were well received; but when he told of

Washington honoring the day, the seventeenth day of March, as he did, the applause was long and loud. In the extreme southern part of the city he told his hearers of the green flag which floated over the "Irish Brigade" at Lexington, Mo., on Sept. 18th, 1861, where, under the gallant James A. Mulligan fifteen thousand confederates were kept at bay for a week by thirteen hundred men under his command. Shouts rent the air as the speaker described the American flag and the green flag blending their folds together in the warm winds of Missouri, as the gallant defenders of both, American and Irish, went down to their graves together so that the nation might live.

Again, more to the east centre of the city, the same speaker, after the usual reference to local matters, took old Hewitt again in hand. He pictured Meagher at the head of the Irish Brigade at Antietam and Fredericksburg, with green laurel in their hats, and the stars and stripes and the green flag floating over them; but while his reference was heartily applauded the enthusiasm was a really Irish hurrah.

"Have you hearkened the eagle scream over the sea?
Have you hearkened the breaker beat under your lea?
A something between the wild waves in their play,
And the kingly bird's scream is the Irish Hurrah!"

When he spoke of Col. Timothy O'Meara, of the Chicago Irish Legion (90th Illinois Infantry), carrying the green flag up Lookout Mountain, as the color-sergeant advanced with the American flag, and fell dead with it in his hands upon the rugged site of that immortal battle-field, the cry went out "The green flag above old Hewitt's head." It was irresistible, and swept him (Hewitt) into oblivion, and young Grant into the mayor's chair.

It surprised many with Irish names who know more about the Lama of Thibet than they do of the Curragh of Kildare; it has effectively put down Know-Nothingism, and told the world that the green flag has friends yet, and plenty of them, in New York city.

The November day, thirty-seven years ago, when the flag which waved in the teeth of the allied armies of Austria, Russia, and Prussia hung from our City Hall, there wasn't a man in New York but felt proud of the fact that we honored the crushed, for the time, flag of Hungary, and applauded her incorruptible patriot, Louis Kossuth.

Is Hungary nearer to America in blood or kinship than Ireland? No; nor never can be. It, however, requires no deep thinking to arrive at the animus of Mr. Hewitt. He is the son of an Englishman who never had a spark of generous feeling for Irishmen. He inherits a dislike to the race. He may not help it. At any rate he took a very opportune time to please the tories of England. He knew what he was about, and expects more than ordinary attention, when he next visits London, from the nobility; for Abram, with all his idiosyncrasies and hobbies, "dearly loves a lord."

"Whoe'er amidst the sons of reason, valor, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguished merit is a noble
Of Nature's own creating. Such have risen,
Sprung from the dust; or where had been our honors?"

As this was the first time in our history when a "Democratic" mayor refused the small courtesy of hanging out the green flag beneath the American flag on St. Patrick's Day in this city, and the first time when such a coarse act was animadverted upon by public speakers, it is exceedingly proper that it should be handed down to posterity in the pages of the MAGAZINE bearing the green, "the color of the true."

ARTHUR O'BYRNE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19, 1888.

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## How we Treat our Feet.

"A WELL-FORMED foot," says Chapman, in the American Drawing-Book, "is rarely to be met with in our day, from the lamentable distortion it is doomed to endure by the fashion of our shoes and boots. Instead of being allowed the same freedom as the fingers to exercise the purposes for which Nature intended them, the toes are cramped together, and are of little more value than if they were all in one; their joints enlarged, stiffened, and distorted, forced and packed together, often overlapping one another in sad confusion, and wantonly placed beyond the power of service. As for the little toe and its neighbor, in a shoe-deformed foot, they are usually thrust out of the way altogether, as if considered supernumerary and useless, while all the work is thrown upon the great toe, although that, too, is scarcely allowed working-room in its prison-house of leather. It is, therefore, hopeless to look for a foot that has grown under the restraints of leather for the perfection of form; and hence, the feet of children, although less marked in their external anatomical development, present the best models for the study and exercise of the pupil in drawing."

Camper, who wrote in the seventeenth century, "On the Best Form of Shoe," says that his treatise originated in a jest made with his pupils, who "did not believe I should dare to make public a work on such a subject," which indicates the small estimate that was put upon the foot as an organ of the body. He begins by deploring the perversity which wholly neglects the human feet, while forcing the greatest attention to the feet of "horses, mules, oxen, and other animals of burden," and declares that, from earliest infancy, the foot coverings worn serve but to deform them, and make walking painful, and sometimes impossible; and he lays the blame on the ignorance of shoemakers.

James Dowie, a practical and scientific Scotch shoemaker, in his excellent little book, makes the same statements as the artist; and the great Dutch surgeon, whose treatise he had translated into the English language, also laments that the subject of the feet is so neglected by those who are competent to instruct us about them. Lord Palmerston said to Dowie, that "shoemakers should all be treated like pirates, put to death without trial or mercy, as they had inflected more suffering on mankind than any class he knew."

# Living Irish Literary Celebrities.

KATHERINE TYNAN.

THERE is a considerable amount of literary work at present being done by Irishmen and Irishwomen, for which Irishmen and Irishwomen should have a special concern. Ireland has a particular share in that work; not merely because it belongs to the sons and daughters of Ireland, but because it is literature with a distinctly Irish note in it. It is written in the language of the Saxon, and often after English models; but there is generally to be found in its style, or in its teaching, or in its particular view of life, something that speaks to the Irish heart with a tone familiar. In a word, it can be claimed as Irish literature, even though its medium of expression be English. For this reason the authors should not be unknown to their countrymen, nor should Irish patronage whatever be its value in the literary mart, miss discharging its natural duty to these productions of Irish mind and feeling. Some of these are not unknown; but some of them are not as well known as they should be. Our first object in these series of articles is to make sure that the Irish writer shall, at least as a name, be cherished by the mass of his countrymen. But, besides that, we wish to ensure that to our readers these authors shall be more than names; that the spirit and teaching of their work shall be, to some extent, felt by them; and that the merit of it shall attract them to a further and a deeper study.

The first we have chosen for our subject is a writer, not old in years, but of sufficient merit in achievement to have made a distinct place for herself in the literary history of our generation. Two small volumes contain all the writings of Miss Katherine Tynan that have been corrected and submitted formally to the judgment of the reading public. Nevertheless her place is as secure as that of authors who have many more years of literary labor behind them. Her success has been immediate and certain. The praise which it generally costs various experiments and painful experience to win has been gained by her at the start. This has been mainly because of her poetic earnestness. A critic might discover blemishes, crudities, and deficiencies in her poetry; but it has that certain mark of genuine literature. Miss Tynan has written, not, like so many of our latter-day triflers, because she has read, but because she has felt. In her, therefore, whatever be her rank in the great hierarchy, we possess a genuine poet, and in her verse genuine poetry, which is so rare nowadays as to be worthy of study, especially as the poet draws her inspiration, though she does not always take her models, from Irish sources.

It is a boast of London that, with all its murkiness and gloom, it has given birth to many of the most famous of English poets, not only to Milton, the prophet of Puritanism, whose spirit might have been elevated to song by its own earnestness and by its deep draughts from the inexhaustible spring of classic literature, but also to Keats, a passionate naturalist; and few as our Irish modern bards of genuine

merit have been, the metropolis of Ireland can boast that within her hard but not unbeautiful walls some of the most undoubted minstrels have first seen the day. Moore, though nature, later on, looked out on her true son, as the poet always is, from the Wicklow hills, had his first vision of the empyrean between the spaces of the Dublin gables. Mangan, too, whose songs occasionally bears too much of the oppression that weighs on the souls to which the free hill and green valley are strange, stands next to Moore in the rank of modern Irish bards, and he, too, was born in Dublin. The native city of Moore and Mangan claims Miss Tynan also for its daughter. She was born in Dublin. But she has lived almost all her life away from the "fever and fret" of city life, near the village of Clondalkin, where one gets a clear view of those Dublin hills whose beauty breaks in with welcome relief on many a street and alley of our Irish capital. Near as her home is to Dublin, it is as favorable to a quiet, contemplative life as it well could be. There is none of the pain and the stress of the modern city reflected in her poetry. The problems and the wrongs and the dangers which the draughting of men away from their peaceful homes on the mountain and in the dale, and the massing of them in incongruous and unhappy masses in the modern city has produced, have not struck her thoughts or roused her imagination. She has been stirred to song by the influences flowing in from a life with nature. The suggestion for almost every thought and fancy and picture might well have been outlined by the shaping of light or shadow on those Irish mountains, which spread out before the southern and western sky, seem to have been raised to reflect all the glories of brightness and shade and color peculiar to our landscape. She has sung those Irish hills.

"Yester' eve they were silver-gray,
Soft as the young duck's breast;
And rose and amber hues have they
When the sun goes in the saffron west;
And all the vales are purple black
Below the paling day-star's track.

"I know all tender shades on them,
I love them in all moods —
Kingly robe and diadem,
Or mist that like a gray bird broods;
Their vapory clouds that sail and glide
The rain that clothes them like a bride.

"My hills are like great angels,
Whose wide wings sweep the stars,
And peace for their evangels
Cried clear across earth's fumes and jars;
My hills stand all unchangingly,
While man's short days go by, go by."

To one reading her poetry it would seem almost as if these hills

had been her teachers too. Of course, other guides she had on matters where nature is no guide. The tender but deep religious feeling that is the inspiration of some of her very best poetry, and colors almost all she has written, could come from but one source. Her school life was lived in the Dominican Convent of St. Catherine of Sienna, Drogheda, and thence came all her philosophy. Her experiences are no wider. The beauty of the mountain and the meadow, the pathos and love of the cloister; these she sings in poetry most sweet. She has no picture to paint and no gospel to deliver that might not be drawn from these sources. Passion does not quicken her verse, nor too deep sorrow weight it. There is melancholy and deep feeling, but neither intoxication nor despair. The Celtic monotone is in it, but also the Celtic faith. Intellectual serenity is also evident in her verse. The terrible disturbance of the doubts that have shaken many of the poets of our age has not reached her; and she has neither the questions nor the answers that are the subject of much of the poetic musings of this century. Of course, all this means limitation; but it also means tenderness, purity, sympathy, and, above all, peace. Like her mountains, if she has any evangel, peace is her evangel.

Nevertheless, amidst this quietude the impulse to sing came early. She was only sixteen or seventeen years of age when she received the encouragement of a first publication. The glory of her printed name first shone on her from that nurse of young Irish *litterateurs* — Young Ireland. Editorial recognition next came to her from the editor of the Graphic, who was one of her earliest literary friends; and a poem, entitled "The Legend of the Painted Windows," secured her the honor of a corner in that storehouse of sound and meritorious Irish literature, the Irish Monthly, and the friendship of that friend to all genuine Irish literary talent, Father Matthew Russell. It was the kind encouragement of Father Russell that induced her to continued effort. Rossetti was the poet that influenced her development most; largely, we think, through a kinship of taste and feeling. Her mountains would have educated her artist sense of color if she had never fallen under the influence of which Rossetti was the literary expression, while the poetry of impression, rather than of contemplation or of activity, is the natural delivery of one of a limited life experience. Her reflection of Rossetti, however, is never the reflection of the mere copyist; she is much more than the imitator, or than even the disciple. That influence is conspicuous, however, in the first volume of her poetry — Louis de la Valliere — which saw the light something over three years ago. Its appearance was welcomed by all the critics. It was universally recognized by them as containing some of the real ore of true poetry, and the verdict of the critics was speedily confirmed by the taste of the general public. The little volume had an unusually quick sale for a book of poetry by a new writer. It won the praise of, among many others, Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, and the poet-diplomat, Lord Lytton. Our author repeated her success by the publication of Shamrocks, which appeared in 1887. Writing of this latter, Miss Tynan herself says: "It is little imitative, and

in it I think I have gone far toward finding myself, whatever that self may be. While retaining the love of color, which would have been my distinguishing characteristic in any case, it has outgrown, at least consciously, Pre-Raphaelite inspiration, and has acquired simplicity, which must be a gain." These publications secured Miss Tynan a fixed place in the literary world. She is now a most valued contributor, in prose and verse, to many of the best literary and artistic magazines in these countries and in America.

Her two books of poems are deserving of study. They reveal a poet, not certainly of the first rank, nor of the universal range of power and sympathy, but a poet of some limited mood and capacity. Her school, as we have said, has been nature; and her vision of nature has its particular qualities. Nature has not unlocked her thought — Miss Tynan does not think much — but it has unlocked certain founts of feeling. The attitude of the poet toward nature may be that of the meditative student, as in the case of Wordsworth; it may be one of pure rest and content in the charm of simple, uninterpreted nature, which was often that of the old Celtic bards; or it may be that of the tenderly-strung, impulsive soul whose half-passions gather round nature. In her later poems Miss Tynan often assumes the second of these attitudes, which, according to Ruskin, is the best; but the passionate nature worship, not serene enjoyment of nature, is her commonest mood. Nature is not merely sweet or grand to her; it is luscious, or powerful, or terrible. Pain and joy and love are in nature:

"Many a lover hath the rose
When June's musk-wind breathes and blows;
And in many a bower is heard
Her sweet praise from bee and bird.

Through the golden hours dreameth she,
In her warm heart passionately,
Her fair face hung languid wise:
Oh, her breath of honey and spice!"

Yet often our poetess can paint a scene without calling up associated feelings. Here is a winter scene, which, except the "languidly," exhibits the mind in an attitude of simple rest before nature:

"A moon floats languidly
In the beautiful rose blue sky.
The bare boughs twine like lace;
In the West the day is dying,
And the gold and the opal allying,
And the black night comes apace."

Miss Tynan has the artist sense of color, and the most striking characteristic of her poetry is the use she makes of that sense. The "blue hills," the "rose and amber hues," which they have when the sun goes in the "saffron West;" the quaint old gardens, "In whose green gloom red lilies stand for warden, keeping their Paradise with swords of fire;" all her pictures are strewn with color, and with true color.

Her view of life is not as complete as her view of nature. She has not reached to the true inwardness of life and its meaning. It is

the pathetic side of it which appeals to her. She is attracted to it through feeling. Thus the political references of her poems are all pathetic. She sings the dead or dying patriot, not the active, living worker; and, in the case of the old cause, it is "the pity of it" that lays its hold upon her. There is the peculiar Irish wistfulness of regret in her lines on Sarsfield:

"Ah! Patrick Sarsfield, when you lay
With your life blood flowing amain,
You looked at the dark stain on your hand,
And 'Would it were shed for my own dear land,'
You cried in your spirit's pain.
Did you long, true heart, in their alien clay,
For a mossy church-yard mound,
With the shamrocks shrouding you close and sweet,
From the weary head to the weary feet,
In the blessed Irish ground?"

The same note is struck in the beautiful concluding lines of the poem on A. M. Sullivan, and in the King's Cupbearer:

"And, indeed, I think He would not pass unheeding,
If your sons should come to Him,
Crying out: 'Behold, Lord, where our vales are spreading
Far away, and fair, and dim.

"'The loved vales wherefrom we came onto your heaven
They are laughing to the sun;
But the wrong's mailed hand doth smite them like the levin,
As the centuries roll on.

"'And the stormy cries, come through the golden weather,
Sear our hearts like iron brands,
And the moaning and the wailing come up hither,
And the wringing of the hands.

"'And we cannot taste the joy that lies before us,
It is withered at a breath
In the anguish of the motherland hat bore us,
Lying sick, and nigh to death.'

"And so tender is the Lord's heart, prone to pity,
Now I think that He would say,
Like the Eastern king, 'I will rebuild the city;
I have heard your prayers to-day.'"

In her religious poetry the same tone prevails. It is the Love unloved, for all His Passion's sake, His lonely grave, and unstinted wealth of love, that draws her. The same appeal speaks from the pathetic incidents of domestic life. It is heard in the Heart of a Mother and The Dead Mother. But sympathy with the pathetic is not a key to the whole mystery of life, and it has not availed Miss Tynan in all her efforts. Her narrative poems, where they are narrative of actions and not of impressions, are deficient, and they are also wanting in dramatic power. She reveals her characters through their outer picturesqueness, rather than through their inner nature. Thus Fionn, the King of Eire, is described:

"Gnarled like an oak, his face lichened stone,
Sullen and fierce, his red eyes sunk and weary,
Towered o'er all men that giant frame alone.

"Like an old tiger that hath lonely lasted
Years after all his kin be turned to clay;
Like a huge tree the thunder-bolt hath blasted,
Black and accursed, it stains the face of day.

"Yet a great hero famed in many a story,
Victor on many a bloody field of fight,
But drunk with blood and war, and blind with glory,
And, as men deemed, too old for love's delight."

We hardly become better known with Fionn either through his deeds or words through the progress of the tale of which this is an excerpt. He remains like some misty spirit of the mountain, until, in the last scene, at the death of Diarmid, when he becomes both commonplace and mean. Nor do we see Grainne except from the outside, — a picture, a beautifully painted one, but not a character. The life of the poems is not active life. Thus, in The Flight of Diarmid and Grainne, we have the still surroundings of the scene described, but scarcely a beat of the activity of the flight itself. The whole story of the flight proper is told in a few lines:

"They journeyed away and away till the sunset's glowing
Hung o'er Athlone where the Shannon is forded dry.
* * * * * * * * * *
"One passed to east and one to west of the river,
By north and south they fared a different way,
But came together, all gray with foam, and a quiver,
To Taras meadows at dawn of the following day."

There is none of the stir of the flight here, though the feelings, and especially the natural setting of the feelings, is well given. There is one line in it which has had on us the effect of an unexpected image. It is the only description of simple, active force that has impressed us in these poems:

"There were fighting men in the midmost sky, *when the levin*
*Tore the wild wrack asunder and sprung on the world.*"

But the story of Diarmid's deeds is not told well. Much better, we think, is the story of Albhric, which is a story of impressions.

Nevertheless, our endeavor in the study of a poet ought always be positive rather than negative; we should keep our eyes fixed on what is in the poetry rather than on what is not. It is only a Shakespeare who has not deficiencies. Even though the poetry of Miss Tynan would be better if there were more mind in it, we cannot but be grateful that it has so much heart. Its melody, too, is undeniable. The verse is artistic, perhaps here and there artistic to the verge of artificiality. Celtic grace is present, and Celtic talent for style. We do not know what the years may bring to Miss Tynan. Many of her defects are such as living and experience may fill up.

Miss Tynan has recently ceased to confine her literary work to poetry. She has written some good criticisms. For in the current number of the Catholic World there is an article on William O'Brien, M. P., from her pen. In it she makes profession of her political sympathies and political creed. But her view of politics and politicians is not altogether political. She does not cease to be the poet

in her views of the dry political world. With a heart so truly open to the best, it is to be hoped that Miss Tynan's vision may grow wider, so that her poetic mind may interpret to us deeper things even than the beauty of flowers and the mystery of mountains. Her life is almost all before her, and life is, after all, the true teacher.

Dublin Nation.

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# Nano's Treachery:

## A TALE OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

BY VICTOR O'D. POWER.

Author of "Bonnie Dunraven," etc.

### III.

THE truth was that Connie, at work in a distant field, had spied his sweetheart on the hill-top, and, seizing the first opportunity of retreat, was now hastening to steal a moment or two with the girl he so fondly loved.

His handsome face was browner and handsomer than ever. His clustering curls tumbled in splendid disorder about his forehead, beneath the big straw hat. The loose, white flannel wrapper became him, and the gaily-colored, plaid handkerchief, knotted carelessly about his brown throat, formed a picturesque bit of color in his costume.

That handkerchief caught Nano's eyes at once. She had seen it last in the tempting basket of a strolling pedler — and Mary O'Connor was pricing it, too, the same day! It was a present from Mary, then; and Nano's eyes flashed anew.

"You're too late, Connie," she said, with a grim chuckle. "You may 's well turn back again. She's gone."

Connie paused, and looked at Nano for a second in silence. He had never fathomed this girl, and she was a puzzle to him. Artless and single-minded himself, he was very unfitted, indeed, to cope with the subtle cunning of Nano Darragh.

"Who 's gone, Nano?" he said simply. "Sure, I was going nowhere — only after a heifer," he added, in rather an abashed way, "that strayed up the hill awhile ago."

"A heifer in a calico gown, with a blue and white sack hanging on her horn," Nano said coarsely. "*O-yeagh!* What a fool I am now, Connie. Do you see any green there?"

And she roughly pulled down the red lower lid of her left eye, and thrust her face within an inch of Connie's.

"Wisha, faix, I don't rightly know what you mean, girl-O," Connie said, running his fingers rather uneasily through the short, crisp curls at the back of his shapely head. "If you're going into the house, Nano, you needn't mind saying you seen me. I'll be back in no time."

Which remark proved unmistakably that Connie Collins was wholly unconscious of Nano Darragh's feelings towards himself. Had he suspected for a moment how matters really were, he would have said anything else under the sun rather than the words he had just spoken.

Nano started as though she had been struck. Her eyes blazed in her head.

"Is it *me* to give a hand in blindin' your people's eyes to the truth!" she cried passionately. "You're in the wrong box, Connie, and the sooner you get out of it the better. Yes," she continued, almost savagely, as Connie's request for silence rankled still more sorely in her heart, "*I'm* to go in and sit down and keep your sister and your dada in talk, while you're disgracin' yourself and all belongin' to you with Tim Connor's good-for-nothing, impitent whipster of a girl."

So vehement was the attack, and so unexpected the charge, that Connie was for a moment speechless. He stood rooted to the spot, his eyes fixed on the furious face of the girl before him. Then he suddenly colored hotly, rested his left hand on his hip, squared out his shoulders, and prepared for battle.

"Why, then, now, Nano, before I say anything, may I ask you who gave you this bit of information?"

Connie's voice was steady, but there was an ominous flash in his dark-blue eyes.

"That's more of the humbug—that's *her* talk over again!" Nano, returned fiercely. "Who told me, indeed! Have I eyes in my head, have I? She's knittin' socks for you now—some cast-off thread I s'pose the Miss Barretts thrun to her; and that rag on your back is a gift of hers; but, faix, it wasn't her money that bought it! I met her myself, just now, up on the hill there, and I gave her a bit o' my mind, and I give you the same now, Mr. Cornelius Collins! She'll tell you soon enough what I said, and I meant it, too, and if you and she don't be said by me, I'll go straight to your father and tell him the whole story!"

The words rushed in a torrent from the girl's lips. To interrupt her, save by brute force alone, was impossible until she had said her say.

"You'll go to my father, will you?" Connie Collins retorted, his head very erect, his face pale now, but resolute. "Do you know what it is, Nano Darragh? You may go to the divil, for all *I* care, my good girl!"

And with this brief response, Connie flung away up the hillside, without a backward glance.

But he had not advanced ten steps, when Nano's panting breath was behind him; her trembling hand grasped his arm as in a vice.

He turned swiftly, with the intention of saying something more forcible than elegant, but Nano's face caused the words to die on his lips.

She was ghastly white, even to the lips, and her eyes were dimmed with fast-falling tears.

"Connie, Connie, you did not mane what you said that time! If you did, I'd sooner die than be alive. Sure there's no one living who loves you as I do. God knows I'd shed my heart's blood for you—there's the whole truth for you, at long last!"

She seized his hand and wildly pressed it to her lips. Again and again she kissed it, with a savage intensity of passion which almost frightened Connie.

The tears rushed straight from her eyes in a torrent. She was quivering from head to foot, like a broken reed in a storm.

"Tut, tut, girl-O! This is nonsense," Connie said, blushing hotly. "There, now, be quiet. Don't give it to any one to say that you went on like this. Sure, there's many a boy going to the chapel every Sunday, a dale beyond *me* in every way. Will Brian now is thinking of getting married, and I wouldn't say but he'd be glad to have a word with you, if you'd be agreeable."

Poor Connie had never before found himself in so embarrassing a predicament, and he was striving to get out of the difficulty as neatly as might be. He had spoken now with the best intentions; but again he had only proved how utterly unable he was to read such a girl as Nano Darragh.

His words were so many daggers stabbing her through and through. She winced and shivered beneath them, as beneath a curling lash.

"And so this is the answer you give me," she sobbed. "You throw Will Brian at me — a big, stupid, drunken *omalogue* of a good-for-nothing scamp! This is the pity you have for me. And you won't give up Mary Connor then? You'll go your own way?"

Thoroughly wearied out from the scene, and consumed with anxiety to see Mary and learn from her the particulars of her encounter with Nano, Connie Collins decided to cut short the interview at last.

He strove to free his hand from Nano's fierce clutch, and as she still held on, he spoke a trifle roughly for the first time this evening.

"You may's well let go, Nano. It's all no use. Mary Connor is to be my wife, and I don't care a brass farthing what any one says! You may tell my father, if you like. That's enough about it, now."

"Take your hand, so!" Nano almost screamed, as she flung the hand from her, and dashed the tears from her eyes. "Go your own way. You'll see yourself how it will end! I'll say no more; but you'll think o' my words yet, Connie Collins, and to the last hour o' your life you'll rue the evening that you tossed me aside like this!"

* * * * * * * * *

Nano Darragh's threats were no idle words.

The fury of scorned love now blazed within her heart, until her blood ran like liquid fire in her veins.

She seized the first opportunity of breaking the full truth to Cormac Collins, and very gratifying to the girl's embittered heart was the scene that followed.

There was a stormy interview between father and son. Connie was peremptorily forbidden to hold any further intercourse with Mary Connor.

More than this, poor old Tim Connor, who, for five and forty years, had worked daily for the Collins family, was dismissed from employment, turned out of his cosy cottage, and forced to seek shelter in a lonely mountain-cabin, some miles away, where a sister of his lived — a lone widow, blind and infirm.

What a change it was in Mary Connor's life!

Hitherto, she had felt more like a happy, careless child than a grown-up girl. She had spent her time industriously and light-heartedly between her father's comfortable cottage and the Miss Barretts' beauti-

ful home, at Castle Rode. Now the Miss Barretts were far away from the castle, enjoying themselves in Dublin — and, to Mary Connor's simple mind, Dublin appeared to be almost as remote a region as America — the pretty cottage which her own busy hands, guided by her natural and acquired taste, had improved so largely, both within and without, was shut up, the door locked, and the key in Cormac Collins' pocket; and here poor Mary sat on the mountain-side, close to her aunt's wretched cabin, sobbing her little heart out, in the purple, falling twilight.

What a wild country it was all about here! Though within two miles of Connie's home, it appeared to be a different land altogether.

There were no smiling uplands here, no deep-green hedge rows of homely hawthorn, no pleasant, shady *borheens*. Bare hills rose on all sides, the autumn wind crying fiercely through the crevices of the crags, or howling mournfully in the ravines. Hugh boulders rested on the mountain-sides, as though every moment they were about to crash down the terrible descents. Here and there a blasted holly or a stunted oak clung to the cragside, and these were the only trees to be seen. And then the bare, arid wastes of rock! Where did even the goats find sufficient pasture?

Mary's heart sank and sank as the shades of twilight fell, and, with them, the shadows of her own trouble darkened over her sensitive soul.

From where she sat, she could see dimly, in the falling twilight, the pleasant homesteads and green valleys surrounding her father's cottage. But between that smiling territory and this mountain solitude, a dark, deep ravine extended for miles, spanned at its narrowest part by a frail rope-bridge, by which unsteady footway Mary and her broken-hearted father had crossed a few evenings before.

This bridge was the only means of communication, for miles away, between the lonely mountain district and the country below. It seemed to Mary that, when she had stepped across it, she had left heart and hopes and happiness behind her forever more.

The twilight deepened into night, and still the girl sat there — her face bowed low into her clasped hands, the heavy sobs forcing their way up from her heart.

"Oh, Connie! Connie!" she wailed brokenly at last, "why did we ever meet? That meeting has spoiled both our lives, and stolen away our happiness forever!"

"God forbid, my darling!" a voice replied in a rapid whisper close to her ear, and, the next moment, fond protecting arms were about her, and she was folded to her lover's heart.

Some minutes passed ere the girl could utter one word. The sudden revulsion of feeling from intense misery to intense gladness was too much for her. She closed her eyes, and her fair head sank on Connie's broad chest, and a long, happy sigh escaped her lips.

"Thank God, we've met at last!" Connie cried almost wildly. "Oh, Mary, *machree*, I've had a hard time of it ever since. Twenty times I was on the point of telling the old chap, plain and straight,

that I'd start for America, and take you with me; and I'd have done so, too, only for poor Father Tom."

"Father Tom Daly, Connie!" Mary said, breaking that happy silence at last. "And does he know about all this?"

"He does, God love him! I told him all, and — and, oh, Mary, dear, he and I had a long talk this very evening, and I'm starting for Dublin to-morrow."

"For Dublin, Connie!"

In her surprise, Mary almost sprang from her lover's embrace. At that instant, a shadowy figure passed close by, across the darkened heath, but neither of the lovers noticed it. The figure crouched down amid the long bracken and furze, within five yards of where Mary sat.

"Yes; for Dublin, *aroo*. Father Tom thought of the plan. He knows what a high opinion the Miss Barretts always had of you. Why, they're as fond o' you, Mary, as if you were their own. Father Tom says that if they only knew how things were, they'd write to my father, and make everything straight. A line from them would be worth diamonds and gold to us, Mary. So I'm going to-morrow, all the way to Dublin. I have a letter from Father Tom in my pocket, and a five-pound note along with it. The darling gentleman gave us his blessing, too, God spare him long to us!"

"Amen, amen," Mary replied, tears of thankfulness coursing down her cheeks. "I never thought of this, Connie. Why, Miss Alice and Miss Nellie would do anything for me. I wouldn't doubt poor Father Tom to be our friend. But Dublin is so far away," the girl added, a sudden darkness crossing her face "Why, it'll take you the whole day to get there, and accidents are always happening on those trains. Connie, I'm afraid to let you go!"

Connie, however, reassured her; and, after a long talk, the lovers separated.

"Don't be lonesome, darling!" Connie called out, waving his hat, as he strode down the mountain-side to the rope-bridge. "I'll be back the day after to-morrow, likely, or on Friday evening, at the very farthest. There's no fear but the Miss Barretts will settle all this for us — and then Nano Darragh may go smother herself, if she wishes!"

As the words passed Connie's lips, that shadowy figure which had stolen so close to the lovers awhile ago, rose slowly from amid the bracken and heath, and glided rapidly away into the shadows of light.

It was Nano Darragh herself, who had followed Connie over the rope-bridge, half an hour before, and had overheard every word of the conversation which had taken place.

"And so you think you'll have it your own way, after all, Connie Collins!" she cried fiercely to herself. "Wait awhile! Let the Miss Barretts do their best. You haven't seen the last of Nano Darragh yet."

## IV.

FATHER TOM DALY himself drove Connie Collins to the nearest railway station, eight miles off; then shook him cordially by the hand, and wished him a safe journey and a successful mission.

"And I know very well you'll gain your point, Connie," Father Tom said, with a merry twinkle in his gray, kindly eyes; "the Miss Barretts are artists, and, like all artists, have a fine eye for beauty — and beauty carries the day at times when all else fails, so that it's a queer thing if the finest fellow in our chapel, of a Sunday, can't do a stroke of good work when he throws his heart into it."

The train steamed away from the platform, and poor Connie sat close to the window, looking back into Father Tom's honest, rugged face, a very wistful expression in his beautiful dark-blue eyes.

Then the vision faded. Connie was gone; and Father Tom Daly drove homeward, with a strange loneliness at his heart.

"I never thought I was so attached to that boy," Father Tom said to himself. "Poor Connie! Well, well, to be sure, what a noble, what a beautiful race our true Irishmen are! And to think that every steamer leaving Queenstown is packed to overflowing with the very flower of our unhappy land!"

Father Tom rode over, that same evening, to Cormac Collins's farm-house, and had a long talk with the wealthy farmer.

Cormac was still obstinate. No; he would never consent to his son's marrying Mary Connor. And — with all respect for Father Tom — this Dublin trip was only a waste of time and money.

"The money is no loss to you, at all events, Cormac," Father Tom could not refrain from retorting; "and the trip won't end in smoke either. Wait till you see!"

The next day passed, and the next, and no sign of Connie. Then came Friday, on which evening, Connie had assured Mary Connor, he would see her again — at latest.

It was a dark, stormy day. The equinoctial time had set in, and the wind raved through the hills, whirled over the moorlands, and came tearing and screaming through the trees surrounding Cormac Collins's house, and dashing the red and yellow leaves high in the air.

Nano Darragh haunted the house all that day, as she had haunted it during the previous evening.

Since her betrayal of Connie's secret, she was a welcome guest at his home. Cormac looked upon her as a friend of the family, and Connie's sister, although in her heart disliking Nano, outwardly treated her with civility, if not with warmth.

And at last, just about five o'clock in the evening, Connie arrived.

Nano was the first to see him. He came striding down the hill, looking wonderfully handsome in his blue suit, with a new brown hat, a white scarf, and Mary's plaid handkerchief peeping out of his pocket.

Nano rushed into the house and announced his coming, then stole away with a beating heart, and got into hiding within ear-shot. She could not meet Connie, face to face, after all that had occurred.

But, lo! a moment later Father Tom's voice rang aloud from the farm-yard without. He had ridden over from his own house, and was just in time to welcome the traveller back.

Nano heard loud laughter, and three or four voices all blending together — such a confused babel as it was! Cormac's voice, and Father Tom's, and Connie's; then Connie's sister, Julia, chimed in, and then one or two of the servant-boys.

What were they saying? Nano's heart sank within her. She glided from her hiding-place, and stole nearer to the door. Father Tom was talking, and every word rang like a death-knell in Nano's ears.

"Upon my word!" cried the *soggarth*, with a vehement crack of his whip, "I'll go myself to Dublin to thank the Miss Barretts in person for their noble generosity. Just think of it, Cormac! They promise, in this letter to me, to give Mary two hundred pounds in solid cash, on the day she becomes Connie's wife. I never heard such a thing in all my life. Ah, Connie, you rogue, you must have played your cards well!"

Then the voices became confused again, and Nano, stealing a hurried glance through the window, saw Cormac and his son standing side by side, the father clasping Connie's hand, and Father Tom, radiant with delight, marching up and down, brandishing Miss Barrett's letter and his big whip over his head. It was enough. The full truth rushed upon the watcher's heart. All her wicked plotting was defeated. Connie's triumph and Mary's was complete.

But was it really so?

A hideous expression darkened over Nano's face. An evil glitter shone in her eyes. Every vestige of color died out of her cheeks, and her lips hung apart as though in the dreadful gape of idiocy.

"Come in, come in!" Father Tom's voice rang out cheerily. "Let's talk it all over again within doors. It's a sin and a shame that poor Mary is not here to learn the good news."

"She'll be here before night, sir," Connie's voice replied, triumphantly. "I'll go myself for her as soon as I get a bit to eat."

As the steps drew near to the door Nano sprang back from the window, rushed across the kitchen, and made her escape from the house by the back premises.

Her heart was beating loudly; her breath came and went in short gasps; a dreadful idea had seized upon her, each moment growing stronger and stronger within her fevered brain.

She had sworn to have revenge for the humiliation of scorned love which she had suffered, and already the ghastly fulfilment of that vow loomed grimly before her, goading her on to madness.

* * * * * * * * * * *

How the tempest raved up here amid the mountains! How wild were the tattered clouds scudding across the angry skies!

Crouching down amid the bracken, close to the rope-bridge, was Nano Darragh, her heart still beating wildly, the cold perspiration standing in beads upon her forehead, the madness of a desperate resolve gleaming in her evil eyes.

For the past hour she had waited here, within a stone's throw of the mountain-path by which Connie Collins would come along on his way from his father's house to the rope-bridge.

To Nano every second appeared endless. Her own heart-beats rang in her ears with a rapid thud-thud. Now and then she dashed the chilly perspiration from her forehead, and turned her ear to listen more intently for a long-expected sound.

At last! Footsteps approaching — glad, hurrying footsteps, every beat of which on the rocky pathway rang loud as thunder through the girl's excited brain.

She drew in her breath hard, and beneath her dark shawl her trembling fingers closed more firmly upon a hidden weapon which she had carried hither — for what purpose she knew best herself.

A terrible weapon; a long, cruel scythe-blade, which she had managed to detach from the handle, and which she herself had ground just before she had stolen away from her father's house.

Nearer and nearer came the footsteps. Connie's clear, bold young voice fell upon the listener's ears.

"Oh, love, I am coming, my fond heart is beating,
I pine for one glimpse of thy smiling blue eyes —
Oh, Mary *mavourneen*, soon after this meeting
I'll bear thee away as my bride and my prize!"

"Never, never!" Nano whispered fiercely to herself, as Connie's erect young figure now hastened down the path. "Your bride, indeed! She'll never see that hour. It is my time now — and I'll make the most of it."

She sprang after the retreating figure, and glided down the path to the rope-bridge in the wild fury of the storm. So fierce was the blast that the frail bridge was swayed this way and that, and Connie paused for a moment, as if hesitating to cross it.

Just then there came a brief lull, and Connie, availing himself of the momentary pause in the raging storm, stepped briskly upon the narrow planks, holding on to the ropes, which served as hand-rails at each side.

Nano's hour had come.

She rushed to where the ropes were fastened to stout iron stanchions driven deep into the earth. She drew the long treacherous scythe-blade across and across the straining cords.

Then, as the entire bridge, with a dreadful swish, swung into the black void, she shrieked aloud: —

"Ha! Connie Collins, what do you say to Nano Darragh now? Are you sorry now that you scorned my love and flung it back into my teeth. Are you sorry now" —

The words died away on her lips, giving place to a shrill scream, or, rather, a savage yell, of sudden and overwhelming remorse.

A dreadful thing had occurred.

A violent gust of wind had rushed along the ravine at the very moment when the ropes gave way. Thus it had happened that the bridge, instead of crashing in against the opposite side of the abyss, was swayed slowly to and fro before the blast; and Connie Collins, jerked violently from the planks, had clung on desperately to one quivering rope.

But the sudden and terrific strain had dislocated his shoulder; and there he now hung by one arm over the terrible depths below, while the shrieks of pain and horror which burst from his lips froze the very blood at Nano Darragh's murderous yet remorseful heart.

What could she do?

In the violent revulsion of feeling which had taken place within her she felt for the time being as though her mind had given way.

She rushed up and down the shelving mountain-side beside the ravine; she clasped and unclasped her hands; shriek after shriek for help rang from her lips.

An answering cry at last! God be ever thanked for this!

But whose voice was it? Whose, indeed! It was Mary's — Mary who, mindful of Connie's promise on that last evening they had met, had for hours past been wandering about the mountain-side, eyes and ears strained for the welcome footsteps and figure of her eagerly-expected lover.

"Mary! Mary!" Nano screamed across the abyss, "Connie is there — there — look down — there, clinging to the rope. Oh, God! what am I to do at all?"

No thought of rivalry — no thought of jealousy — tortured her heart now. All other feelings were merged and lost in the one tremendous fact: the man she loved with all the savage passion of her savage nature was separated from a hideous death solely by that straining rope — that wounded, yielding arm!

Yes, yielding; for Connie's cries grew momentarily weaker and weaker. Soon, soon, voice, strength, consciousness should collapse; and then —

At that terrific thought a mist swam before Nano Darragh's eyes. Clouds, rocks, the yawning abyss, rushed together in a confused vision before her. The howling of the tempest sounded in her ears like the monotonous pealing of a great bell, or the booming of the Atlantic surge on the shore. She staggered blindly forward, uttered a shrill, gasping cry, and, swaying dazedly for a moment, disappeared over the jagged verge of the abyss.

But Mary Connor, at the opposite side, was unconscious of what had occurred.

Nano's shrill scream had attracted her attention. She had rushed down the mountain-side only to discover, in all its horror, her lover's position.

How her strength stood to her, how her nerves retained their courage in this dire moment, she never afterwards could tell. Surely the hurried prayer to God, which she had breathed, was heard and answered.

In a moment she had seized one of the ropes, had swung herself down, down, down, until she had come to the spot where poor Connie still hung; then, flinging one arm about his body, and grasping the rope still more firmly, while she utilized the wreck of the bridge as a kind of ladder, she closed her eyes for a second and began the dreadful ascent.

Oh, the moments that followed! Mary Connor can never forget them.

Connie lay like a dead weight against her heaving bosom. The pain of the dislocated shoulder and arm, the horror of his situation, the shock of the occurrence, had brought on their natural results.

Connie Collins had fainted away; his entire weight rested on Mary Connor's one quivering arm, while she strove, with the desperation of madness and terror, to drag herself and her burden to the rocky platform above.

And she succeeded.

Despite the raging storm, which at times swung her to and fro, threatening every second to dash her against the projecting rocks — despite of all, she reached the summit.

In this time of trial a preternatural strength and endurance were granted her.

Ten minutes after Nano Darragh's shrieks had reached her ears, Connie Collins lay safe, but unconscious, upon the verge of the abyss, Mary's protecting arms still wreathed about the man whom she had snatched from the jaws of a hideous death.

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For many a day thereafter the dreadful fate of Nano Darragh, Connie Collins's rescue from death, and Mary Connor's wedding were discussed in every cabin, farmhouse, and mansion throughout the country-side for miles around; for Connie was not long in getting upon his legs again, and the moment his injured shoulder and arm were all right he began the preparations for his marriage.

A new rope-bridge now spans the ravine. Mary Collins is one of the happiest wives in all the South of Munster. Cormac Collins's prejudices were completely conquered a week before Connie's wedding-day. When he saw the patient devotion with which Mary nursed her lover — when he observed her sweet, lovable face, listened to her musical, sympathetic tones, and contrasted with these Nano Darragh's ill-omened appearance and ways, and the dreadful crime which she had attempted — he became a changed man.

With tears in his eyes he begged of Mary to forgive his former treatment of her and of poor old Tim Connor, who had been reinstated in his cosy cottage, and who, Cormac declared, should come and live with Mary as soon as the girl was Connie's wife.

But this was not all.

The Miss Barretts, true to their promise, presented Mary with a princely marriage-gift — a bundle of notes and gold, to the value of two hundred pounds sterling; but, at Cormac's express desire, Mary returned the money to her noble-hearted benefactresses — for, as Connie's father declared, in his own way, the girl had proved herself far above rubies, more precious than shining gold.

The End.

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Be patient in adversity and humble in prosperity, and thus you will triumph in all your struggles.

# The Martyred Archbishop.

THE diary of Archbishop Seghers has been published, through the kindness of Bishop Lemmens, in the Catholic Sentinel, of Portland, Oregon. The memorandum the saintly prelate made in reference to his servant, Fuller, made clear his belief, more than a month previous to his death, in the insanity of the man who deprived him of life. The notes on Fuller's madness are written in French. There are in all seven entries which bear directly on Fuller's insanity. The first appears on Oct. 16, 1886. By it we learn that the Archbishop had a curious conversation with Fuller, in which he gave for the third time proof of his insanity. The following day appears this note: "Fuller was angry at breakfast. He accused me of trying to ruin him." On Nov. 6, we learn, Fuller began to take his meals after the Archbishop, and told him that it was a fancy of his. Six days later the Archbishop notes that Fuller, who had scorned to learn Russian and affected to learn the Indian dialect, accused the Archbishop of refusing to teach him the Russian language. Towards the end of the diary the references to Fuller's mental state are more numerous. On Nov. 20, Fuller asked the Archbishop how he could encourage the Indians to mock him. For five years the Indians have done this in the mountains, and now they continue the same course. On Nov. 21, Fuller asked him why he sent an Indian ahead to burn up the sleigh and himself (Fuller). On Nov. 25, 1886, the diary ends, and its last words are in reference to this wretched man. The Archbishop notes that Fuller says that Walker foretold him that I (the Archbishop) would give him a bad name. Three days later, on Nov. 28, 1886, the Archbishop was shot down by the madman. To use the words of his panegyrist, Bishop Brondel: "Archbishop Seghers offered the morning sacrifice of his life, shedding his blood for the flock of Christ at six o'clock A.M., on Sunday, Nov. 28, ante-vigil of the Feast of St. Andrew, the Apostle, on the banks of the Yukon, Alaska Territory, thirty miles from any habitation, the thermometer marking twenty degrees below zero. He awoke at the voice of his assassin, as the death-dealing fire flashed into his face. He crossed his arms on his breast, and, bowing his head, he expired. His soul went to God, whilst his blood and body were left alone freezing in the cabin. 'May his dear soul rest in peace.' With the Apostle he could say: 'I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. For the rest there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just judge, will render to me at that day.' What a heroic end to such a heroic life! Martyr of charity! I feel almost like invoking you, and, using the words of Litanies, I would exclaim, 'All ye holy martyrs, pray for us.'"

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A DOWNFALL lurks near a man's elevation, a precipice is the offshoot of praise, whilst for the soul there is found great advantage in remaining humble. — *St. Francis.*

## Bethlehem.

FAR in the East our hearts this morn,
'Neath roseate skies of faith and love,
Kneel round the manger of our Lord,
Where reigns the King of Heaven above,
*Venite Adoremus.*

And shepherds watching through the night
Hear greetings from angelic choir,
"*Gloria in Excelsis Deo!*"
Ring the notes of heavenly lyre,
*Venite Adoremus.*

We bring the frankincense of prayer,
The faith of souls set free from sin,
The spices of sweet charity, —
A perfumed gift from heaven to men,
*Venite Adoremus.*

At Bethlehem's shrine of Christian hope, —
An altar bright with love and light, —
We kneel and bathe our souls in prayer,
While shines the cross on Calvary's height,
*Venite Adoremus.*

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Christmas Morn, Toronto.

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## How People Take Cold.

THE time for taking cold is after your exercise; the place is in your own house, or office, or counting-room. It is not the act of exercise which gives the cold, but it is the getting cool too quickly after exercising. For example, you walk very fast to get to the railway station, or to the steamboat, or to catch an omnibus, or to make time for an appointment; your mind being ahead of you, the body makes an effort to keep up with it; and when you get to the desired spot, you raise your hat and find yourself in a perspiration. You take a seat, and feeling quite comfortable as to temperature, you begin to talk to a friend, or to read a newspaper, and before you are aware of it, you experience a sense of chilliness, and the thing is done, the reason being that the perspiration not having been able to escape, it has turned to cold water next the skin. You look round to see where the cold comes from, and find a window open near you, or a door, or that you have taken a seat at the backward part of the carriage, and as it is moving against the wind, you are soon aware of the presence of a strong draught. Or, it may be, you meet a friend at the corner of the street, who wanted a loan, and was quite complimentary, almost loving; you did not like to be rude in the delivery of a two-lettered monosyllable, and while you were contriving to be truthful, polite, and safe, all at the same time, on came the chilly feeling from a raw wind at the corner of the street, or the slush of mud and water in which for the first time you noticed yourself standing. After any kind of exercise, do not stand a moment at the corner of a street for anybody or anything, nor at an open door or window.

# JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

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## THE POOR MAN'S KNOCK.

'Tis many a year, a score and more,
Since a little boy, in blue frock,
Would run to open the great hall-door,
Whose latch he scarce could reach from the floor—
"It is only a poor man's knock."

The harsh word "beggar" was under ban
In that quaint old house by the sea;
And little Blue Frock's announcement ran:
"'Tis a poor little girl—'tis a poor blind man—
Poor woman with children three."

And when our little boy would say,
"There's a poor person at the door,"
The sister who carried the keys that day,
From a willing mother leave would pray
To give him of her store.

But the little boy, ah! not always
Thus back to the parlor ran,—
Often he hushed the whisper of grace,
And only said, with kind voice and face,
"There's nothing for you, poor man."

"Well, dear, God bless you, all the same!"
Thus meekly they would reply.
Ah! hard little heart, what a pity and shame
To let the poor creatures go as they came.
Bid them wait till again you try.

Long years have fled. All changed his lot
Since that era of belt and frock;
Yet oft from the Judge doth he hear in thought—
"I was hungry, and you—you gave me naught
When you answered the poor man's knock."

And therefore he'd teach this rhyme, if he could,
To each little boy in blue frock,
"If you wish to be happy, try to be good,
And think that our Saviour asks you for food
When you ope to the poor man's knock."

M. Russell, S. J., in the Young Collegian.

# THE GIRL FROM UNDER THE LAKE.

A Fairy Tale.

In the north of Ireland, there is a large, beautiful lake called Lough Neagh; and an old story tells us that under its waters stands a city with marble towers, and noble castles, and graceful bridges and streets. In very ancient times a strange fate befell this city. The people in it were not good, and water rose up and covered them and it. They were not drowned, but enabled to live out their lives under Lough Neagh in some very mysterious manner. The people who came after them, were, of course, quite naturalized to the water, never having been out of it, or having seen dry land; and their children's children were still better satisfied with their peculiar way of life. Gradually the race of human beings became water fairies, with curious gifts and peculiarities quite unknown to us; and if their ancestors could have fished them up out of the lake, they could certainly have scarcely recognized them as their own descendants.

At the time of our story very few of the people of the city under the sea gave a thought to the world above them, or dreamed of wishing to go to see it. They had little fins, like fishes, growing out of their shoulders, and they went swimming about their business as contentedly as possible; and if you had asked them questions about dry land they would have told you that they believed it was very queer and not at all pleasant; that the people were stupid, and the places ugly, and that altogether the dry world was not to be compared for a moment with the world at the bottom of the lake.

There was one creature among them, however, who was different from the rest, and who longed with all her heart to return to the upper world, from which her forefathers had been banished. This was a little girl called Nira, who used to sit on the very highest rock under the water and gaze upward, trying to catch a glimpse of the waving branches of the trees that leaned over the edge of the waves above, and watching with intense delight the golden clouds that sailed across the heavens, glancing down as they passed into the dark depths of the lake.

Now all around the water city there lay a wide tract of water country, strewn with sea-weed and sand and shells and curious stones. Here and there large rocks arose in groups, forming the mountains of this under water-country, and these mountains were covered with a strong, large growth of sea-weed, the leaves of which waved to and fro with the tide. These were the forests of the water-world, and great crabs, with long, grasping claws, lurked about in their fastnesses, being as terrible to little wandering water-children, as wild beasts of the dry-land woods are to our own small people up here. Out in this water wilderness of sea-weed, forests, and rocky mountains, a race of fairies dwelt who were the original inhabitants of the water-country, and were a great deal wiser and more clever than the city people. They kept very much to themselves, and seldom came near the city;

but occasionally when some of the city people were brave enough to go out in search of them through the rock and sea-weed wilderness they had been found willing to be obliging and to give excellent advice.

One evening little Nira was sitting alone on one of the rocks close to the city watching the red light of a beautiful sunset quiver downward through the clear water, and almost touch her outstretched hand. It was just one of those evenings such as the poet was thinking of when he told the world in a song that,

> "On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
> When the calm, clear eve's declining,
> He sees the round towers of other days
> In the waves beneath him shining."

I dare say the fisherman was above on the beach that very moment, peering down, just as Nira was peering up. However, she could not see him. She saw nothing but the royal crimson light eddying down through the waves, and a great golden glory above, which she did not know was the sun. Her heart beat fast with longing to ascend towards the light and the warmth of heaven; but her little fins would not carry her higher than the level of the city walls. After several struggles to swim upwards she drooped her fins and sat down upon the rock and wept.

Presently she felt a cold nose thrust against her cheek, and looking up saw — no, it was not a dog; there were no dogs down there; but a beautiful shining salmon trout was gazing at her, with its fishy, goggling eyes, full of the tenderest sympathy.

I daresay you would have been quite afraid if this had happened to you; but Nira was fond of the fishes, who were accustomed to be petted by her, and she was no more afraid than you would be if loving old Scamp, with his furry ears, lay down and put his head in your lap.

"Troutie, dear, you can't help me," said Nira, patting his glittering scales; "I know you would if you could. You are too small to take me on your back and carry me up to see the sky. And I shall never be happy till I get away into the upper world."

The salmon trout wagged his head, and said, "Why do you not go and talk to the water-fairies out in the country? They are very wise, and perhaps they can tell you how to manage to get your wish."

"Oh, dear Troutie, I am afraid of the sea-weed wilderness, of the mountains and forests, and the ferocious crabs; and I shouldn't know my way if I were ever so brave."

"If you follow me to-night," said Troutie, "when the phosphorus is shining, I will guide you out into the sea-weed wilderness, for I know where many of the water-fairies dwell."

Nira agreed to this, and that night she met the trout; the phosphorus was shining with a beautiful white light, so that they could see where they were going; and Nira, holding the fish's tail fast with both hands, went swimming after him through the far-out waters, away from the neighborhood of the city, away into the sea-weed wilderness.

It was a long time before they came to the water-fairies' home. They passed by huge rock mountains, and through forest tangles of sea-weed, and several times the crabs clawed at them, and once even pinched Nira's little bare toes; but at last the journey was accomplished, and Troutie landed Nira at the entrance to a cave, where the cleverest and oldest of all the water-fairies dwelt.

The cave was lit with lumps of phosphorus that burned like lamps among the branches of the sea-weed growing upon the walls of the cave, and the water-fairy sat up under the largest lamp, weaving her spells. She was a strange-looking little old woman, with a face like a fish, and hair like fine sea-weed. Her fingers were like crabs' claws, and she had a sparkling necklace of pearls round her wrinkled neck.

"What do you want with me?" asked the water-fairy, stopping her spells, and goggling her eyes at Nira.

"Please," said Nira, "I want to go up on the dry land, and be a human being. My fins will not carry me up through the water, and I am too heavy for Troutie to take me on his back. Can you tell me how I can manage to get up?"

"It is not allowed," said the water-fairy. "It is quite impossible; unless, indeed, some person from the dry world above were to come down and take your place. If such a person were to come,—and, of course, that is possible,—come of her own will and deliberate act, then you could form a wish, and rise at once to the upper world, and take the place of the creature who had descended to live with us."

"I will watch," said Nira, "and, if such a person comes, I will instantly go."

"But, mind, you must deliver over to the new-comer everything that belonged to you here. And, stay; I will give you this necklace of enchanted pearls. Wear them on your neck till you see some one come, and, when you are going to rise, take it off and fasten it round the stranger's neck. I give it to you for her, that, while wearing it, she may be obliged to leave you in peace upon earth. If you go away with it upon you, she may be able to return to the upper world to claim it, as soon as she is tired with the world down here; and she may interrupt your happiness and ruin your life."

Nira did not very clearly understand this; but she clasped the necklace on her neck, quite sure that she would be glad to give it to any person that would change places with her, and enable her to ascend through the dark, heavy water towards the beautiful heaven of her dreams.

After that, she used to sit constantly on the rocks, looking up through the water, and watching intently, in the hope that somebody might come down to take her place.

A year passed, and no one came; and Nira was beginning to despair, when, one morning, a faint sound was heard overhead, and Nira, having often been deceived with false hopes, shook her head, and said to herself, "It is only the splashing oar of a fisherman's boat." Then something dark came between her uplifted gaze and the light of the

sky gleaming through the water. "It is only the shadow of the boat," said Nira, so accustomed to disappointment, that she could not believe the happy moment was come at last. It was, however, come; for, the next moment, the darkness in the water took a human shape, and dropped down at her very feet. A girl of about her own age was standing before her, looking rather stunned by her rapid descent through the waves.

"Oh, who are you, and where do you come from?" said Nira, clasping her hands, and gazing at the stranger, as if she could not believe her eyes.

"My name is Runa," said the strange girl, "and I have thrown myself into the lake to vex and punish the people up there, who were always worrying me. I told them I should do it if they did not let me alone, and they only said, 'Oh, you bad girl! you know you would never dare to do such a thing!' But I have dared, and a nice state of mind they will all be in."

"Who are they?" asked Nira, shrinking away from this girl, who, although she was pretty, had a bold, angry look in her face.

"My mother and a string of nurses," said Runa.

"Oh," said Nira, "if I had a mother I shouldn't throw myself into the lake to vex her. I think I would be anxious to make her happy."

Runa stared. "I wanted to amuse myself," she said, "and they wouldn't let me. If I had known there was such a fine place down here I should have come long ago. It will be much better fun to live down here where I shall be my own mistress, and have no one to torment me."

"I hope you will be happy," said Nira; "but I cannot help wondering at you, for I have been longing and longing to go up to the green earth, and to see the sky. Now that you have come, I can go."

"Oh, go by all means!" said Runa, "and I daresay you will soon get tired of it."

"I will give you all my pretty things," said Nira, "before I go."

Just then a number of little water-fairies appeared and gathered round the two girls, and began stripping off Nira's mantle of long sea-weed fringe, and frock made of fish's glitter, and they took the coral wreath out of her long hair and left her nothing at all but her little petticoat of summer-sea foam. All these things they gave to Runa, and put them on her, and Runa was greatly pleased to have such strange, new clothes, and laughed and pointed her finger at Nira, who had so little left to wear. Nira folded her long hair around her shoulders, and, forgetting all about the pearl necklace given her by the fairy, she hid it out of sight with her tresses. Nobody noticed it, and Nira was quite unconscious of having it on; and so it happened that she took it away with her instead of handing it over to Runa, as the great old water-fairy had desired her to do. The fairies clapped their hands as a signal for her to depart, and the next moment Nira rose through the water as lightly as a cork, and soon found herself on

the surface, scrambling up the soft bank, with all the warm light of the sunset glowing on her face.

It was one of those red sunsets which sometimes come when there has been a great fall of snow, and the snow was thick on the earth when Nira began to run along it for the first time. Her little feet were bare, and her little skirt of summer foam did not protect her much from the cold. She ran very fast to try to warm herself, but as the sunset faded the air grew colder and colder. She went so swiftly that in a short time she had travelled many miles. Her little fins, which still clung to her shoulders, caught the wind and spread themselves out, and acted as wings, and they helped her very well over the ground, so that she moved almost as quickly as a bird. Along the edge of a wood she passed, and over a long, wild moor and across a mountain. When she was just leaving the wood and beginning to float up the mountain, she saw two strange bright eyes shining at her, and a brown hairy creature sat right in her path, and spoke to her.

It was a fox; but Nira did not know that until he told her, for there are no foxes down under Lough Neagh.

Said the fox, "What do you mean by running away with the water-fairies' enchanted necklace? Don't you know that it belongs to Runa, and that she may come back to claim it from you?"

Nira uttered a cry, and put her hand to her throat. It was true, indeed, that she had run away with the necklace upon her neck.

"I forgot it," she cried. "Indeed I forgot it. Oh, what shall I do?"

THE ENCHANTED NECKLACE.

"Give it to me," said the fox, "and I will bring it back to Lough Neagh, and deliver it to Runa. You know it is full of fairy gifts which she will need, and has a right to. Since you have chosen to be a mere human being, you have no right to fairy powers."

"That is true," said Nira; "and I do not wish for them. But how will you get down under the lake with the necklace. I never saw anything like you among us."

"Oh," said the fox, "I have a friend, a frog, who is a great traveller by water. He will take care of it for me, and give it into Runa's own hands."

"Oh, thank you!" said Nira. "How can I ever thank you enough?"

"All right," said the fox.

But it was all wrong. However, Nira trusted him completely, and, taking off her necklace, fastened it round the fox's hairy neck.

He scampered away with it to his hole, and never went near Lough Neagh at all.

Nira, greatly relieved in her mind, now continued her journey. Since the necklace was gone, however, she found a great change in her means of getting along. Her fins would no longer act as wings, but hung limp at her shoulders, and she stumbled on with her bare feet, just like any poor little half-clad mortal, who was perishing with cold, and had lost its way. Very slowly, indeed, she came down the mountain, which she had ascended so quickly, and by the time she came near the valley on the distant side her poor little feet were bleeding and sore. Darkness was beginning to close round her, not a ray of the beautiful red sunlight lingered on the earth, and Nira was terrified to find herself all alone in a strange, unknown world, where the beautiful sky she had longed for was hidden from her sight, and nothing was at all like what she had expected it to be.

However, she was a brave little soul, and she said to herself, "Of course the night comes on everywhere, and I must expect that. If I had only a safe corner to creep into till morning! Then the warm sun will come back, and I shall see the beautiful heaven with its clouds and light."

Her toes were beginning to grow numb, and her head to spin round with the cold, and, besides, she was getting dreadfully hungry, which was a state of things that she did not understand. Under the lake a little sea-weed was all that any person wanted for food, and as it was always at hand, no one ever felt the pain of having to do without a meal. But now she had been a good many hours upon dry land, and in this world children are always hungry.

Suddenly, when she was just going to drop down upon the snow in despair, Nira saw a great brightness spring up quite near her and stream out towards her, as if some one held up a lamp to let her see her way to a certain spot. It was the firelight shining through the window of a house not far away. Some one inside had poked up the fire and so saved Nira from death.

She did not know what it could be, for there are no fires down under the lake, and no light except phosphor lamps; but it reminded her of the sun, and she felt it warm and good. Creeping towards it, she reached the window through which it shone, and putting her face against the pane, looked into the house.

What she saw was a large, old snug parlor, with brown panelled walls, and a few old ghostly pictures, a great fire burning joyously on the tiles of a wide hearth, and a group of rosy, happy-looking children clustering round it, with their heads together as if they were listening to something that interested them. And this was the case, for the eldest girl was telling a fairy tale to the rest, and meanwhile a row of fine, fragrant apples was roasting and sputtering on tiles before the blaze.

This sight was so delightful to Nira that she felt her heart swell and beat so fast that it seemed as if she could not bear it. "Oh, if

they would take me in!" she thought; and after watching them a long time, and almost forgetting her own pains, she at last got courage to go up to the porch of the house, and to knock with her little fists on the door.

The strange knock was heard in the parlor by the children, and the story-telling was interrupted, and they all sat in amazement, for their home was in a very lonely place, and no one ever came near it at night.

"Goody Nurse!" cried the children; and Goody Nurse, who was sitting sewing in her small workroom close by, put down her needle-work and came into the parlor.

"Such a strange knock!" cried the children, gathering round her.

"I heard it," said Goody Nurse; "but you must not be frightened."

The old butler put his head in at the parlor door.

"Will I open the hall-door, Goody Nurse?" he said. "It was a kind of a *dunsh*, a soft, hard push, like the sthrayed calf gave that night whin it made up to the door."

"You must open it, of course, Tim," said nurse, "but put the chain up first."

The old man disappeared, and soon came back, looking quite pale and agitated.

"Oh, Goody Nurse," he said, "there is a little angel on the thrashel beggin' to get in."

"An angel!" echoed the nurse and children.

"What else could she be wid wings upon her?" said the old man.

"Wings!" and every one turned pale.

"Wings out of her shoulders, and a face like the stars in glory," said Tim. "Come out, Goody Nurse, and look at her yourself."

Goody Nurse did as he requested, and stepped into the hall with the children clinging to her skirts. There stood poor Nira in the open doorway, looking in at them with a pale, pleading face, as beautiful as the white wind-flower that comes in the woods in spring. But her wings were gone. Seeing that they had startled the old man, and remembering that she had no longer a right to them, and that they were indeed now no use to her, she had pulled them off and thrown them on the wind.

"God save us!" murmured Goody Nurse; "it's a beautiful child, and the eyes are enough to make a body see wings."

Tim rubbed his eyes, and felt ashamed of himself.

"Ah, well," he said, "I be to be doatin'. Wings or no wings, it's an angel she is, anyhow!"

The children crept out from Nurse's skirts, ranged themselves in a semicircle at the door, and gazed at the beautiful and mysterious visitant.

"Oh, will you take me in!" said Nira; "I am freezing to death."

"*Cead mille failte, alanna!*" said nurse, solemnly, breaking into

Irish to relieve her feelings. She opened her motherly arms and Nira sprang into them.

They carried her into the parlor and placed her beside the fire, and nurse fetched nice warm clothing and dressed the little foundling as the other children were dressed. The little tunic of summer foam worn by Nira puzzled her. It was so white, so soft, and so glistening, and she could not make out what it was made of.

When Nira was warm, and clothed, and comforted, they brought her a large bowl of bread and milk, and all the children sat round and saw her eat. In spite of their delight, they were almost afraid to speak to her. She seemed so strange, so delicate, so unlike any other child they had ever met with before. All felt that there was something mysterious about her; but they knew that she was good.

"I'm not rightly sartain where she came from yet," said Tim to the other servants. "Sure I am that at the first sight of her she had wings."

The wind soughed through the great old trees round the house in the darkness, and could have told them all about it, but nobody listened; and Nira, being now a mortal child, was already beginning to lose her recollection of her earlier life.

"Where did you come from, my dear?" asked Goody Nurse, kindly, when Nira had finished her supper.

"I came from under the lake," said Nira; "I lived down in the water. I wanted to see heaven."

Goody Nurse looked frightened out of her wits.

"The child is ill, is going to have a fever," said she, forgetting how eagerly Nira had eaten her supper. "I must go and speak to the ould mistress at once."

The "ould mistress" was the children's grandmother; and the fine old house at the foot of the mountain, with its background of wood, and screened in front by tall, dark plumes of trees, belonged to her. The children's father had been a brave soldier, who had been killed fighting, and their mother had died of grief for his loss. Granny, Goody Nurse and old Tim, were the three guardians of the children; and it would be hard to say which loved them the best. Goody Nurse had most to do with them, for poor granny was very old, and was paralyzed, that is, she had an illness that prevented her moving about, and she always sat in her own room; a large, fine old chamber looking out over the mountain and wood. A prisoner in her chair, she sat here day after day gazing across the side of the hill into the bright depths of that heaven which Nira had come on earth to see. She was very wise and very good, and she thought a great deal about her dear children; but she was not able to have them with her as much as she wished. She could not bear to let them go away from her to school among strangers, and so kept them at home, and had a very learned governess for them, who, however, only visited them at lesson times, and left them all the rest of the day with Granny and Goody Nurse.

"Misthress!" said Goody Nurse, walking up to granny's chair, with her two hands folded at her ample waist, and looking straight at the old lady with a sort of fright in her eyes.

Granny was lying patiently in her chair before the fire, with her dear old withered face framed in a soft white cap tied under her chin. Her helpless fingers lay limp on the arms of her chair, but her bright, thoughtful eyes questioned Goody Nurse.

"None of my chicks ill?" faltered the "ould mistress."

"No, misthress; but a new chick has come into the house since nightfall; one that looks like an angel or a fairy, or God knows what. She has travelled a long way, alone in the snow, and I think she's a bit light-headed, for she says she came up out of Lough Neagh, and that she lived there before, and that she wanted to see heaven."

"Is she not any of the children belonging to the country people?" asked Granny.

"No, no," said Goody Nurse; "I know them all well, if it was only by seein' them in church on Sundays. She be to come from a long way off. God knows where she come from. There's Tim declares he saw wings on her when he opened the door."

Granny smiled. "Well, Goody Nurse, we'll treat her as if she was an angel, at all events," she said. "You know people sometimes entertain angels unawares. An innocent child is very near akin to the angels. We will keep her as our own till her people come to claim her. I am too tired to-night; but to-morrow morning you must bring her to see me."

So Goody Nurse went off quite satisfied, and returned to the parlor where she found Nira sitting in the midst of the children, who were caressing her as if they had known her all her life.

"No one could help loving her for sure," murmured Goody Nurse; and she went away and prepared a little white bed for the stranger, exactly like those of her own darlings.

And Nira knelt among them when they said their prayers; and then they all lay down on their bed, and Nira forgot everything except that she was a blessed human child on whom the morning sun would shine.

But outside, in the clear, cold moonlight, on the snow the fox sat on his tail and eyed the windows of the great old house, and watched the light go out in them one by one.

"So this is where she has been taken in," he said, "I will mark it well, and shall not forget it. And I have got the necklace, ha! ha! ha! Runa's necklace is safe in my hole!"

The owls hooted in the trees, and the wind soughed again through the branches. "How will it all end?" said they.

"Badly!" said the fox; "I am resolved on that." For the fox was wicked, and was Nira's enemy.

To be continued.

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## THE DOGS AND THE ROBBERS.

A TRAGICAL story is told of an adventure that happened to the Monks of St. Bernard, when the breed of their celebrated dogs was at its full perfection. No less than thirty robbers, to whom the supposed possession of the monastery offered a rich booty, had by degrees introduced themselves into the retreat, arriving in parties at intervals, and were always received in the most friendly manner. As soon as the

whole band was assembled they threw off their concealment and summoned the abbot to produce the keys of the treasure. The monk was, fortunately, a man of more resolute character than is usually found in those places of seclusion, and did not lose his presence of mind. He observed to them mildly that their conduct was unworthy, and an ill-return for the hospitable attention they had received. The robbers, as may be supposed, were deaf to the appeal and continued their demand. "If it must be so," said the superior, "as we have no means of defending ourselves, I must submit; follow me, therefore, to the spot where our treasure is kept." He led the way, and was tumultuously attended by the eager band. He placed his hand on a door, but before he turned the key he turned back and made another appeal. He was answered with execrations, and no choice being left him he threw the door wide open. It was the den in which the dogs were kept; he raised his voice, to which a loud yell responded, then gave a rapid signal, and in an instant the powerful animals bounded forth upon their prey, tearing some, strangling others, and sending the few of the robbers who escaped their attack flying for their lives headlong down the mountain in frantic terror, to be dashed to pieces over the precipices which yawned beneath their feet.

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## WHAT WE OWE TO THE MONKS.

It has been said, "Classical history is a part of modern history; only mediæval history is ancient." There never was a more foolish saying. Mediæval history, considered as a whole, is the history of the gradual emancipation of all the forces which make up individual life, and of the assignment to them of their due place in the public order. Adequately to deal even with the outlines of this great subject would require a volume. Here we shall merely touch upon one point, the work done by Christianity for those whom we call the "masses," the multitude condemned by the inexorable laws of life to manual toil. We speak of the elevation of the laborer from slavery, through serfdom to personal freedom, as having been mainly wrought out by the church. And truly. But this was only one part of the freedom wherewith she endowed him. If you regard the toil of the agriculturist, or the artisan, from a merely material point of view, what an ignoble drudgery it is! "A naturally servile occupation," as Aristotle deemed it. But Christianity, inspiring that toil with a higher motive than the needs of the physical organism, proclaiming the spiritual worth of all honest work as a divinely appointed ordinance, nay, placing it upon a level with the highest exercises of devotion — *laborare est orare* — ennobled, in a supreme degree, the lives of the humblest toilers. Those companies of religious men, following the rule of St. Benedict, who cleared the forests, drained the morasses, reclaimed the desolate places of Germany, France, Spain, England, were doing a work of which they little dreamed. "We owe the agricultural restoration of a great part of Europe to the monks," writes Mr. Hallam. Yes; we do owe to them what is of far more importance — that sentiment of the dignity of labor without which the mere legal emancipation of the laborer would have been of little worth.

## BRING UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered to France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

It is decreed that: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the earth out of which thou wast taken;" and, therefore, it is necessary that children should be trained in their youth to provide for all their bodily wants in later years. They should be taught how to make a living for themselves, and be instructed in all the secular affairs of the state of life in which they are to live. But they must also be trained to provide for the life of their souls, for there is another law of God, which says: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice." According to this law, a child must, first of all things, learn to know God, and how to love and serve Him alone.

The representative of God on earth, the Catholic Church, demands that the child be trained, not only to make its living in the world, but also to save its soul; and, in demanding these things, she is in agreement with God himself. All other kind of education than this, she does not hesitate to condemn as false, and opposed to the laws and the will of God.

By enforcing true education, the Catholic Church incurs the enmity and the opposition of the world; for the spirit of the world is not the spirit of God, and hates everything that leads to God. The spirit of the world demands that a child should be educated only in the affairs or the knowledge of the things of the world; for it has to live in the world, and, therefore, should be educated to live in it well. It is the first duty of parents, then, to have their children educated in a knowledge of the world. This is a very captivating sort of education, especially to those who have their minds on the world, and place success in it as the primary object of their existence. And so blinded are they by it, they do not see that, even to succeed in the world and keep society together, there must be morality, which their sort of education does not undertake to supply. But the Catholic Church is strong enough to resist this opposition, and will continue to enforce true education for the salvation of her own children, and for the enlightenment of those who are opposed to her.

The beginning of a child's life should be a preparation for its true end, to be in heaven with God forever. That is the object of his existence, and all his education should be directed to that. Hence, it is the duty of parents and superiors to begin to train the child in religion first of all things, because it is only through religion that he can know God, serve Him, adore Him, and, at the end of his life on earth, obtain eternal life in heaven.

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I desire my brethren to be true disciples of the Gospel. May they make great strides in the knowledge of truth; may they advance in purity and simplicity, never separating the innocence of the dove from the prudence of the serpent; and, finally, may the Divine Master teach us all to unite them. — *St. Francis.*

# DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1889.


## NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE article in this month's issue, by H. L. R., on the Suppression of the Jesuits by Pope Clement XIV., is worthy of a careful perusal, especially by the enemies of that great order.

THE JUBILEE YEAR of our Holy Father the Pope closed on the 31st of December. Religious services were held in all the churches, convents, etc., throughout the world. The year has been one of the greatest in the annals of the church. The Pope, addressing the Sacred College, on Dec. 24, gave thanks to God for the blessings which his jubilee had brought him. He affirmed, with much feeling, his former utterances on the question of the temporal power, and indignantly rejected the accusation that he was an enemy of Italy. He urged Catholics everywhere to agitate, in a legal manner, for the restoration of the Papal supremacy, in the states of the church, and spoke in depreciation of the recent legislative enactments in Italy.

### Six Exquisite Water-Colors.

THE daintiest Calendar of the season is issued by the Smith & Anthony Stove Co., of Boston, manufacturers of the celebrated Hub Ranges. It is in six sheets, tied together by a ribbon, each sheet being a fac-simile of a delicate water-color drawing, by Miss L. B. Humphrey, of Boston, and made especially for this purpose. The designs consist of six charming sketches of child life, drawn in Miss Humphrey's happiest way, together with delicate landscape scenes, and which are simply exquisite in color and treatment. The set of six sheets can be had by sending twenty-five cents, in stamps or currency, to the above address. Our readers will be fortunate if they secure a set of these Art Gems.

Do you read the Boston Daily and Sunday Globe? If you do not, you ought to do so.

### Deceased Catholic Bishops of the United States.

WE will commence this series of articles in next number. The subject will be ARCHBISHOP CARROLL.

THE following appeared in a recent number of a Boston contemporary:

"It can hardly be said that Boston is an entirely intolerant city in matters of religion, when a free-thinking Jewish rabbi receives a practically unanimous vote of the citizens for a member of the school committee. The most extreme of our orthodox brethren accepted Dr. Schindler without a murmur, and Catholics and Protestants alike united upon a man who was as far from both of them as possible in his religious views."

Upon the above the Catholic Review remarks: "Dr. Schindler, though a Jewish Rabbi, so-called, is really neither Jew, Christian, Mohammedan, nor Brahmin, but a radical Free-thinker, who has no faith in the supernatural. He affiliates with the radical Unitarian preachers in Boston, who are simply enlightened pagans, and several of whom were invited to take part in the dedication services of his Synagogue. He lectures against Christianity and against orthodox Judaism. Of course, he is a most proper person to represent and to legislate for the godless public schools. But we hope it will not be long before the Catholics of Boston will be so independent of the public schools, that they can afford to let the conglomerate institution take care of itself."

### The Pope and the Czar.

FOR the first time in years, the Emperor of Russia has sent a friendly Christmas greeting to the Pope.

### Y. M. C. A. of Boston College.

THE annual concert and lecture course, which has now become a prominent feature of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College, was inaugurated the evening of the 14th of November in the college hall on James street, and if the opening lecture may be considered a criterion, the course for the season promises to be attended with great success. The large hall was filled with a highly appreciative audience, including many people of prominence in Catholic circles of Boston.

Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., the rector of Boston College, and president of the Y. M. C. A., delivered the lecture, and his subject was: "My latest trip to Ireland." The reverend lecturer spoke in his usual happy vein, and his lecture throughout abounded in the most interesting reminiscences. There were numerous sallies of wit aptly interspersed in his discourse, and laughter and applause were freely indulged in by the delighted audience.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 27, a grand vocal and instrumental concert, under the management of Sig. Rotoli, of the Conservatory of Music, was given to a crowded house.

Wednesday evening, Dec. 19, was devoted to pure fun and laughter by a lecture by Eli Perkins, on "Philosophy of Wit and Humor."

Wednesday evening, Jan 2, the second grand concert, will, like the first, be under the management of Sig. Rotoli, with a grand chorus of forty voices.

Wednesday evening, Jan. 16, the lecture will be given by Hon. Charles J. Noyes. Subject: "The Price of Good Government."

Friday evening, Jan. 25, the closing event of the course, but by no means its least attractive one, will be a grand orchestral concert under the direction of the popular Boston leader, Mr. John C. Mullaly, who will be assisted by some of the leading instrumental soloists of the city and by a grand orchestra of at least twenty pieces, including members of the justly famous Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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THE Festival in aid of the Working Boys' Home, on Thanksgiving Day, was a great success, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather.

### Presents for a Priest.

THE REV. FATHER T. F. BEAVAN, who has recently been transferred to Holyoke, was given a reception by his old parishioners of St. Mary's Catholic Church at Spencer, Mass., on the evening of Nov. 29th. The feature of the evening was a series of presentations to Father Beavan. There were thirteen in all, one for each year of the pastor's residence in Spencer. The gifts, which cost over one thousand dollars, were bought by money raised by subscription. They were as follows: Silver tea service, silver ice-cream set, silver soup tureen and ladle, silver salad knife and fork, silver ice-water set, carving set of five pieces, one dozen pearl-handled tea knives, one dozen silver forks, a silver fish knife and fork, a coffee set of four pieces, a butter dish and knife, a bronze statue, "Sailor in Distress," a bronze statue, "Life Guard Throwing a Life Line." John O'Gara presented the tea set, and the other gifts were presented by twelve children of the parish. Rev. Father Beavan made a feeling response. Addresses were also made by A. H. Sinnott, chairman of the parish committee, Rev. B. S. Conaty, the pastor, and William A. Forest.

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### A Fool and his Money, etc.

THERE is a grim satire in the wail of ex-Candidate James J. Coogan, who put himself and one hundred thousand dollars into the hands of practical politicians in New York as the candidate of the United Labor party. Hear him: I have been informed that these men after getting my money, and solemnly assuring me that they would strain every nerve to bring out a large vote for me in their districts, deliberately pocketed my money, destroyed my ballots, and betrayed me at the polls.

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MESSRS. CUSHMAN BROTHERS & CO. 82, 84, and 86 Hawley street, Boston, have the largest stock of window shades, curtain fixtures, upholstery goods, Hollands and upholstery hardware, that can be found in this city to select from. Their factory in Cambridge is one of the largest in the United States, and the house one of the most extensive in their line, and worthy of patronage.

### Religious and Secular Education.

THE issue between religious and secular education has now been definitely knit on the North American Continent. England and Ireland have already passed through the throes of the struggle. In Ireland the victory of religion may be said to be complete, no really secular schools existing. In England the contest between secularism as represented by the Board Schools, and denominationalism as represented by the schools of the Roman Catholic and Established Churches, has resulted in the recognition by the state of the schools of these creeds — the payment to them of grants from the Imperial Exchequer, and more telling than all is frequent reports by the State Inspectors of the extraordinary efficiency attained by the children who are taught under the guidance of religion. There can be no doubt that America will do as well.

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### A Corkman Punishes the Times.

THE Michigan Catholic: At least one Irishman has brought the London Times to time. He is Sir John Pope Hennessy, a Catholic and a Home Ruler, though a Tory official. The Times, more than a year ago, published some falsehoods about him and the manner of his administration as Governor of one of Her Majesty's colonies, based on reports of Clifford Lloyd. Sir John sued the Thunderer and pushed his suit. The result has been that the Times has been adjudged guilty and ordered to pay over to the Irishman eight thousand pounds (forty thousand dollars) and to make an apology. We wish Mr. Parnell had taken a similar course instead of asking for a Parliamentary Commission. He could have proved himself guiltless of the Times' charges, even before a London jury, and forced the proprietors of that paper to sign an apology and pay damages. Somehow, we are beginning to think that it would be a help to Mr. Parnell and to the Irish cause if he had a few Corkmen like John Pope Hennessy in his councils. But — God help us, and Ireland — the spasmists turn to Captain Shea rather than to John Pope Hennessy.

### Just So.

As a rule those Catholics that never attend sermons are the very people that complain of the length or tenor of sermons.

They that never enter a confessional are the people that blabber against the abuses of confession.

They that never spoke to a priest are the people that clamor most against priestly fanaticism.

They that ignore the very first word of their Catechism are the first to set up as infallible doctors in every question of faith and morals.

Those that never read a Catholic paper are the loudest to complain of the dulness of the Catholic Press.

Those that never gave the slightest encouragement to Catholic publications are the readiest to wonder that Catholic books don't sell cheap.

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### A Martyr.

A SPANISH novice of fifteen has just died a martyr to her charity and her unskilled youth. A poor workman of Saragossa, applying the other day for a nursing sister for his wife, was told that all the nuns happened to be out at similar work, but that, the case being urgent, a little novice would go with him and do her best. Pabla Sarrablo went accordingly, did her service tenderly and well, and died in it with more than human heroism. At night, having put the children to bed, the poor girl — a child herself — went into the kitchen to do some cooking for her patient, when the fire caught her clothing. She must have run in flames to the stairs, where she was found much later burnt to death. It was evident to all the house that Pabla had died in silence rather than endanger the sick woman by screaming for help ; for not a cry or a groan had been heard during the awful martyrdom of her death.

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FOR the first time since the Reformation, two Catholic gentlemen who have stood up for the Town Councillorship of Norwich, England, have been successfully elected — Mr. Coates and Mr. Miller, both members of the Catholic body.

### Montgomery Veterans.

THE recently elected officers of the Montgomery Veteran Association gave a symposium on the evening of Jan. 2d, at their headquarters, to the members, in honor of their receiving their commissions. The occasion was one of pleasure, and the large attendance confirmed the acceptance, and expressed the gratification, with which the newly elected officers were received. The entertainment was arranged by Col. Thomas F. Doherty and Capt. John B. Duffy, and consisted of recitations, instrumental music, and songs.

The officers of the association for the ensuing year are: Colonel, Thomas F. Doherty; lieutenant-colonel, D. G. Macnamara; major, Jeremiah G. Fennesey; adjutant, J. J. Murphy; chief of staff, Capt. James D. Casey; paymaster, W. G. Sullivan; quartermaster, James Darling; assistant quartermaster, M. H. McCafferty; surgeon, John G. Lane; assistant surgeon, Thomas A. O'Callaghan; judge advocate, William Whiton Dwyer. The invited guests present were Patrick Donahoe, Capt. Dennis Linehan, Col. J. J. Barry, Capt. W. H. McGonnigle of the Brooklyn Base Ball Club, "Prof." John J. Concannon and others. It was a very enjoyable occasion.

### The Pope Expresses His Love for the Catholics of Ireland.

DUBLIN, Jan. 1.—Archbishop Walsh read from the pulpit to-day a message from the Pope to the Irish people, in which his holiness said: "We have always held in special affection the Catholics of Ireland who have been long sorely tried by many afflictions, and have ever cherished them with a love, which is more intense because of their marvellous fortitude, and their hereditary attachment to their religion. In the counsels we have given from time to time, and in our recent decree, we were moved, not only by the consideration of what is conformable to the truth, but also by the desire to advance your interests. Our affection for you does not suffer us to allow the cause for which Ireland is struggling to be weakened by the introduction of anything which could fairly be brought in reproach against it. In order to specially manifest our affection, we send you a number of gifts which are specially blessed."

CARDINAL NEWMAN is in his eighty-eighth year, having been born in February, 1801. He is the eldest member of the Sacred College.

LONDON TABLET: What a deal of world the public opinion of England has wandered over since the days of Catholic emancipation! Who could have imagined then, a Catholic bishop standing before a great gathering of the citizens of Manchester, and there solemnly pronouncing the Apostolic blessing of the Roman Pontiff? And not only was the announcement that Pope Leo had sent his blessing to them received by that Protestant assembly with repeated applause, but a resolution was instantly drafted and unanimously carried, thanking His Holiness and congratulating him upon the initiative he had taken in the cause of the African slave. Men of many creeds were present; but all alike were ready for the time to forget every difference, and to remember only the brotherhood of a common purpose. If effort for the African crusade result in a wider charity and a gentler tolerance among Christians, of whatever nationality, a good will be won vaster than the dreams of its promoters.

### The New Year in Ireland.

DUBLIN, Jan. 1.—At a league meeting in this city to-day Donald Sullivan, member of the House of Commons for South Westmeath, congratulated the leaguers on the fact that the year closed with unabated confidence in the cause. The Irish people, he said, had received a New Year's gift in the atrocious sentence of Mr. Harrington. The magistrate passing the sentence, might rely on enjoying for many years the reputation of being the meanest and basest tool employed by the Balfour government.

Mr. John Joseph Clancy, member for North Dublin county, referring to the recent order of the land commission regarding an average reduction in judicial rents, denounced it as the most outrageous scandal connected with the administration of the land act, forcing tenants to buy holdings at rack rents under the Ashbourne Act.

### Friendly Advice.

"SAVE at the spigot and lose at the bung." Sharpening time is at hand, with its glary surfaces and slippery pavements. Our unlucky friend, the horse, at this season of the year, feels, no doubt, that his lot is far from a happy one. Driven with heavy loads over places where if his calks are not in good condition he cannot stand at all, he sprawls along, straining every muscle to keep his footing. The wear and tear on the muscular fibres of the animal is immense, and it is not less on those important members, the feet. The frequent shoeing, consequent on the necessity for sharp calks, almost honeycombs the horny shell of the hoof. At this time it is well for the horse owner to remember that stiff, steely nails, such as are made by the cold clipping and rolling processes, with their sharp edges and unyielding blades, work on the fibres of the hoof and enlarge the holes, thus weakening its structure.

The Putnam horse nail is the only one made by machinery in the world which is hot-forged and drawn from head to point and not clipped in any manner during the process, and from the fact of its round edges not cutting into the hoof, and the possibility of using a smaller nail for the same work, it is the most desirable for the sharpening season. From the method of its manufacture it cannot split or sliver in driving, and there is no possibility of loss from that cause. Some smiths make a practice of using the cheapest of cheap nails in winter time, on the ground that as the shoes do not have to stay on so long, anything in the shape of a nail will answer. This is mistaken economy on their part, for it does not pay to use the cold cut and rolled nails at any price.

The difference in the price between the Putnam which is necessarily higher, because of its superiority and extra cost of manufacture, and the cut nails, is only about two cents a pound, which, allowing a quarter of a pound to shoe a horse, would be a saving to the smith of half a cent on each animal, providing he did not have to throw away any of the cut nails by using a cheap and dangerous nail. All these cut nails are liable to split and sliver in driving, and if a piece of these brittle nails is broken off in your horse's foot, you have either got to split the hoof open to get it out, or be pretty sure to lose the animal by lockjaw. If you are a horse owner do not let a blacksmith save half a cent by using any other nail than the Putnam on your horse. You may save him a good deal of trouble by not permitting him to run into danger. If you are a smith do not run the risk of losing your reputation as a shoer, or render yourself liable to pay for a valuable horse, by endeavoring to save one-half a cent in shoeing him.

Send to the Putnam Nail Company, Neponset, Mass., for a sample of their nails. See that your smith uses them, and be convinced that the Putnam is the only nail that should be used on the horse's hoof.

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WE desire to call the attention of our readers in this city, and throughout the entire country, to the fact that the Eagle Extract Co., 142 High street, Boston, can furnish flavoring extracts of every description, such as oils, ammonia, toilet waters, ketchups, mustard, sauces, lemon and lime fruit juices, bar essences and grocers' sundries cheaper than any other house in the country. Messrs. Ward & Donovan are also sole proprietors of Ward's Boston Blue.

### Christmas Ordinations.

THE Christmas-tide ordinations at St. John's Seminary, Brighton District, took place in the Seminary chapel, on the 22d of December. Archbishop Williams officiated, assisted by Very Rev. John B. Hogan, S. S., President, and the directors of the Seminary. Very Rev. James McGrath, of Lowell, Provincial of the Oblate Fathers, was present, as two of the members of that congregation were ordained priests. The recipients of the various orders were as follows :

*First Tonsure* — Messrs. Joseph S. Sheerin, archdiocese of Boston; Austin A. Dowling, diocese of Providence.

*Subdeaconship* — Messrs. John B. Labossier, archdiocese of Boston; Francis P. Havey, John D. Kennedy, John J. Loftus, diocese of Hartford.

*Deaconship* — Messrs. Thomas E. Brannan, Edwin J. Dolan, John J. Downey, John J. Farrell, Matthew J. Flaherty, Francis P. Hannawin, Jeremiah J. Lyons, James P. McGuigan, John T. O'Brien, John J. Ryan, Daniel P. Scannell, Thomas C. McGoldrick, archdiocese of Boston; James B. Lawless, diocese of Hartford; Michael W. Mulhane, Michael T. O'Brien, diocese of Springfield; Farragh A. Brogan, diocese of Kansas City.

*Priesthood* — Revs. John F. James, John M. Dacey, O. M. I., Francis X. Bruce, O. M. I., archdiocese of Boston.

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### Sewing Machines.

No family can get along comfortably without a sewing machine in the house. Mr. Donahoe has made arrangements by which he can furnish this desirable article by a little exertion. Young women can get up clubs, by which they can get a good machine. All it requires is a little exertion. Let them canvass the young men of their acquaintance and they can easily procure subscribers for our MAGAZINE. See advertisement in this issue.

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MR. J. H. BESARICK, Architect, 32 Pemberton square, is engaged upon a Catholic church, which is being built of stone, at Hopkinton, Mass. It is expected to cost about ten thousand dollars, and is nearly ready for the interior finish.

### The Colored People in Convention.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1. — The colored Catholics of the United States held their first congress in America to-day. They crowded the seats and aisles of St. Augustine's at 10.30 o'clock this morning. Most of the vast congregation were Catholics, but there was not a few distinguished Protestants present, such as James Monroe Trotter, recorder of deeds, and Bishop Brown of the African Methodists.

Rev. Father Augustus Tolton, the only colored Catholic priest in the United States, celebrated Mass. Cardinal Gibbons, supported on each side by a priest, was in attendance. The sermon was by Cardinal Gibbons. The Most Rev. Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati was also in attendance.

After the religious services the delegates retired to the hall in the basement, where, at 1.15 o'clock the Convention was called to order by Charles A. Butler. Father Tolton's entry into the room was greeted with a regular roar of applause, which he acknowledged. A few moments later there was a demand from the convention for a few words from the colored priest. He responded briefly and pleasantly, and his remarks were evidently appreciated, for a vote of thanks was unanimously and cordially adopted. Cardinal Gibbons addressed the convention. So did the Archbishop of Cincinnati. The convention was in session some four or five days. Great results to the colored race are anticipated from the convention.

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THE death of the Very Rev. I. T. Hecker, Superior of the Paulist Fathers, who died in New York, at the Convent of St. Paul the Apostle, on the 23d of December, is a great loss to the American Church. He did more for Catholic literature in his day than any other. His works follow him and will live after him.

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JOHN DILLON will visit Australia during the coming winter. His main object in making the trip is to recover his health; but he intends also to do some work in the interest of the Irish cause. He may have Sir Thomas H G. Esmonde, M. P., as his companion.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone was at Birmingham the other day he slipped across from Sir W. Foster's house to the Oratory to inquire after Cardinal Newman. He could not see the Cardinal, but was received by the Father who habitually attends him. In conversation it came out that the venerable patient was fond of reading in bed, but that the Fathers had difficulty in finding him a safe and suitable light. Mr. Gladstone instantly replied, "I have the very thing by me," and posting back to Sir W. Foster's house, returned bearing a candlestick with a reflector attached, which he left as a present for the Cardinal. Considering that this happened on the very afternoon of the Bingley Hall meeting — in the midst of the hurry and excitement of preparation — it is a striking instance, says the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, of self-forgetfulness and thoughtfulness for others.

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### Preparations for the Centennial of Georgetown College.

THE most elaborate preparations are being made for the celebration of the centennial of Georgetown College. Visiting clergymen are expected from all parts of Europe and America, and on the second day of the celebration it is expected that many Catholic prelates will be present. The celebration will continue three days — Feb. 20, 21, and 22, and President Cleveland and Cardinal Gibbons will participate in the ceremonies incident to the celebration.

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THE Catholic Review : A healthy and most encouraging sign of the times is the deep and widespread feeling as to the necessity of immediate legislation to secure secrecy of the ballot in all political elections in this country, and so to put a stop to the wholesale bribery and vote-selling, which is at once a national disgrace and our greatest national danger. With a conscientious Catholic there can be no such thing as a separation of politics and morality. No good Catholic can sell his vote, or buy the vote of any other man. We welcome most gladly any indication of a real intention to purify and guard the ballot-box and do away with corruption. The Australian method of voting, adopted by Massachusetts, will put a stop to this buying and selling of votes.

### The Result in Boston.

THE CATHOLIC CITIZEN, Milwaukee, Wis. : As we feared, the Boston school election seems to have been won by the bigots. Mayor O'Brien, the Democratic candidate, is also defeated by two thousand votes, in a city which gave Cleveland ten thousand majority. This may not be especially regretable.

But the result of the school election is certainly to be deplored. It is a triumphant uprising of bigotry against a school board which dared to do the Catholics an act of justice and fair play. It means that teachers like Travis, who vilipend Catholicity in the school-room, are sustained ; and school boards which advise and require the teacher to use tact and to forbear trampling upon the religious susceptibilities of Catholic pupils, or pupils of any creed, are liable to be "smashed" and ousted by popular vote.

We cannot feel that Boston Catholics deserve unqualified credit for their part in this contest. Read in the lines of their journals, it would appear that their attitude was somewhat doubting and careless. They were not altogether alive to the importance of the issue. While the bigots organized and held mass meetings full of anti-Catholic spleen, the Catholics kept thoroughly quiet and defenceless. It was Italy all over again : Cry when the milk is spilt. A dudish question was raised whether it was precisely "womanly" for Catholic ladies to go to the polls or to be "dragged into a political contest." This want of nerve and this lack of a definite notion of what to do and what was wanting, had, doubtless, its injurious effect. We are in need of American Catholic publicists to lead in our relations to the school question. We must get rid of the clammy ascendancy of diplomats and dunder-heads in this political matter.

### Coming Celebrations.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE: Our Roman Catholic brethren are to celebrate in fitting style the centennial of American Catholicism this year. It was on the 6th of November, 1789, that the American hierarchy was founded by the creation of the Bishopric of Baltimore, and the appointment thereto of the Rev. Dr. John Carroll. Earlier in the same year, Feb. 20th, comes the centenary of Georgetown College. Certainly no religious denomination in this country has more cause to be proud of its growth than this venerable communion. And without any disparagement of Roman Catholicism in other countries, it can be truly said that American Catholicism stands well to the front in enlightenment, toleration, and religious zeal.

### Italian Immigrants.

THE *Osservatore Romano* (Catholic paper), publishes the Pope's letter to the bishops in America with reference to the care of Italian immigrants. This letter says: "The Pope deplores the fact that many Italians, forced by poverty to emigrate, find themselves in a worse position than ever in America. Great danger attends their souls, both during the voyage and on their arrival, owing to the difficulty of meeting priests speaking Italian. Being much preoccupied with these facts the Pope charged the congregation De Propaganda Fide to study the two-fold question of how to promote both the religious and material welfare of emigrants, and it has been decided to despatch priests from Italy to localities inhabited by Italian emigrants." The Pope declares that it will afford him great satisfaction if the American bishops will facilitate the task of these priests by referring to the Propaganda in regard to any changes required in their sacred duties.

### Bishop Keane and the Pope.

BISHOP KEANE, rector of the new Catholic University at Washington, on the 18th of December, handed to His Holiness, a collective letter written in Latin from the Catholic bishops of the United States, thanking the Pope for his support of the university scheme, and announcing that the work was making most satisfactory progress, eight hundred thousand dollars having been collected, while the ground on which the building will be erected has already been paid for. The bishops draw attention to the great importance of the university, which they believe will act as a bulwark against the rise of what is called rationalism and free thought in America.

### The Church in Switzerland.

THE Catholics of Zürich held a Congress recently. The event has produced a considerable impression upon both friend and foe, for the town of Zwingli is the capital of a canton which twenty years ago was almost exclusively Protestant in its population. Things have greatly changed since then; for no less than four hundred Catholics of Zürich, besides numerous outside guests, took part in the Congress held in the great Convent hall. Out of a population of three hundred thousand, the canton of Zürich now contains between thirty and forty thousand Catholics; and thus even the leading local Radical organ, the *Winterthuer Landbote*, acknowledged that the canton could no longer be looked upon as a merely Protestant one, but that the Catholics must henceforth be reckoned with as an important factor in the people. On the whole, the Liberal press treated the Congress in a very friendly spirit. Another Catholic gathering has been held at Freiburg (Switzerland), under the presidency of Bishop Mermillod, a kind of international Congress of Catholics interested in social-political questions.

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THE Messenger of the Sacred Heart signalizes the new year by issuing a novelty in the shape of a five-cent illustrated Catholic almanac. The Sacred Heart Almanac has a specially valuable Calendar, arranged with reference to the Saints who have Masses, and introducing the chief Irish Saints, so often left out, with the character and date of each. The Indulgences of the pious Societies are also carefully marked opposite their respective days, and there is a poem and story for each month, with three full-page illustrations, and reading matter besides. The cheapness of this little venture should insure success, as well as its solid qualities. (At the office of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, The Gesu, Philadelphia, Pa.)

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NEVER forget to thank God daily for having made you a member of His undying church, and grow daily in your attachment, devotion, and loyalty to the Vicar of Christ.

CARDINAL MANNING has, within forty years, built 1,200 churches and chapels, founded 40 monasteries, 322 convents, 9 seminaries for the priesthood, 10 colleges for higher education, 2,000 parochial schools, 30 trades unions and about 100 beneficial and charitable institutions.

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DECAY OF PROTESTANTISM. — A number of clergymen of various Protestant denominations, and other prominent citizens, have issued a circular stating that the number of Protestant churches in proportion to population in New York, has declined fifty per cent. since 1840. Efforts are being made to stir up the various sects to a sense of their duty. Alas, for Protestantism! It is about on its last legs.

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THE Parnell National Indemnity Fund now amounts to close on nineteen thousand pounds. The progress of the Fund has been most satisfactory. About two thousand pounds a week have poured in, in response to the call made by the Dublin Freeman's Journal, and the Fund now stands at the splendid figure named. This announcement was made four weeks ago.

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THE remodelled St. Mary's Church at Franklin, Mass., was dedicated Sunday, Nov. 18. It was dedicated by Most Rev. John J. Williams, archbishop of Boston, assisted by a number of the clergy. St. Mary's society is large and flourishing. It began regular worship thirty-seven years ago. During the past summer, four thousand dollars was expended, a sanctuary, vestry, and new altar being added, and the church decorated and supplied with steam heat. The present pastor is Rev. J. M. Mulcahy, who was transferred from Boston three years ago.

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THE CITIZEN, Milwaukee, Wis., one of the best Catholic papers in the country, has just entered upon its nineteenth year. It is edited by Mr. E. A. Barry, and assisted in the editorial department by Rev. G. L. Willard. May success attend the Citizen.

### Permanent Rectorships.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS has created two new permanent rectorships in the Archdiocese of Boston. One of these is St. Anne's, Gloucester, Mass., of which the Rev. Jeremiah J. Healy is the first permanent rector. The many friends of Father Healy throughout the United States, and in his native Ireland, will rejoice at the merited tribute to his success in organizing a prosperous parish, and raising up one of the finest church properties in New England. The other permanent rectorship is St. Mary's, Waltham, Mass., with the Rev. Timothy Brosnahan first permanent rector. Father Brosnahan is an alumnus of the famous missionary college of All Hallows, Dublin, which has given so many exemplary priests to the church in America. During his twenty years in the Archdiocese of Boston, he has done signal work for religion and education.

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CATHOLIC SENTINEL: "Rome Rule in Boston" is a fruitful topic with our Protestant exchanges. It would be a good thing if Rome could rule her courts and mould her social customs; there would be fewer divorces and child murders.

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ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN has been invited to pronounce the benediction at the close of the celebration of the centennial of Washington's inauguration as president. The ceremonies will be held on Monday and Tuesday, April 29th and 39th, the latter day at the sub-treasury, Wall and William streets, New York, where stood the federal hall, the scene of the inauguration ceremonies.

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CITIZEN.—"Well, deacon, I 'spose the camp meeting was a success?" Deacon dubiously—"Well, I dunno. There was forty-eight converts."—"Why, that's glorious."—"Ye-es; but thirty-seven of 'em owe me yet for beer an' sandwiches."

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WHEN Patrick Donahoe came to Boston in 1825, there were only five or six priests in the five New-England States.

### Dr. Wynter to Dr. Cheyne.

TELL me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didst thy system learn?
From Hippocrate thou hadst it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an ass.

Doctor, one new prescription try
(A friend's advice forgive),
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die,
Thy patients then may live.

### Dr. Cheyne to Dr. Wynter.

My system, doctor, is my own,
No tutor I pretend;
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confined,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit be free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive;
'Tis natural you should wish me die,
That you yourself may live.

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### Old-Time Marriage and Divorce.

PROFESSOR DONDALDSON'S article in the Contemporary Review on the Position of Women in Ancient Rome, will be read with avidity by those interested in the historical view of marriage. It would seem as if the Romans were so far in advance of us that they never allowed actions for breach of promise, "that if you were not going to love the woman there was no reason you should marry her." When marriage proved a failure — and human nature was much the same then as now — the lord, until the middle of the third century, expeditiously settled the difficulty by killing the wife; after that time divorce was instituted.

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MANY of our Catholic contemporaries issued Christmas supplements. The Catholic Columbian seems to have surpassed any of these papers reaching our office.

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HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE has supplanted all others as the "Universal Perfume." Supreme merit has won for it its fair title. Connoisseurs award it the highest place.

### Names Given in Baptism.

A CORRESPONDENT recently wrote to the Irish Ecclesiastical Record, inquiring as to the extent of the obligation to give to children at Baptism only names of saints. It was asked also if the bestowal of such names as "Sheridan," "Burke," "Emmet," etc., is prohibited.

The General Rubrics of the Roman Ritual, says the Record in reply, does not impose a strict precept, but merely admonishes the priest to prevent as far as he can, certain kinds of names from being given at Baptism, and secure instead, that the names of eminent servants of God be given. In the Rubric the line is drawn absolutely at the names of "wicked heathens;" but such names as these mentioned do not come under that category.

There is a question in the Rubrics, not of family names, or surnames, but of what are called "Christian names." Family names, then, whatsoever they are, may be given at Baptism, in conjunction with a *prænomen*, or "Christian name."

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### Our Lord's Crib.

THE cradle of our Saviour — the identical crib in which the Infant Jesus was laid — was, for a time, preserved in Bethlehem, and it is well known that St. Jerome, St. Paula, and others, had always entertained the greatest devotion for this sanctuary. Subsequently the crib, and a few pieces of the rock from the cave at Bethlehem, were brought to Rome. Some one asserted that the transfer was made in the year 352; but the learned Pope Benedict XIV. proved that it was not until the seventh century, at the time the Saracens had taken possession of Jerusalem, in the year 653. St. Jerome, who was buried in Bethlehem, appeared three times to a pious monk there, telling him to carry him and his remains to Rome, which he accordingly did. The crib, considered one of the most precious relics in the city of Rome, is now kept in the magnificent basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, also known by the titles of Our Lady of Snow and Our Lady of the Crib. To the right side of the main altar is a very beautiful and spacious chapel, built by Pope Sixtus V. in the year 1586, in honor of our Saviour's crib. In the centre directly underneath the cupola, is a precious altar, where the Blessed Sacrament reposes. On both sides of the altar are two stairways of stone leading to a little chapel, called the chapel of the crib. Formerly the holy crib was kept there, but now only a few pieces of the wood taken from it remain on the altar. The main part of the crib is preserved in another side-chapel enclosed in a magnificent silver-mounted crystal reliquary, surrounded by a gilt-iron railing. Every year, on Christmas night, these relics used to be carried in solemn procession to the main altar of the church, where they remained during three days for public veneration. Old and young, beggars and princes, may be seen during these days, like the shepherds and kings of old, in Bethlehem, hastening to Santa Maria Maggiore to visit the holy crib.

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### Young Man, be Manly.

CATHOLIC UNION AND TIMES: It is a great mistake for Catholic young men to think that a manly profession and practice of their faith is an impediment to their business success; and that in order to win worldly prosperity they must become members of secret societies. The American people, as a rule, honor independence of character and loyalty to convictions, and despise the cowardly traitor to conscience. If a Catholic young man is sober, capable, industrious, and faithful, he need have no fear that his religion will prevent him from attaining the highest heights of business and political success.

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"MY husband," said she, "never seems to appreciate the presents I make him, like dressing gowns, slippers, foot rests, monogram handkerchiefs, and other nice articles."—"May be he doesn't believe in the principle of making gifts," consolingly remarked a friend. "Oh, yes, he does," was the earnest reply; "now when his brother-in-law gave him a basket of demijohns, full of old stuff, he never got over talking about that — it seemed to appeal directly to his taste."

### Divorce in the Swiss Confederation.

THE following are the percentages of divorces in the Cantons during 1887:

| | |
|---|---|
| Innerhoden and Obwalden | 0.0 |
| Wallis (Valais) | 0.13 |
| Zug | 0.28 |
| Uri | 0.34 |
| Freiburg | 0.35 |
| Ticino | 0.37 |
| Lucerne | 0.51 |
| Niederwalden | 0.59 |
| Schwyz | 0.62 |
| Basel (country) | 0.80 |
| Aargau | 1.29 |
| Vaud | 1.66 |
| Graubünden (Grisons) | 1.69 |
| Solothurn | 1.83 |
| Schafthausen | 1.84 |
| Berne | 2.01 |
| St. Gallen | 2.63 |
| Neuchatel | 2.77 |
| Basel (town) | 2.86 |
| Zurich | 3.06 |
| Ausserhoden | 3.14 |
| Thurgan | 3.16 |
| Glarus | 3.29 |

It is to be remarked that the first ten on the list are the *exclusively* Catholic cantons, whilst the remainder are either mixed or exclusively Protestant, with the exception of Solothurn, which for thirty years has been under "liberal" government, and a chief battle-field of the "Culturkampf." For the explanation of the above table it may be added that Innerhoden and Ausserhoden are the two divisions of Canton Appenzell, whilst Unterwald, like the tribe of Joseph, is similarly divided into Obwalden and Nidwalden.

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THE Duke of Abercorn is convinced that the Irish have natural business capacity, and at the Arts Club, some nights ago, he told a story to prove it. In Tory Island, off Donegal, there is no resident doctor because the inhabitants are so healthy. The other day one had to be fetched from the mainland, and insisted with great cruelty upon receiving his one guinea fee before trusting himself to the islander's boat. When he had done his work and started for home he naturally required a boat, and was then informed by the thrifty islanders that the fee to take him away from the island was two guineas, which he had to pay.

### Annexation of Canada.

THE New York World publishes a map showing what the United States will look like after the annexation of Canada. It cuts Canada up into twenty-seven new states and territories. With delicate consideration for the perplexities of future map-makers, it names them all; and with a freedom from partisan bias beyond praise, calls two contiguous territories respectively Cleveland and Harrison. It generously apportions fourteen new senators, fifty-two congressmen, and a probable representative in the Cabinet to the Dominion. It has figured it out that the United States could buy Canada for about three hundred million dollars; and if the Republicans should have failed in their patriotic endeavors to reduce the surplus, it might be applied to the reduction of Canada's enormous debt. "Having conquered the Western wilderness," says the World, warming into poetry, "the star of empire northward points its way. This consummation," it continues, "would at once remove what is about the only disturbing foreign factor in contemporary politics by shaking off Great Britain from the North American Continent. There would be no more trouble about fishing treaties or retaliation measures, and peace with all nations would be assured by making the United States absolute master of the vast Western Continent." The New York World is too premature, the Toronto Catholic Weekly Review says.

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THERE is an opportunity in our big cities for children to get hold of bad books and papers, if they are not watched carefully; and that many parents do not watch their children and see what they read, is proved by the immense sale of such books and papers. The best way for parents to guard their children against this evil is for them to supply their children with good reading matter, and to teach them to have an abhorrence for anything vile or unholy.

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THE Most Rev. Donald McDonald, Bishop of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, has been appointed to the Archbishopric of Toronto, Canada.

### The English Race.

MR. GLADSTONE has contributed an article to the Youth's Companion of Boston, upon the future of the English race. He gives the following table to illustrate the probable progress of the English-speaking peoples:

1788. 15,000,000 spoke English on this planet.

1888. 105,000,000 are speaking English on this planet.

1900. 120,000,000 will speak English on this planet.

2000. 840,000,000 will speak English on this planet.

Of this enormous number Mr. Gladstone thinks 700,000,000 will speak with the American intonation. The "British accent" will then be the badge of a ridiculously small minority; and the appalling doubt suggests itself whether it would not really be the wisest plan to try to get rid of it at once. Mr. Gladston's calculation, however, is based upon a big assumption — the assumption that the present rate of increase on the American continent will continue unchecked.

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### The Jesuits in Ireland.

THE following extract from an English contemporary will show how the Jesuit schools stand in that country. Clongowes Wood College, Sallins, has been the most successful of the various educational institutions throughout Ireland, which sent their pupils in for competition in their intermediate examinations. The first place in both middle and junior grade is occupied by a Clongowain. The College has obtained five gold medals, five silver medals, fifteen exhibitions, and a large number of minor prizes and passes. The result of the intermediate examinations held last June have now been published. Two first places in the grades and one second have fallen to one institution, Clongowes Wood College. In addition to these great distinctions, this famous college of the Jesuits has secured no less than three gold medals for special excellence in the studies prescribed under classics, English, and modern languages. Its score of successes surpasses that of any college, Catholic or Protestant, since the passing of the Act.

### Measured Distance of the Stars.

REV. MARTIN S. BRENNAN, of St. Thomas' Church, St. Louis, the famous American astronomer, has the following communication in the Siderial Messenger for November. The October number asks for a table of the most accurately measured distances of the stars. Guillemin in his Heavens. page 292, gives a table of the distances of eight stars expressed in astronomical units:

| | |
|---|---|
| a Centauri | 211,330 |
| 61 Cygni | 550,920 |
| Vega | 1,330,700 |
| Sirius | 1,375,000 |
| e Ursæ Majoris | 1,500,800 |
| Arcturus | 1,622,800 |
| Polaris | 3,078,600 |
| Capella | 4,484,000 |

The astronomical units may be converted into miles by multiplying by 92,500,000. I have made the multiplication by logarithms.

| | |
|---|---|
| a Centauri | 19,548,025,000,000 |
| 61 Cygni | 60,960,100,000,000 |
| Vega | 123,089,750,000,000 |
| Sirius | 127,187,500,000,000 |
| e Ursæ Majoris | 143,449,000,000,000 |
| Arcturus | 150,109,000,000,000 |
| Polaris | 284.760,500,900,000 |
| Capella | 484,770,000,000,000 |

MARTIN S. BRENNAN, 3979 Iowa avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

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### Common-Sense Marriages.

COMMON-SENSE is at its best in marriage, and the truest marriages are based upon it. Marry your daughters when you can, your sons when you may, the Spaniards teach. We do not preach this but quote it. There are no marriages so uncertain as love unions, because love is apt to be the enthusiasm of selfishness. Fashionable novelists and singers teach no remedy for the yearning soul but marriage. Love must end in death or the altar. Cold water, icy cold, say a medium-sized bucketful, poured down the back three times a day, followed by brisk rubbing with a coarse towel and long walks, is the best remedy for the unsatisfied yearnings of a timid, trusting soul. We offer it to the public as a good remedy, much as one of our contemporaries offers its cholera mixture, and we guarantee a cure.

# Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books." — *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

## BOOKS.

*Benziger Bros., Cin. and Chi.*

CATHOLIC WORSHIP: the Sacraments, Ceremonies, and Festivals of the Church explained in questions and answers. Translated from the German of Rev. O. Gisler by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D., with the imprimatur of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York. Paper, 15c.; per hundred, $9.00. Cloth, inked, 25c.; per hundred, $15.00.

A valuable work for home or school, containing in small compass what all should know about Catholic worship.

We congratulate the Messrs. Benziger Bros., on the excellent books they are now issuing from their house.

*Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.*

LIFE OF ST. JEROME. By Mrs. Charles Martin. Price $1.20.

This is a book of some three hundred pages. The author (says the Catholic American), Mrs. Martin, is a good Catholic, a Dublin lady, and is well known in Catholic literary circles. She has conferred a great benefit on the English-speaking Catholics by giving such a well-written sketch of the great Jerome. The book is well printed, and is sold at a very moderate price.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN ALMANAC,

For the year 1889, is now ready, and the table of contents can be seen in our advertising columns. We think it will be found, in every respect, worthy of the favor that for many years has been accorded to the issue of this Annual; and we therefore cordially commend it to the patronage of our readers.

THE Sacred Heart Almanac for 1889 Price 5 cents. Published at the office of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, the Gesú, 18th and Stiles streets, Philadelphia, Penn.

ALL the above books can be had of Messrs. Noonan & Co.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A REVIEW of the book recently issued in Boston by Ticknor & Co., being an autobiography of the Nun of Kenmare, will appear in the next issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BROTHER AZARIAS is in improved health, and is in the Paris House of his Community, the Christian Brothers, industrially engaged on his long-promised book, The History of English Literature.

CARDINAL GIBBONS has just completed a new literary work entitled Our Christian Heritage, and has handed the manuscript to John Murphy & Co., his publishers. It will make a book of about five hundred pages, and is purely religious in character. One chapter of it is devoted to the labor question, which is treated from a humane and religious stand-point. The Cardinal began this work shortly after his return from Rome in 1886; but its completion was necessarily retarded owing to the multifarious duties of his office.

## MUSIC.

*White, Smith & Co., Boston.*

*Vocal:* "Father in Heaven," Trio. by C. C. Stearns. "Marguerite," Duet, by C. A. White. "All the Earth is clad for Them," Christmas Anthem, by C. C. Stearns.

*Instrumental:* "Crystal Slipper Schottische," by Frank H. Russell. "Con Amore," by Paul Beaumont. "Ransom Guard Waltz," by C. S. Brainerd. "Home, Sweet Home," Transcription, by James M. Wehli. "Beau Monde Polka," by S. C. Brainerd. "Tarantella," by Albert H. Fox. "New Paris Valse," by F. Wohowka. "Father of Victory," March, by Ganne, arranged for piano by B. M. Davison. "Contemplation" (for organ), by C. C. Stearns. "Nation of Honor Grand March," by Paul Keller. "Glad Hours," by C. C. Stearns.

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REV. JOHN F. CUMMINS, assistant pastor of St. Thomas Church, Jamaica Plain, has been appointed by Most Rev. Archbishop Williams to the rectorship of Plymouth, Mass. Before his departure for his new home, the parishioners of Jamaica Plain presented him with the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, as a testimonial of their love and esteem.

# Obituary.

## BISHOP.

A VENERABLE priest has just passed away. Mgr. Ozanam died on the 26th ult., at the age of eighty-five. This distinguished prelate, remarkable for his literary attainments and the zeal with which he evangelized the poor, was the elder brother of the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The late Miss Kathleen O'Meara's beautiful and exhaustive biography of the illustrious Catholic writer, Frederic Ozanam, is familiar to all English readers. Mgr. Ozanam's first labors were in Lyons, his native city, where, aided by his brother, he founded, in 1833, a conference of the above-named charitable work only three months after its inauguration in Paris. He also instituted the *Société des Pieuses Domestiques* (pious servants), about to celebrate its Golden Jubilee. Later on he joined a community of missionaries, preached incessantly, often in the open air, before thousands of the faithful. It would be impossible to relate all the good done in Lyons, Lille, and Paris, by this true apostle; in the latter city he was attached to the parishes of Saint Merri and Saint Germain-des-Prés until his shattered health compelled him to retire to Saint Cloud. His energy was not diminished by age; he did much to renew, in this delightful suburb of Paris, the old devotion to Saint Cloud, and restored the pilgrimage during the novena that precedes the Saint's feast, Sept. 7.

## CLERGYMEN.

FATHER HECKER'S DEATH. — A notable void in the ranks of the American Catholic priesthood is made by the death of the Very Rev. Isaac T. Hecker, the well-known founder and superior of the Paulist community, whose headquarters are in New York. Father Hecker was a remarkable man in many ways. He was a convert to Catholicity, before embracing which religion he was an earnest seeker after truth, which, like Cardinal Newman, he vainly sought to discover in the Episcopal fold. He was at one time a member of the famous Brook Farm community, to which such men as George Ripley and Charles A. Dana belonged, and it was not until his thirty-sixth year that he made up his mind to enter the Catholic church and study for the priesthood, to which he was ordained some forty years ago. Father Hecker's first clerical labors in this country were performed under the auspices of the Redemptorist order, of which he was a member, and it was while he was affiliated with that community that he conceived the idea of forming the Paulist congregation, which he designed to be a body of priests whose members should be all American born, with a preference given to converts from other creeds who subsequently took holy orders. The design of his congregation was approved of by the late Pius IX., who appointed Father Hecker its first superior, a position which he held up to the time of his death. His society, though its establishments are confined to the single house in New York, has done admirable and effective work, and the Paulists are now considered among the leading missionary priests of the Catholic church. They number some notable men in their ranks, writers like Fathers Hewitt, Elliott, Young, McMillan and others, and almost every member of the order is an effective pulpit orator. Father Hecker himself was a writer of acknowledged repute, and to him the Catholic community owes the establishment of the Catholic World, the leading magazine of its class in the country. His death will be widely deplored, for Father Hecker was known not alone in this country, but also throughout Europe, and his loss is a severe one for the community of which he was the founder and for so many years the superior, and which owes to him much of its present prosperity and prestige. — *The Republic.*

REV. JAMES CULLEN, of the diocese of Cleveland, Ohio, met with a sad death in the city of Chicago, Saturday, Nov. 10. Father Cullen, who was eighty-four years of age, was crossing the track of the Western Indiana Railroad, failed to notice an approaching engine, by which he was run over and fatally in-

jured. Father Cullen was a man of great learning and piety, who achuved considerable notoriety as an author and translator of works on ecclesiastical subjects. His last active pastoral duty was performed at Vermillion, Ohio, where he was pastor of St. Mary's Church in 1882. Being incapacitated by old age for the arduous duty of a pastor, Bishop Gilmour assigned him to duty as assistant to Rev. E. J. Vattmann, at Canal Fulton, Ohio, where he remained during the year 1883, after which he was placed on the retired list. Father Cullen was at one time Professor at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Maryland.

In Downpatrick, the Rev. Peter M'Evoy, parish priest of Kircubbin, county Down, died recently. The remains were removed from Kircubbin to the family burying-ground at Leitrim, near Castlewellan, a distance of over twenty Irish miles. The majority of the clergymen of the diocese were in attendance, and the funeral cortege was one of the largest seen in county Down for a long time. Mr. M. M'Cartan, M. P. for South Down, attended specially from London. The route was via Portaferry, and on arrival at that town the remains were put on board one of the ferry boats, and conveyed across the lough to the town of Strangford. The boat in which the coffin was placed was followed by a procession of other ferry boats, with an immense number of the clergy and laity, the time occupied in crossing being over half an hour. The scene presented was sad and picturesque, and the first of the kind ever witnessed on the lough in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Rev. Edward A. O'Rielly, a learned priest of the order of St. Augustine, died at the Augustinian College, at Villa Nova, Pa., the morning of 2d of January, from inhaling vapor of gasolene while he slept.

Rev. E. F. Garland, of the diocese of Pittsburgh, Pa., is dead. He was born in Monaghan, Ire., and was ordained on the tenth day of March, 1838.

## SISTERS.

The death is announced of Mother Antonina Hanley, the prioress of the Dominican Orphanage in Eccles street, Dublin. Recognizing the terrible position in which the children of the upper and middle classes are sometimes placed by the unexpected death of parents, she set herself to establish a refuge for such children in which they could be thoroughly well educated and prepared to face the struggle for existence in after life. She had the approval of Cardinal MacCabe, and the project throve. A generous friend gave two houses for the Orphanage. A chapel was added, and a new wing is nearly completed. The girls go through the ordinary public examinations, and have been very successful. She was only forty-seven years of age, and her loss will be sorely felt.

## LAY PEOPLE.

The inscription to be placed on the tablet over the tomb of the late Dr. O. A. Brownson at Notre Dame, Ind., reads as follows: —

HIC JACET
ORESTES A. BROWNSON,
QUI, VERUM FIDEM, HUMILITER
AGNOVIT,
INTEGRAM VIXIT VITAM,
CALAMO LINGUAQUE
ECCLESIAM, AC PATRIAM,
FORTITER DEFENDIT,
AC LICET MORTI, CORPUS OBIERIT,
MENTIS OPERA SUPERSUNT,
IMMORTALIA,
INGENII MONUMENTA.

## LAY PEOPLE.

On the 19th of December, Mrs. Margaret Holland Carey, familiarly known as "Mother Carey," died at the hospital in Wheeling, W. Va., at the age of a hundred and eleven. She was born in the county Clare, Ireland, in 1772, married in 1801, and came to this country soon after. Her husband died thirty-three years ago, at a ripe old age. About ten years ago Mrs. Carey purchased a tombstone for herself, and kept it in her room up to the time of her death. She was a remarkable woman, having, within the past year, overcome an attack of typhoid fever. The more immediate cause of her death was a fall received a few weeks ago, which obliged her to go into the hospital. She was the oldest person in the state.

The deepest and most profound regret is felt for the death of Martin

Hogan, of Cahirguillamore, Holy Cross, Ireland, who breathed his last on the 22d of October. The deceased was a brother to the Right Rev. John J. Hogan, D.D., Bishop of Kansas City, Mo., and father to the Rev. Justas Hogan, Director of the Christian Brothers' College in the same city; also to Rev. John Hogan, late of All Hallows' College, Dublin, Ireland. The deceased was a man of exemplary life, and thorough national principles. He was the treasurer and soul of the National League in his native parish. Mr. Hogan visited America in 1878, whose greatness and value he thoroughly appreciated. He was a man of sociable character, and while in America met and made many friends, and now leaves a large circle of loving friends to deplore his departure. On Wednesday, Oct. 24, he was interred at the old family resting-place at Grange, county Limerick. A Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated on the same day for his eternal repose. Rev. John Hogan (son of the deceased), celebrant; Rev. George Clarkson, of Bruff, deacon; Rev. John Curtin, of Bruff, subdeacon; Rev. Patrick O'Donnell, of Fedamore, master of ceremonies. In the choir were: Venerable Dean Cregan, V. G. of Bruff; Rev. C. P. Kenny, of Fedamore; Rev. Luke Gleason, of Parteen; Rev. John Gleason, of Manister; Rev. Edward Russell, of Parteen; Rev. Mortimer McCoy, of Drumin.

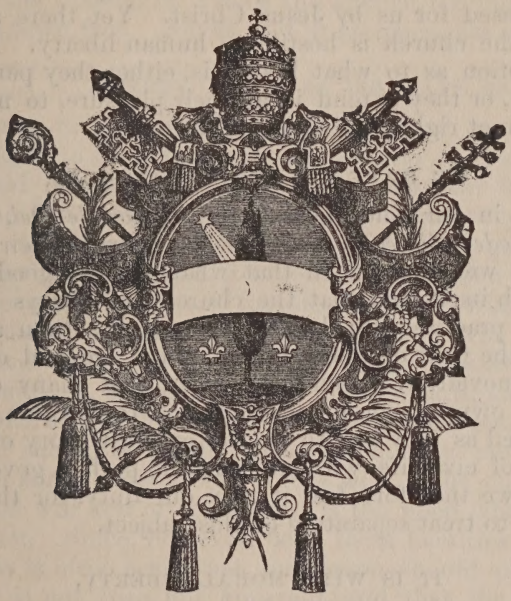
THE late Oliver Ditson, although not a Catholic, did not forget to remember some of our Catholic institutions in his will. The Home for Destitute Catholic children, the Carney Hospital, and Little Sisters of the Poor, were remembered. To the two former he left two thousand dollars each, and to the latter one thousand dollars.

DEATH of Mr. James Rice, P. L. G., Killally House. — A Kilworth correspondent writes: We regret to announce the lamented death of Mr. James Rice, of Killally House, which took place on Sunday, Dec. 9th, after a protracted illness, borne with Christian patience and fortitude. This much-esteemed gentleman had, during the short period of his public life, won the highest respect and regard of all persons of every shade of opinion by his manly, upright, and straightforward conduct. Honesty, integrity, and thorough sympathy with the poor and helpless were his endearing qualities. No personal friendship or interested motive, apart from a deep sense of duty, could induce him to swerve a hair's breadth from the path of rectitude or justice. Many a poor, friendless, and struggling farmer in this district owe their possession and security in their homesteads to his generous aid in advice, in pocket, and in sympathy. Hospitable to the largest extent, his house was ever open to every one who needed his generous counsel and beneficial assistance throughout the troublous times that our country has passed through. The last in this historic town of an ancient family that always threw in their destines with those of the people, the loss occasioned by honest James Rice's death is keenly and bitterly felt. May God reward him for his great charity, according to his own sphere, to his neighbors around. The deceased was a brother of the Rev. Thomas Rice, P. P., Ballyhea, and Rev. William Rice, P. P., Ballymacoda. Three nephews of his are also residents of Boston, James Rice Kent, Thomas Rice Kent, and John Rice Kent, where they are much esteemed. Their many friends sympathize with them in their affliction.


### Consumption Cured.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this MAGAZINE, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Supplement to Donahoe's Magazine.
BOSTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1889.



ARMS OF LEO XIII.

# Encyclical Letter of Our Holy Father

## By Divine Providence Pope Leo XIII.

ON

# HUMAN LIBERTY.

To our Venerable Brethren, the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops of the Catholic World, in Favor and Communion with the Apostolic See.

POPE LEO XIII.

VENERABLE BRETHREN, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION.

Liberty, the highest gift of nature, which belongs only to intellectual or rational beings, confers on man this dignity, that he is "in the hand of his counsel," and has power over his actions. But the manner in which this dignity is borne is of the greatest moment, inasmuch as on the use that is made of liberty the highest good and the greatest evil alike depend. Man, indeed, is free to obey his reason, to seek moral good, and to strive after his last end. Yet he is free also to turn aside to all other things, to follow after false dreams of happiness, to disturb established order, and to fall headlong into the destruction which he has voluntarily chosen. The Redeemer of mankind, Jesus

Christ, having restored and exalted the original dignity of nature, vouchsafed special assistance to the will of man; and by the gifts of his grace, and the promise of heavenly bliss, He raised it to a nobler state. In like manner this great gift of nature has ever been, and always will be, constantly cherished by the Catholic Church, for to her alone has been committed the charge of handing down to all ages the benefits purchased for us by Jesus Christ. Yet there are many who imagine that the church is hostile to human liberty. Having a false and absurd notion as to what liberty is, either they pervert the very idea of liberty, or they extend it, at their pleasure, to many things in which man cannot rightly be regarded as free.

WE HAVE, ON OTHER OCCASIONS,

and especially in our Encyclical Letter *Immortale Dei*, in treating of the so-called *modern liberties*, distinguished between their good and evil elements; and we have shown that whatsoever is good therein is as ancient as truth itself, and that the church has always most willingly approved and practised it; but whatsoever has been added is of a vitiated kind, the fruit of the disorders of the age and of an insatiate longing after novelties. Seeing, however, that many cling so obstinately to their own opinion in this matter as to imagine these modern liberties, vitiated as they are, to be the greatest glory of our age, and the very basis of civil life, without which no perfect government could be conceived, we therefore feel it now our duty, for the sake of the common good, to treat separately of this subject.

IT IS WITH MORAL LIBERTY,

whether in individuals or in communities, that we proceed to deal; but, first of all, it will be well to speak briefly of *natural* liberty, for, though the two kinds are distinct and separate, the natural is the fountain-head of liberty of whatsoever kind. The unanimous consent and judgment of men, which is certainly the voice of nature, recognizes this natural liberty in those only who are endowed with intelligence or reason; and it is by this that man is rightly regarded as responsible for his actions. For, while other animate creatures follow their senses, seeking good and avoiding evil only by instinct, man has reason to guide him in all the acts of his life. Reason sees the contingency of all the good things which are upon earth; and thus, seeing that none of them are of necessity for us, it leaves the will free to choose what it pleases. But man can judge of this *contingency*, only because he has a soul that is simple, spiritual, and intellectual; a soul, therefore, which is not produced by matter, and does not depend on matter for its existence; which is created immediately by God, and, far surpassing the condition of material things, has a life and action of its own — so that, knowing the unchangeable and necessary reasons of what is true and good, it can judge of the contingency of anything in particular. When, therefore, it is established that man's soul is immortal and rational, the foundation of natural liberty is at once most firmly laid.

As the Catholic Church declares in the strongest terms the simplicity, spirituality, and immortality of the soul, so, with unequalled constancy, she asserts also its freedom. These truths she has always

taught, and has sustained them as a dogma of faith; and whenever heretics or innovators have attacked the liberty of man, the church has defended it and protected it from assault. History bears witness to the energy with which she met the fury of the Manicheans and the like; and the earnestness with which, in later years, she defended human liberty in the Council of Trent, and against the followers of Jansenius, is a well-known fact. Never, and in no place, has she made truce with *fatalism.*

LIBERTY, THEN, AS WE HAVE SAID,

belongs only to those who have the gift of reason or intelligence. Considered as to its nature, it is the faculty of choosing means fitted for the end proposed; for he only is master of his actions who can choose one thing out of many. Now, since everything chosen as a means is viewed as good or useful, and since good, as such, is the proper object of our desire, it follows that freedom of choice is a property of the will, or, rather, is identical with the will, in so far as it has, in its action, the faculty of choice. But the will cannot proceed to act until it is enlightened by the knowledge possessed by the intellect; and the more so, because, in all voluntary acts, choice is subsequent to a judgment upon the truth of the good presented, declaring to which preference should be given. No sensible man can doubt that judgment is an act of reason, not of the will. The end or object, both of the rational will and of its liberty, is the good which is in conformity with reason. Since, however, both these faculties are imperfect, it is possible, as is often seen, that the reason should propose to the will a good that is not true, but apparent, and that the will should choose accordingly. Just as the possibility of error, and actual error, are defects of the mind and attest its imperfection, so the pursuit of an apparent good, though a proof of our freedom, just as a disease is a proof of our vitality, implies defect in human liberty. The will, also, simply because of its dependence on the reason, no sooner desires anything contrary thereto, than it abuses its freedom of choice, and corrupts its very essence. Thus it is that the infinitely perfect God, although because of the supremacy of His intellect, and of His essential goodness, He is supremely free, nevertheless cannot choose evil; neither can the Angels and Saints, who enjoy the Beatific Vision.

ST. AUGUSTINE AND OTHERS URGED

most admirably against the Pelagians, that, if the possibility of deflection from good belonged to the essence or perfection of liberty, then God, our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Angels and Saints, who have not this power, would have no liberty at all, or would have less liberty than man has in his state of pilgrimage and imperfection. This subject is often discussed by the Angelic Doctor, in his demonstration that the possibility of sinning is not freedom, but slavery. It will suffice to quote his subtle commentary on the words of our Lord: "Whosoever committeth sin is the slave of sin" (St. John viii. 34). "Everything," he says, "is that which belongs to it naturally. When, therefore, it acts through a power outside itself, it does not act of itself, but through

another, that is, as a slave. But man is by nature rational. When, therefore, he acts according to reason, he acts of himself, and according to his free will; and this is liberty. Whereas, when he sins, he acts in opposition to reason, and is moved by another, and so is bound by another's chain. Therefore, 'Whosoever committeth sin is the slave of sin.'" Even the heathen philosophers clearly recognized this truth, especially those who held that the wise man alone is free; and, by the term "wise man," they meant, as is well known, the man trained to live in accordance with his nature, that is, in justice and virtue.

SUCH THEN BEING THE CONDITION

of human liberty, it necessarily stands in need of light and strength to direct its actions to good and to restrain them from evil. Without this, the freedom of our will would be our ruin. First of all there must be *law*, that is, a fixed rule of teaching what is to be done, and what is to be left undone. This rule cannot affect animals in any true sense, since they act of necessity, following their natural instinct, and cannot of themselves act in any other way. On the other hand, as was said above, he who is free can either act or not act, can do this or do that, as he pleases, because his judgment precedes his choice. And his judgment not only decides on good or evil in the abstract, but also on what is practically good and therefore to be chosen, and what is practically evil and therefore to be avoided, so that he may attain his last end to which all his actions must be directed as means. This ordination of reason is called *law*. In man's free will, moreover, or in the moral necessity of our voluntary acts being in accordance with reason, lies the very root of the necessity of law. Nothing more foolish can be uttered or conceived than the notion that, because man is free by nature, he is therefore exempt from law. Were this the case, it would follow that, to become free, we must become irrational. Whereas the truth is, that we must submit to law precisely because we are naturally free.

LAW IS THE GUIDE OF MAN'S ACTION;

it turns him towards good by its rewards, and deters him from evil by its punishments. Foremost in this office comes the *natural law*, which is written and engraved in the mind of every man; and this is nothing but our reason, commanding us to do good and forbidding evil. Nevertheless these prescriptions of human reason have the force of law, only because they are the voice and the interpreters of some higher power on which our reason and liberty necessarily depend. For, since the force of law consists in the imposing of obligations and the granting of rights, authority is its one and only foundation; the power, that is, of imposing the former and protecting the latter, and of assigning to both the necessary sanction of reward and chastisement. But all this, clearly, cannot be found in man, if, as his own supreme legislator, he is to determine his own actions. It follows, therefore, that the law of nature is identical with the *eternal law*, implanted in rational creatures, and inclining them to their right action and end; and it is identical also with the eternal reason of God, the Creator and

Ruler of the world. To this rule of action and restraint of evil, God has vouchsafed to give special aids for strengthening and ordering the human will. The first and most excellent of these is His divine *grace*, whereby the mind is enlightened and the will wholesomely invigorated and set in constant pursuit of moral good, so that the use of liberty becomes at once less difficult and less dangerous. Not that the Divine assistance hinders in any way the freedom of our will, for grace is intrinsic in man, and in harmony with his natural inclinations, since it flows from the very Creator of his mind and will, by Whom all things are ordered in conformity with their nature. As the Angelic Doctor points out, it is because Divine grace comes from the Author of nature, that it is so admirably adapted to be the safeguard of every nature, and to maintain the character, efficiency, and operations of each.

WHAT HAS BEEN SAID OF THE LIBERTY

of individuals is no less applicable to them when considered as constituting civil society. For what reason and the natural law do for individuals, that *human law*, promulgated for their good, does for society. Of the laws enacted by men, some are concerned with what is good or bad by its very nature; and the one they command men to follow but the other to avoid, adding at the same time a suitable sanction. But such laws by no means derive their origin from civil society; because, just as civil society did not create human nature, so neither can it be said to be the author of the good which befits human nature, or of the evil which is contrary to it; rather they come before all human society, and are the outcome of the natural, and, consequently, of the eternal, law. The precepts, therefore, of the natural law, incorporated in the laws of men, have not merely the force of human law, but they possess that higher and more august sanction which belongs to the law of nature and the eternal law. And within the sphere of this kind of laws, the duty of the civil legislator is mainly this: to make the community obedient, by the adoption of a common discipline, and by putting restraint upon the refractory and viciously inclined, so that, deterred from evil, they may turn to what is good, or at any rate may avoid causing trouble and disturbance to the state. But there are other enactments of the civil authority, which follow indirectly from the natural law, and decide cases of which the law of nature treats only in a general way. For instance, though nature commands all to contribute to the public peace and prosperity, the manners and circumstances and conditions under which such service is to be rendered are determined by the wisdom of men. It is in the constitution of these particular rules of life, suggested by reason and prudence, and put forth by competent authority, that human law, properly so called, consists, binding all citizens to work together for the attainment of the common end proposed to the community, and forbidding them to depart from it; and, in so far as it is in conformity with the dictates of nature, leading to what is good, and deterring from evil.

FROM THIS IT APPEARS THAT

the eternal law of God is alone the standard and rule of human liberty, and that, not only of individuals, but also of the community and civil society which they constitute. Therefore the true liberty of human society does not consist in every man's doing what he pleases, for this would simply end in turmoil and confusion and the overthrow of the state; but rather in this, that through the directions of the civil law he may more easily conform to the prescriptions of the eternal law. Likewise the liberty of those who are in authority does not consist in the power to lay unreasonable and capricious commands upon their subjects, which would, moreover, be criminal, and would lead to the ruin of the commonwealth; but the binding force of human laws is in this, that they are to be regarded as applications of the eternal law, and incapable of sanctioning anything which is not contained in that law, as in the principle of all law. Thus, St. Augustine most wisely says: "I think that you can see, at the same time, that there is nothing just and lawful in that temporal law, unless what men have gathered from this eternal law." If, then, by any power, there be sanctioned anything out of conformity with the principles of right reason, which is consequently hurtful to the commonwealth, such an enactment can have no authority, as not being even a law of justice, but likely to lead men away from that good which is the only end of civil society. Therefore, the nature of human liberty, however it be considered, whether in individuals or in society, whether in those who command or in those who obey, supposes the necessity of obedience to some supreme and eternal law, which is no other than the authority of God, commanding good and forbidding evil. And, so far from this most equitable authority of God over men diminishing or destroying their liberty, it protects it and perfects it; for the prosecution and attainment of their respective ends are the real perfection of all creatures; and the supreme end to which human liberty can aspire is God.

THESE PRECEPTS OF THE TRUEST AND HIGHEST TEACHING

known to us by the very light of reason, the church, instructed by the example and doctrine of her Divine author, has ever propagated and asserted; for she has ever made them the measure of her office and of her teaching to the Christian nations. As to morals, the laws of the Gospel not only far surpass the wisdom of the heathen, but are an invitation and an introduction to a state of holiness unknown to the ancients; and, bringing man nearer to God, they make him at once the possessor of a more perfect liberty. Thus the powerful influence of the church has ever been manifested in the custody and protection of the civil and political liberty of the people. The enumeration of its merits in this respect does not belong to our purpose. It is sufficient to recall the fact that slavery, that old reproach of the heathen nations, was mainly abolished by the beneficial efforts of the church. The impartiality of the brotherhood of man was established by Jesus Christ; and His Apostles re-echoed His voice when they declared that there was neither Jew, nor Gentile, nor barbarian, nor Scythian, but all were

brothers in Christ. So powerful, so conspicuous in this respect, is the influence of the church, that experience abundantly testifies that savage customs are no longer possible in any land where she has once set her foot; but that gentleness speedily takes the place of cruelty, and the light of truth quickly dispels the darkness of barbarism. Nor has the church been less lavish in the benefits she has conferred on civilized nations in every age, either by resisting the tyranny of the wicked, or by protecting the innocent and helpless from injury: or, finally, by using her influence in the support of any form of government which commended itself to the citizens at home, because of its justice, or was feared by enemies without because of its power. Moreover, the highest duty is to respect authority, and obediently to submit to just law; and by this the members of a community are effectually protected from the wrong doing of evil men. Lawful power is from God, "and whosoever resisteth authority resisteth the ordinance of God;" wherefore, obedience is greatly ennobled, when subjected to an authority which is most just and supreme. But where the power to command is wanting, or where a law is enacted contrary to reason, or to the eternal law or the ordinance of God, obedience is unlawful, lest, while obeying man, we fail in obedience to God. Thus, by an effectual barrier being opposed to tyranny, the authority in the state will not have all its own way; but the interests and rights of all will be safeguarded — the rights of all individuals, of domestic society, and of all the members of the commonwealth; so that all may be free to live according to law and right reason, in which, as we have shown, true liberty really consists.

IF, WHEN MEN DISCUSS THE QUESTION OF LIBERTY,

they only grasped its true meaning, such as we have now drawn it out, they would never venture to affix such a calumny on the church as to assert that she is the foe to individual and public liberty. But there are many who follow in the footsteps of Lucifer, and adopt, as their own, his rebellious cry, "I will not serve;" and, consequently, substitute for true liberty what is sheer license. Such, for instance, are the men, belonging to that widely-spread and powerful organization, who, usurping the name of liberty, style themselves *Liberals*.

What *Rationalists* aim at in philosophy, that the supporters of *liberalism* are attempting in the domain of morality and politics. The chief doctrine of *rationalism* is the supremacy of the human reason, which, refusing due submission to the Divine and eternal reason, proclaims its own independence, and constitutes itself the supreme principle and source and judge of truth. So these followers of *liberalism* deny the existence of any Divine authority to which obedience is due, and proclaim that every man makes his own law; whence arises that ethical system which they style *independent* morality, and which, under the guise of liberty, exonerates man from any obedience to the commands of God, and substitutes a boundless license. The end of all this it is not difficult to foresee. For, once granted that man is firmly persuaded of his own supremacy, it follows that the efficient

cause of the unity of civil society is to be sought, not in any principle exterior or superior to man, but simply in the free will of individuals; that the power of the state is from the people only; and that, just as every man's individual reason is his only rule of life, so the collective reason of the community should be the supreme guide in the management of all public affairs. Hence the doctrine of the supremacy of the majority, and that the majority is the source of all law and authority. But, from what has been said, it is clear that all this is in contradiction to reason.

TO DISSOLVE THE BOND OF UNION

between man and civil society, on the one hand, and God the Creator and, consequently, the supreme Legislator, on the other, is plainly repugnant to the nature, not only of man, but of all created things; for, of necessity, all effects must in some way be connected with their cause; and it belongs to the perfection of every nature to contain itself within that sphere which the rational order has assigned to it; namely, that the inferior should be subject and obedient to the superior. But, besides this, a doctrine of this character is most hurtful both to individuals and to the state. For, once ascribe to human reason the only authority to decide what is true and what is good, and the real distinction between good and evil is destroyed; honor and dishonor become a matter of private opinion; pleasure is the measure of what is lawful; and, given a code of morality which can have little or no power to restrain the unruly propensities of man, a way is then opened to universal corruption. To turn to public affairs: authority is severed from the true and natural principle whence it derives all its efficacy for the common good; and the law determining right and wrong is at the mercy of a majority — which is simply a downward path to tyranny. The empire of God over man and civil society once repudiated, it follows that religion, as a public institution, ceases to exist and with it everything that belongs to religion. Likewise, with ambitious designs on sovereignty, tumult and sedition will be common amongst the people; and when duty and conscience cease to appeal to them, there will be nothing to hold them back but force, which is an inefficient restraint upon their covetousness. Of this we have almost daily evidence in the conflict with Socialists and other seditious societies, whose one object is revolution. It is for those, then, who are capable of forming a just estimate of things to decide whether such doctrines promote that true liberty which alone is worthy of man, or rather pervert and destroy it.

THERE ARE, INDEED, SOME ADHERENTS OF LIBERALISM

who do not subscribe to these opinions, which we have seen to be so fearful in their enormity, and tending to produce the most terrible evils. Indeed, many, compelled by the force of truth, do not hesitate to admit, that such a liberty is vicious and simple license, when it is intemperate in its claims, to the neglect of truth and justice; and, therefore, they would have liberty ruled and directed by right reason, and, consequently, subject to the natural law, and to the Divine, eter-

nal law. And here they think they may stop, and hold that no man is bound by any law of God, except such as can be known by natural reason. In this they are plainly inconsistent: for if, as they must admit, as no one can rightly deny, the will of the Divine Legislator is to be obeyed, because every man is under the power of God, and tends towards Him as his end, it follows that no one can assign limits to his legislative authority without failing in the obedience which is due. Indeed, if the human mind be so presumptuous as to define what are God's rights and its own duties, its reverence for the Divine law will be apparent rather than real, and its own judgment will prevail over the authority and providence of God. Man must, therefore, take his rule of life from the eternal law; and from every one of those laws which God, in His infinite wisdom and power, has been pleased to enact, and to make known to us in a manner so sure as to leave no room for doubt. And the more so, because laws of this kind have the same origin and author as the eternal law, and are absolutely in accordance with right reason, and perfect the natural law; and they constitute the government of God, Who graciously guides and directs both the intellect and the will of man, lest they fall into error. Let, then, a holy and inviolable union prevail where disunion is neither seemly nor possible; and, in all things, according to the dictates of right reason, let God be dutifully and obediently served.

THERE ARE OTHERS SOMEWHAT MORE MODERATE,

though not more consistent, who affirm that the morality of individuals is to be guided by the Divine law, but not the morality of the state, so that, in public affairs, the commands of God may be passed over, and may be disregarded in the framing of laws. Hence follows that fatal theory of the separation of church and state. But the absurdity of such a position is manifest. Nature herself proclaims the necessity of providing in the state the means and opportunities whereby the community may be enabled to live, as it should, according to the laws of God; for He is the source of all goodness and justice, and it is absolutely repugnant to maintain that such laws can be totally disregarded, or rendered abortive by contrary enactments. Besides, those who are in authority owe it to the commonwealth not only to provide for the external well-being and administration of the state, but still more to consult for the welfare of men's souls by the wisdom of their legislation. But, for the increase of such benefits, nothing more suitable can be conceived than the laws which have God for their author; and, therefore, they who in their government take no account of these laws abuse political power by causing it to deviate from its proper end and from what nature prescribes. And, what is of more importance, and what we have more than once pointed out, although the civil authority has not the same approximate end as the spiritual, nor proceeds on the same lines, nevertheless, in the exercise of their separate powers, they must occasionally meet. For their subjects are the same; and not unfrequently they deal with the same objects, though in different ways. Whenever this occurs, since a state of conflict is absurd and manifestly repugnant to the most wise ordinance of God, there must necessarily

exist some order or mode of procedure to remove the occasions of difference and contention, and to secure harmony in all things. This harmony has been not inaptly compared to that which exists between the body and the soul, for the well-being of both; the separation of which brings harm chiefly to the body, since it extinguishes its very life.

TO MAKE THIS MORE EVIDENT

the growth of liberty ascribed to our age must be considered in its various details. And, first, let us examine that liberty in individuals which is so opposed to the virtue of religion, namely the *liberty of worship*, as it is called, which rests on this principle, that every man is free to profess, as he chooses, any religion or none. But, assuredly, of all the duties which man has to fulfil, that without doubt is the chief and the holiest whereby he is bid to worship God with devotion and piety; which follows of necessity from the truth, that we are ever in the power of God, and are ever guided by His will and providence, and, having come forth from Him, must return to Him. Add to this, that no true virtue can exist without religion; for moral virtue is concerned with those things which lead to God, as man's supreme and ultimate good; and therefore religion, which (as St. Thomas says) "performs those actions which are directly and immediately ordered to the Divine honor," rules and governs all virtues. And, if it be asked, which of the many conflicting religions it is necessary to embrace, reason and the natural law unhesitatingly answer, that one which God commands, and which men can without difficulty recognize for themselves by certain exterior signs whereby Divine Providence has ordered that it should be distinguished, because, in a matter of such moment, the most terrible loss would be the consequence of any error. Wherefore, with a freedom such as we have described, to man is given the power to pervert or abandon with impunity the most sacred of duties, and to exchange the unchangeable good for evil; which, as we have said, is not liberty, but the degradation of liberty, and the abject subjection of the soul to sin.

THIS SAME LIBERTY, IF IT BE CONSIDERED

in relation to the state, clearly implies that there is no reason why the state should offer any homage to God, or should desire any public recognition of him; that no form of worship is to be preferred to another, but that all stand on an equal footing; no account being taken of the religion of the people, even if they profess the Catholic faith. But, to justify this, it must needs be true that the state has no duties towards God, or that such duties, if they exist, may be abandoned with impunity; both of which assertions are manifestly false. For it cannot be doubted that, by the will of God, men are united in civil society; whether its elements be considered; or its form, which is authority; or the object of its existence; or the abundance of the services which it renders to man. God it is who has made man for society, and has placed him in the company of others like himself, so that what was wanting to his nature, and beyond his attainment, if left to his own resources, he might obtain by association with others. Wherefore civil society must acknowledge God as its founder and parent, and must believe and worship His power and authority. Justice therefore

forbids, and reason forbids, the state to be Godless; or to adopt a line of action which would end in godlessness, namely, to treat the various religions, as they call them, alike, and to bestow upon them promiscuously equal rights and privileges. Since then the profession of one religion is necessary in the state, that one must be professed which alone is true, and which can be recognized without difficulty, especially in Catholic states, because the marks of truth are, as it were, engraven upon it. This religion, therefore, the rulers of the state must preserve and protect, if they would provide, as they should do, with prudence and usefulness for the good of the community. For the public power exists for the welfare of those whom it governs; and although its proximate end is to lead men to the prosperity which is found in this life, yet, in so doing, it ought not to diminish, but rather to increase, man's capability of attaining to the supreme good in which his everlasting happiness consists, which never can be attained except through religion. But this we have explained more fully elsewhere. We now only wish to observe that

### LIBERTY OF SUCH A KIND IS GREATLY HURTFUL

to the true liberty both of rulers and of their subjects. Religion, moreover, is of wonderful advantage. For, deriving the first origin of power directly from God Himself, with grave authority it commands rulers to be mindful of their duty, to govern without injustice or severity, and to rule their people kindly, and with an almost paternal charity; it admonishes subjects to be obedient to lawful authority, as to the ministers of God; and it binds them to their rulers, not merely by obedience, but by reverence and affection, forbidding all seditions and attempts that would disturb public order and tranquillity, and cause greater restrictions to be put upon the liberty of the people. We need not mention how greatly religion conduces to pure morals, and pure morals to liberty; for reason shows and history confirms the fact, that the better the morality of states, the greater liberty and wealth and power do they enjoy.

### THE LIBERTY OF SPEECH.

We must now consider a little the *liberty of speech*, and the liberty of the press. It is hardly necessary to say that there can be no such right as this, if it is not used in moderation, and if it passes beyond the bounds and ends of all true liberty. For right is a moral power which, as we have said, and must again repeat, it is absurd to suppose that nature has given indifferently to truth and falsehood, to justice and injustice. Men have a right freely and prudently to propagate throughout the state whatsoever things are true and honorable, so that as many as possible may possess them; but false doctrines, than which no mental plague is greater, and vices which corrupt the heart, should be diligently repressed by public authority lest they insidiously work the ruin of the state. The excesses of an unbridled intellect, which really end in the oppression of the ignorant multitude, are not less rightly restrained by the authority of the law than are the injuries inflicted by force upon the weak; and even more so, because by far the greater part of the community either absolutely cannot, or can only with great difficulty, avoid their illusions and subtleties, especially such as flatter

their own passions. If unbridled license of speech and of writing be granted to all, nothing will remain sacred and inviolate; even the highest and truest judgments of nature, the common and noblest heritage of the human race, will not be spared. Thus, truth being obscured by darkness, pernicious and manifold error, as often happens, will easily prevail; and license will gain what liberty loses; for liberty will be more free and secure, in proportion as license is more restrained. In regard, however, to such matters of opinion as God leaves to man's free discussion, full liberty of thought and of speech is naturally within the right of every one; for this liberty never leads men to suppress the truth, but leads often to its discovery and manifestation

THE LIBERTY OF TEACHING.

A like judgment must be passed upon what is called *liberty of teaching*. There can be no doubt that truth alone should imbue the minds of men; for in truth are found the well-being and end and perfection of intelligent nature; and therefore truth alone should be taught both to the ignorant and to the educated, so as to bring knowledge to the former and to preserve it in the latter. For this reason it is plainly the duty of those who teach, to banish error from the mind, and by sure safeguards to exclude all false opinions. From this it follows, that greatly opposed to reason, and tending absolutely to pervert men's minds, is that liberty of which we speak, in so far as it claims for itself the right of teaching what it pleases, — a liberty which cannot be granted by the state without failing in its duty. And the more so, because the authority of the teacher has great weight with his hearers, who can rarely decide for themselves as to the truth or falsehood of the instruction given to them. Wherefore, this liberty also, that it may be just, must be kept within certain limits, lest the art of teaching be turned with impunity into an instrument of corruption. Now truth, which should be the sole object of those who teach, is of two kinds, natural and supernatural. Of natural truths, such as the principles of nature and what is deduced from them immediately by reason, there is a kind of common patrimony in the human race. On this, as on a firm basis, morality and justice and religion, and the very bonds of human society rest; and to allow it to be with impunity violated or destroyed, would be impious and foolish and inhuman. But with no less religious care must we preserve that great and sacred treasure of the truths which God has taught us. By many convincing arguments which the defenders of Christianity have often used, certain leading truths have been laid down; namely, that some things have been revealed by God; that the Only-Begotten Son of God was made Flesh, to bear witness to the truth; that a perfect society was founded by Him, that is, the church, of which He is the head, and with which He has promised to abide till the end of the world. To this society He intrusted all the truths which He had taught, that it might keep and guard them, and with lawful authority explain them; and, at the same time, He commanded all nations

TO HEAR THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH,

as if it were His own, threatening those who would not with everlasting perdition. Thus it is manifest that man's best and surest teacher is God,

the source and principle of all truth; and the Only-Begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, the way, the truth, and the life, the true light which enlightens every man, to whose teaching all must submit: "And they shall all be taught of God." (St. John vi. 45.) In faith and in the teaching of morality, God made the church a partaker of His Divine authority, and through His Divine help she cannot be deceived. She is, therefore, the greatest and most safe teacher of mankind, and with inviolable right to teach them. Sustained by the truth received from her Divine Founder, the church has ever sought, above all things, to fulfil the mission intrusted to her by God; undeterred by the difficulties surrounding her, she has never ceased to assert her liberty of teaching; and in this way, the superstition of paganism being dispelled, the world was renewed unto Christian wisdom. Now, reason itself teaches that the truths of revelation and those of nature cannot really be opposed to one another, and that whatever is at variance with them must necessarily be false. Therefore the Divine teaching of the church, so far from being an obstacle to the pursuit of learning and the progress of science, or from retarding in any way the advance of civilization, in reality brings to them the guidance of a shining light. And for the same reason it is of great advantage for the perfecting of human liberty, since our Saviour Jesus Christ has said that

BY TRUTH IS MAN MADE FREE.

"You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." (St. John viii. 32.) Therefore, there is no reason why genuine liberty should be displeased, or true science feel aggrieved, in having to bear that just and necessary restraint by which, in the judgment of the church and of reason itself, man's teaching has to be controlled. The church, as facts have everywhere proved, while she chiefly and, above all, looks to the defence of the Christian faith, is, at the same time, careful to foster and promote every kind of human learning. Learning is in itself good and praiseworthy and desirable; and all erudition which is the fruit of sound reason, and in conformity with the truth of things, serves not a little to illustrate what God has taught us. The church, indeed, to our great benefit, has carefully preserved the monuments of ancient wisdom; has opened everywhere homes of science; has urged on intellectual progress, by fostering most diligently the arts by which the civilization of our age is so much adorned. Lastly, we must not forget that a vast field lies freely open to man's industry and genius, containing all those things which have no necessary connection with Christian faith and morals, or as to which the church, using no authority, leaves the judgment of the learned, free and unrestrained. From all this may be understood the nature and character of that liberty which the followers of *liberalism* so eagerly demand and proclaim. On the one hand, they demand for themselves and for the state a license which opens the way to every perversity of opinion; and, on the other, they hamper the church in many ways, restricting her liberty within the narrowest limits, although from her teaching there is nothing to be feared, and very much to be gained.

THE LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

Another liberty is greatly proclaimed, namely, *liberty of conscience*. If by this is meant that every one may, as he chooses, worship God or

not, it is sufficiently refuted by what has been already said. But it may also be taken to mean that every man in the state may, from a consciousness of duty, and without obstacle, follow the will of God and obey His commands. This, indeed, is true liberty, worthy of the sons of God, which nobly sustains the dignity of man, and is stronger than all violence or wrong,—a liberty which the church has always desired and held most dear. This is a liberty which the apostles claimed for themselves with intrepid constancy, which the defenders of Christianity confirmed by their writings, which the martyrs in vast numbers consecrated by their blood. And rightly so; for this Christian liberty bears witness to the absolute and most just dominion of God over man, and to the great and supreme duty of man towards God. It has nothing in common with a seditious and rebellious mind, and it in no way derogates from obedience to public authority; for the right to command and to require obedience exists only so far as it is in accordance with the authority of God, and is within the measure that He has laid down. When anything is commanded which is plainly at variance with the will of God, there is a departure from this divinely constituted order, and a conflict with the divine authority; and then it is right not to obey. By the patrons of *liberalism*, who make the state absolute and omnipotent, and proclaim that man should live altogether independently of God, this liberty of which we speak, which is joined to virtue and religion, is not acknowledged; and whatever is done for its preservation, is held to be an injury and an offence against the state. Indeed, if they spoke truly, there would be no tyranny, no matter how cruel, which we should not be bound to endure and to obey.

THE CHURCH WOULD MOST EARNESTLY DESIRE

that this Christian teaching, of which we have given the heads, should in reality and practice penetrate every rank of society. This teaching would be of the greatest efficacy to heal the evils of our day, which are neither few nor light, and are the offspring, in great part, of the false liberty which is so much extolled, in which the germ of salvation and glory was supposed to be contained. The hope has been disappointed by the result; the fruit, instead of being sweet and wholesome, is tainted and bitter. If a remedy is desired, let it be sought for in a restoration of sound doctrine, from which alone the preservation of order and the defence of true liberty can be expected. Yet, with the discernment of a true mother, the church weighs the great burden of human weakness; and she knows what is the course in which the minds and the affairs of men are now borne along. For this reason, while not conceding any rights to anything that is not true and honest, it does not forbid public authority to tolerate what is at variance with truth and justice, for the sake of avoiding a greater evil, or of obtaining, or preserving, some greater good. God Himself, in His providence, though He is of infinite goodness and power, allows evil to exist in the world, partly that greater good may not be impeded, and partly that greater evil may not follow. In the government of states it is well to imitate the Ruler of the world; and, as the authority of man is powerless to prevent every evil, it has (as St. Augustine says) "to overlook, and to leave unpunished, many things which are punished, and rightly, by Divine Providence." But in such circumstances, if, for the sake of

the common good (which is the only just reason), the law of man may and ought to tolerate evil, it may not and ought not to approve evil for its own sake; for evil of itself, being a privation of good, is opposed to the common welfare which a legislator must desire and defend to the best of his power. In this, human law must endeavor to imitate God, who, as St. Thomas says, in allowing evil to exist in the world, "neither wishes evil to be done, nor wishes it not to be done, but wishes only to permit it to be done; and this is good."

THIS SENTENCE OF THE ANGELIC DOCTOR

contains briefly the whole doctrine as to the permission of evil. But, to judge rightly, we must acknowledge that the more a state has to tolerate evil, the further is it from perfection; and that the tolerance of evil, which is suggested by political prudence, must be circumscribed by the limits which its cause, the public welfare, requires. Wherefore, if such tolerance would be injurious to the public welfare, and bring greater evils on the state, it would not be lawful; for, in such a case, the motive of good is wanting. And although in the extraordinary condition of these times, the church usually acquiesces in certain modern liberties, not because she prefers them in themselves, but because she judges it expedient to permit them, in better times she would use her own liberty; and, by persuasion, exhortation, and entreaty, she would endeavor, as she ought, to fulfil the duty assigned to her by God of providing for the eternal salvation of mankind. One thing, however, remains always true — that the liberty which is claimed for all, to do all things, is not, as we have often said, of itself desirable, inasmuch as it is contrary to reason that error and truth should have equal rights. And as to *tolerance*, it is surprising how far removed from the justice and prudence of the church are they who profess what is called *liberalism*. For, in allowing that boundless license of which we have spoken, they exceed all limits, and end at last by making no apparent distinction between truth and error, honesty and dishonesty. And because the church, the pillar and ground of truth, and the unerring teacher of morals, is forced utterly to reprobate and condemn tolerance of such an abandoned and criminal character, they calumniate her as wanting in patience and gentleness, and thus fail to see that, in so doing, they impute to her as a fault what is in reality a matter for commendation. But, in spite of all this show of tolerance, it very often happens that, while they profess themselves ready to shower liberty on all in the greatest profusion, they are utterly intolerant towards the Catholic Church, by refusing to grant it the liberty which is its right.

TO REDUCE BRIEFLY, FOR CLEARNESS' SAKE,

to its principal heads, all that has been here written, and that follows from it, the summary is this: that, by a necessity of his nature, man is wholly subject to the true and everlasting power of God; and that man has no liberty except that which must be in submission to God and in subjection to His will. To deny the existence of this authority in God, or to refuse to submit to it, is to act, not as a free man, but as one who treasonably abuses his liberty; and in such a disposition of mind the chief vice of *liberalism* consists. The form, however, of this

vice is manifold; for in more ways and degrees than one can the will depart from the obedience which is due to God, or to those who share the divine power. To reject the supreme authority of God, and to cast off all obedience to Him in public matters, and even in those which are private and domestic, is the greatest perversion of liberty and the worst kind of *liberalism;* and against this, what we have said applies in its fullest sense.

NEXT COMES THE SYSTEM OF THOSE

who admit, indeed, the duty of submitting to God, the Creator and Ruler of the world, inasmuch as all nature is dependent on His will; but who boldly reject the laws of faith and morals, which are above the natural order, and are revealed by the authority of God; who, at least, assert that there is no reason why regard should be paid to these laws, at least in public by the state. How wrong such men also are, and how inconsistent, we have seen above. From this doctrine, as its source and principle, flows that fatal maxim of the separation of church and state; whereas, on the contrary, it is clear that the two powers, though dissimilar in functions and unequal in degree, ought, nevertheless, to live in concord, by the harmony of their actions and the fulfilment of their respective duties. But this maxim is understood in two ways. Many wish the state to be separated from the church wholly and entirely, so that in every right of human society, in institutions, customs, and laws, in the offices of state, and in the education of youth, they would pay no more regard to the church than if it did not exist; and, at most, would allow the citizens individually to attend to their religion in private if they pleased. Against these, all the arguments by which we disproved the doctrine of the separation of church and state are conclusive; and with this additional argument, that it is absurd that the citizen should respect the church but the state despise it. Others do not oppose the existence of the church, nor indeed could they: yet they rob her of the nature and rights of a perfect society; and maintain that it does not belong to her to legislate, to judge, or to punish, but only to exhort, to advise, and to rule her subjects according to their own consent and will. By their opinion they would pervert the nature of this Divine society, and attenuate and narrow its authority, its office of teacher and its whole efficiency; and, at the same time, they would aggrandize the power of the civil government to such an extent as to subject the church of God to the empire and sway of the state, like any voluntary association of citizens. To completely refute such teaching, the arguments often used by the defenders of Christianity, and set forth by us, especially in the Encyclical Letter *Immortale Dei*, are of great avail; for by those arguments it is proved that, by a Divine provision, all the rights which essentially belong to a society that is legitimate, supreme, and perfect in all its parts, exist in the church.

THERE REMAIN THOSE WHO, WHILE THEY DO NOT APPROVE

the separation of the church and state, think, nevertheless, that the church ought to adapt herself to the times, and to conform to what is desired by the modern system of government. Such an opinion is sound, if it is to be understood of an adaption that is consistent with truth and

justice; in so far, namely, that the church, in the hope of some great good, may show herself indulgent, and may conform to the times in whatever her sacred office permits. But it is not so in regard to practices and doctrines which a perversion of morals and a false judgment have unlawfully introduced. Religion, truth, and justice, must ever be maintained; and as God has intrusted these great and sacred things to the care of the church, she can never be so unfaithful to her office as to dissemble in what is false or unjust, or to connive at what is hurtful to religion.

From what has been said, it follows that it is in no way lawful to demand, to defend, or to grant unconditional freedom of thought, of speech, of writing, or of religion, as if they were so many rights which nature had given to man. For if nature had really given them, it would be lawful to refuse obedience to God, and there would be no restraint to human liberty. It likewise follows that freedom in these things may be tolerated when there is just cause; but only with such moderation as will prevent its degenerating into license and excess. And where these liberties are in use, men should use them in doing good, and should regard them as the church does; for liberty is to be regarded as legitimate in so far as it gives greater facility for doing good, and no further.

WHENEVER THERE EXISTS, OR THERE IS REASON TO FEAR,

either an unjust oppression of the people, or a deprivation of the church's liberty, it is lawful to seek for such a change of government as will give due liberty of action. In such a case it is not an excessive and vicious liberty that is sought for; but only some relief, for the common welfare, in order that amidst the license for evil, the power of doing good may not be hindered. Again, it is not wrong of itself to prefer a democratic form of government, if only the Catholic doctrine be maintained as to the origin and use of power. Of the various forms of government, the church does not reject any that are fitted for the welfare of the subject; she wishes only — and this nature itself requires — that they should be constituted without wrong to any one, and, especially, without violating the rights of the church. Unless through some exceptional condition of things it be otherwise determined, it is well to take part in the administration of public affairs. And the church approves of every one giving his services for the common good, and doing all that he can for the defence and preservation and prosperity of his country.

NEITHER DOES THE CHURCH CONDEMN

those who, if it can be done without violation of justice, wish to make their country independent of any foreign or despotic power. Nor does she blame those who wish to give to the state the power of self-government, and to its citizens the greatest possible measure of prosperity. So long as it is without license, the church has always fostered civil liberty; and this was seen especially in Italy, in the municipal prosperity and wealth and glory, which were obtained at a time when the salutary power of the church had, without opposition, spread to all parts of the state.

These things, Venerable Brethren, which, under the guidance of faith and reason, we have, in the discharge of our Apostolic office, now delivered to you, will, we hope, especially by your coöperation with us,

be useful unto many. In lowliness of heart we raise our eyes in supplication to God, and earnestly beseech Him to shed mercifully the light of his wisdom and of His counsel upon men, so that, strengthened by these heavenly gifts, they may in things of such moment discern what is true, and may then in public and in private, at all times and with unshaken constancy, live in accordance with the truth that they have known. As a pledge of these heavenly gifts, and in witness of our good will to you, Venerable Brethren, and to the clergy and people committed to each of you, we most lovingly grant in the Lord the Apostolic Benediction.

Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 20th day of June, in the year MDCCCLXXXVIII, the eleventh year of our pontificate.

POPE LEO XIII.

ANALYSIS. — GENERAL VIEW OF LIBERTY.

Liberty is liable to abuse.
Modern "liberties" are abuses.
Natural liberty belongs to men as rational beings.
It is derived from the soul.
It is, therefore, dependent upon the intellect.
True liberty, therefore, follows the dictates of the intellect.
Liberty needs to be helped by a law.
This law is an eternal law.
The individual law applied to society becomes human law.
The human law is, therefore, an eternal law.
Liberty is, therefore, restrained by obedience; (*a*) in the individual, to the natural law; (*b*) in society, to the human law.
Liberalism proper refuses this obedience, and its own pleasure is its only law.
Another form of liberalism refuses obedience to eternal law in the state, but acknowledges it in the individual.

THE PARTICULAR PHASES OF LIBERTY.

*Liberty of worship* should be restricted by the true religion, and atheism is contrary to reason.
Religion in the state confirms true morality.
*Liberty of speech and writing* should be restricted to the moral law.
*Liberty of teaching* should also be restricted by the moral law, and, therefore,
All teaching should fall within the truth.
*Liberty of conscience* should be restricted to the true religion and within these limits boldly defended.

THE CHURCH AND LIBERTY.

Liberalism bears evil fruits.
God allows evil for greater good.
Rulers should keep this example before them.
But liberalism allows no tolerance.
Man should submit to God, which liberalism does not allow.
One form of liberalism wishes to separate the church from the state, and allow the church to work thus separately.

Another form denies any power to the church further than that of exhortation.

Some wish the church to go with the times.

All these opinions are false, and should be substituted by the true doctrine previously laid down.

The church desires her sons except under certain conditions to take part in public affairs where possible; saving faith and morals, she approves every kind of government.

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THE ENCYCLICAL LETTER of our Holy Father the Pope, which appears in this issue, is from the Monitor, San Francisco, Cal.

THE Catholic Standard one of the ablest of our papers, published in its issue of a recent date, the interesting memoirs of the venerable Father Meehan, furnished to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE by Rev. Father Gavin, a young priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia.

### The Church and the Knights of Labor.

ON Thursday, Dec. 13, there was published in the Baltimore Sun the condemnation by the Tribunal of the Inquisition of the doctrine proposed by Mr. Henry George, abolishing private property in land; and the further direction that, if the society of the Knights of Labor would be tolerated by the Catholic Church, they must correct any expression in sympathy with Mr. George. We find now in the Catholic Universe the following letter from Cardinal Gibbons to Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati:

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE, 408 N. CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, Sept. 25.

YOUR GRACE,—On receipt of the letter, of which the enclosed is a copy, I wrote to Mr. Powderly requesting him to come and see me. He came on the 24th inst. in compliance with my invitation, and cheerfully promised to make the emendations required by the Holy Office, and expressed his readiness to comply, at all times, with the wishes of the ecclesiastical authorities.

Very faithfully your friend in Christ,
J. CARD. GIBBONS.

Most Rev. Dr. ELDER, Abp. Cincinnati.

THE Messenger of the Sacred Heart for the New Year announces its final installation in city offices, at 114 South Third St., Philadelphia, Pa. It puts this forward as "a guarantee that it has come to take its permanent place among the magazines of the country."

### The Church in Australia.

THE following is from the letter of a professional Protestant man who has been a resident in Australia for thirty-five years: "I am sorry that when all the bishops met at home they did not see the necessity for making more archbishops, so that the English Church in these colonies should not fall behind. I am quite of opinion that the Roman Catholics foresee the great future of this country, and are acting quietly and steadily with that end in view. No large ship comes out without numbers of priests and sisters of mercy, and every little place has its archbishop, such as Hobart, Perth, Fiji, etc. The point of all this is to take precedence on all public occasions of the Church of England. This was exemplified by a lay president reading the introductory prayer at the opening of the Exhibition at Melbourne. I see clearly that if all members of our church do not unite, and that quickly, Australia will become the largest and fiercest Roman Catholic country in the world. The Roman Catholics do all their work very quietly, and without creating any suspicion."

THE New England Piano holds a position peculiarly its own. Having one of the largest factories in the world, with ample capital, unequalled facilities, taking advantage of the past experience of the older manufacturers, adopting all the important inventions which are essential to the manufacture of a strictly first-class piano, the result is a piano which cannot be excelled. Perfection in all the minor details has been the constant aim of this company. The result is shown by their steadily increasing business.

### The Boston Bigots.

THE Boston correspondent of the Christian Union (Protestant) refers in his latest letter to a feeling existing among a portion of the Protestant Christians of Boston which has hardly had adequate expression of late. It is that feeling which deprecates the extreme tone adopted by a portion of the clergy and others in their attacks in public meetings upon the Roman Catholic form of Christianity. He says that Phillips Brooks and Rev. W. E. Griffis have steadily refused to countenance this agitation; President Eliot, of Harvard, condemns much of it as mischievous; and "an evangelical and broad church Protestant clergyman of world-wide fame" has said that Dr. Duryea seemed to be the only man who had kept his head level through the whole business.

### The Late Boston Vote.

THE I. C. B. U. Journal of Philadelphia says of our recent election: — The bigots of Boston didn't triumph by their numbers, but by Irish Catholic political infamy, and by the peace-and-patience-Irish-and-Italian-Catholic policy. The "woman in bonnets" in the Back-bay fashionable district did not mind the rain, but, preacher-moved, went and voted. But the "women with shawls over their heads" did not have "their Irish up," and so didn't go and vote. It is not the Right, but the Votes that prevail, and the bigots like the "be quiet" policy of their opponents. "Up and at 'em" would stop their crowing, but we Catholics must be so tame. Serves us right. The Boston Catholics ought now to be happy. They can cry "Persecution," and that's the most loved song our Catholics enjoy.

### Some of Our Young Men.

TOO many of our Catholic young men lose the faith or become indifferent thereto. They seem to forget all the lessons taught them in Catechism and in preparation for first communion. They cease to say their prayers morning and evening. They no longer go to church or go too late, and hang merely round the entrance. Hence the numerous instances of dishonesty, and of more serious crimes; of impurity and its baneful consequences. They have learned indifferentism or atheism from bad company. They fail to fulfil their destiny and their souls are lost.

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THE Milwaukee Catholic Citizen has this to say of a New York paper: "The police made a number of arrests yesterday of persons who were distributing political tracts and newspapers containing marked political articles. The arrests were for violation of the Sunday law. Early in the morning men stood near every Catholic church in the upper part of the city some of them loaded down with copies of the American Catholic News, the $1 Catholic paper published by Ridder, in which was a long article favoring the elec- of Abram S. Hewitt, the pronounced Know-Nothing to the Mayoralty."

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JAMES E. KELLY, M.D., the brilliant Irish physician of Dublin and Boston, and who made New York his home three years ago, has scored a splendid success in restoring the sight of Mrs. Ryan, wife of Capt. John J. Ryan of Col. James Cavanagh's staff, Sixty-Ninth Regiment. Mrs. Ryan was struck with a football at the Peekskill encampment last summer and blinded. Dr. St. John Roosa, and other eminent oculists, pronounced the case hopeless, and so it seemed; but Dr. Kelly watched it closely, and persevered in his morphine injection treatment, until one evening recently the Ryan household was made happy by the complete recovery of Mrs. Ryan's vision. The lady, who is one of the most estimable, has had wide-spread sympathy in her affliction; and the residents of the old seventh ward, where she is universally beloved, and every member of the Sixty-Ninth, are blessing Dr. Kelly to-day for the devotion and skill that have effected this wonderful result.

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IT is now held as a principle of education that the social surroundings of children are either aids or hindrances to education. This is true; and it is one of the reasons why the Catholic Church builds schools of her own, where children will grow up morally and mentally sound in healthy and favorable surroundings.

### Wealth.

WHAT is wealth? Is it hordes of treasure, or barns filled to overflowing with corn and glad earth's increase? Is it great blocks of houses and stores crammed from cellar to roof with goodly merchandise? Is it land stretching far as the eye can see, or script, or stock, or ground rent? Rather is it not the sweet home ties, a tranquil mind, a quiet conscience, the ability to look over the past without remorse, to face the hour which is fast coming to us all without fear? — From Rivals for Wealth.

### St. Philip Neri and a Cat.

IT is recorded of St. Philip Neri that he used to send his novices daily to feed a derelict and dying cat abandoned in an empty house by "late Christian owners," I suppose. His biographer, apparently shocked that a saint should think of a cat's sufferings, explains that no doubt St. Philip wished to mortify his novices by giving them such a commission; but it is pleasanter, and probably truer, to believe that it was the holy man's natural charity which prompted him to teach his novices to bestow loving care on any poor animal in distress, and that in Coleridge's words, —

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

### Don't Stuff a Cold.

IF you do, you will, nine times in ten, have a fever to starve.

A cold is a shock received by the myriad nerves that bristle near the surface of a human body. This shock is transmitted to the nerve centres, and then back to the mucous membranes, forcing a great amount of blood to those membranes, creating a more or less severe irritation and consequent rise in the temperature, followed by chills. Excess of food in the stomach still more increases the temperature, and, worst of all, helps clog the secretions or natural outlets of the body. It is high time we broke away from an old notion which, like some others, has done more harm than good. For example, in years past how many poor fever sufferers, burning with an internal fire and thirst, were hurried to an untimely grave because not allowed cooling drinks or a bit of ice by the old-time treatment for fevers, as foolish as the adage for colds. At last one cunning, delirious patient, got to a pump of cold water and drank his fill; determined not to leave until the well ran dry, he slaked he fever, recovered, and the doctors le rned a lesson. Experimenting with a severe cold is a dangerous custom, as most persons try one remedy only until some friend suggests another "sure cure," as Mark Twain so humorously describes. When slight hoarseness or tightening of the nasal membranes warns one of a skin exposure or chill from wet, act promptly; a delay is dangerous. With children, it may mean croup and strangula ion; with adults, catarrh, bronchitis, perhaps pneumonia. If neglected, n othing can prevent the sneezing, red nose, and woe-begone look of a person with a cold. Scores of mothers would as soon go to bed without matches in the house, as without that old-fashion d remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, near at hand for croupy children. Used with a mild laxative, as described in a pamphlet which I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send free to any one, Johnson's Liniment will cure a cold for adults quicker than any known remedy. A mild, nutritious diet, a gentle physic to open the secretions, and a bottle of that old Anodyne from your druggist, will conquer any cold. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was originated by an old family physician more than seventy years ago.

AT the meeting of the Kilrush Board of Guardians on Dec. 3, Mr. Daly, the relieving officer, reported the death, at Carrigaholt, in the western part of the county Clare, of a woman named Bridget Haren, at the age of a hundred and twelve years. Up to her last hour she is represented as having been in perfect possession of her mental faculties.

THE annual ball of the Charitable Irish Society will come off on the 28th of January. Everything indicates that the event will be the grandest in the history of this veteran organization.

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DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI. BOSTON, MARCH, 1889. No. 3.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

## The Nun of Kenmare: An Autobiography.*

ON entering upon the task of reviewing this book, which some wise heads, especially those of Protestants, believe is destined to create a wonderful sensation, it will be well to dwell deeply upon the fact, that the Church Militant, the Kingdom of God on earth, has a human, as well as a divine, organism. Some people thoughtlessly imagine that everything pertaining, or belonging to, the church, is, or should be, divine in its character, and so they are grievously at a loss to understand how it is that differences of opinion exist in the church; they are even scandalized to find that the acts of bishops and priests are not always in strict conformity with the ideas those people have of what is right, forgetting, or not knowing, that those in authority, and particularly those possessing large discretionary power, are bound by the exigencies and responsibilities of their position to exercise a judgment often at variance with the notions of others. For instance, the erection of a church or a convent is earnestly desired in some particular place. Now a church is useless without a priest, as a convent is unnecessary without nuns. The bishop, when appealed to in the matter, judges not only if there is a favorable financial prospect for the demand, if there is sufficient of a Catholic population in the place where the church or the convent is asked for, but, further, if there is a likelihood of permanent future support for the church or the convent. All this requires not only the exercise of the best and wisest judgment, but the exercise of the greatest prudence on the part of the bishop. If he fail in this, the work of his diocese will be a failure, the spiritual work of his administration will be weakened, and, instead of the prosperity in church work which we see around us to-day, we should behold the wreckage and ruin which are constantly following in the wake of Protestantism all over the world.

The foundation of religious communities is always a matter for

* Boston: Ticknor and Company.

grave anxiety and care on the part of a bishop. These communities may even appear to be self-supporting at the start, and may so remain during the lifetime of the founder; but they are just as likely as not to become a permanent burden on the bishop and his diocese afterward.

Again, in the government of the church, from the Pope down to the poorest priest, there are daily happenings and occurrences which make many religious and lay participators vexed, worried, and rebellious in spirit, if not publicly contumacious. These are but incidents of poor, selfish human nature. They have always been, and they will always be.

But the human government of the church is based upon and derives its power from its divine character? Admitted: but the governors are neither infallible nor impeccable; not even the Pope himself, except when speaking *ex-cathedra*, is infallible. Nevertheless, the government of the church, because being based upon and springing from its divine character, is the most stupendous work the world has ever beheld, the most perfect monument of human greatness, the most vast and universally embracing government that ever existed, and just a trifle too big for the Nun of Kenmare, or that other old woman of the Boston Herald who wrote a nimble notice of the Nun's book, either to knock down or to injure.

There are something over one hundred thousand priests in the church. Not one of these can leave the jurisdiction of his parochial lines (or, if a religious, go outside the limits prescribed by his superior), to exercise his priestly faculties without leave of his bishop. There are hundreds of thousands of religious men and women in the church, not one of whom is their own master, in opposition to their superiors or the bishop of the diocese in which they reside, that is, so long as they remain in community life. Now only fancy what a church we should have if those priests and those nuns or sisters had leave to do as they liked!

A government that has existed for two thousand years must, perforce, by its very nature stand out before the mental vision of men, and cause them to wonder at the grandeur of the structure, which the greatest minds that ever existed on earth have raised to sustain the church in its relation to the world.

The poor Nun of Kenmare would teach and expose many members of the hierarchy of the church, for an "injustice," real or imaginary, has been done to her, and she is frightened lest her friends should think that she has failed, or that one like her could possibly fail. Her "foundations" have not been founded according to her desires, and her great plans for the cure of gigantic evils have been pushed aside, although we are assured they had the approbation of the Pope. Would he renew that approbation?

Things that contemplate mighty results in the social world often come to the ground, and the world seems to plod along much in its usual way without them. Successful projectors of great schemes in the church were generally those who based their every attempt upon

the broad and deep foundations of humility and obedience. They have met with much opposition, painful trials, had many sacrifices to make, have borne rebukes and reproaches without number even from their dearest friends; but they fought and conquered! The Nun makes bitter allusion to those of this class, and condemns heartily the treatment they received. Alas; poor innocent Nun! Let us think for a few minutes on these things. The trials offered the holy servants of God were but the purification of the royal metal from the dross and inferior things of earth. The gold had got to be refined before it could assume its brilliancy.

When a man or woman enters the religious life it is generally after a term of probation necessarily imposed by rule as a test of a true vocation for that life. [The Nun of Kenmare's probation lasted only a month.] But this probation is not always a true test, although generally it suffices. It is quite a common thing for women who wish to devote their lives to the service of God to find out by their probationary trial that they are better adapted for the higher order of a contemplative life than for the active duties of the hospital, the prison, the school-room, the battle-field, the work of attendance upon the aged and infirm, of visiting and comforting the sick and dying, and any other of those numerous and wonderful works of mercy and charity which religious generally perform. On the other hand those who have entered on probation for some one of the latter, often retire for entrance into some order or community different from what they had at first proposed for themselves.

Two essential requisites are always discernible in those who have a true vocation for the religious life: obedience and interior illumination by the Holy Spirit as a directing power that can never lead astray. Obedience is of such transcendent importance that it is dignified and elevated to the rank of poverty and chastity. These three eminent states are linked together, and form the true foundation of all religious life either in the priestly or conventual order. Without these three the harmony which prevails in the human organism of the church would be disarranged, and the religious life, which is as the salt of the earth to society, would be endangered, if not destroyed. This obedience to be true must be perfect in all things. It is a legitimate obedience that is required; but where love governs the soul the obedience becomes absolute, until the whole will is sacrificed as it were, or becomes completely absorbed in the divine will. This beautiful order of obedience, which will neither stop nor stoop to question the motives of spiritual directors or superiors, is much more common in conventual communities than the world or the Nun of Kenmare imagines. It is the brightest, noblest mark in conventual life, and is the very soul of the community. Obedience to the tinkle of a bell is as necessary to a religious as obedience to the orders of a commander by a subaltern on the field of battle; indeed, the principle in both cases is much the same. Obedience to an inferior is, at all times, a severe test, but is never difficult to those who have conquered themselves; and the religious who has not conquered herself or himself perfectly is in a bad state, and far, very far, from

the enjoyment of true peace. We all know that there is oftentimes a seeming obedience, even a seeming willing obedience, while the heart is in a perfect storm of rebellion. In such a case as this there is a dangerous pride lurking in the system somewhere which will one day poison it. A seeming willing obedience, with the heart silently at war, especially in the care of intellectual people — God help us — is torture that invariably cries out loudly to the world for redress of "injustices."

But why dilate on the grandeur and necessity of obedience in the religious life? We all feel the necessity of strict obedience, even in every walk of life. To sum up this point: Our Divine Lord was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross!

Here is the picture of the Divine Exemplar. Beyond this, nothing further is required.

What has preceded was necessary to a true concept of the work under review. For a dozen of years, — say from 1833 to 1845, — all religious and intellectual England was shaken to its centre by what was known as the Oxford or Tractarian movement. This movement gave to the church many of the most brilliant minds of that period. There was a rush on all sides into the church, and with the greater lights came many smaller; but all equal before God and His Holy Church, and all alike acceptable to both. At last, the change became, in some degree, fashionable; and, at this period, the conversions were certainly not all genuine. Many of the converts were taken into our arms and petted, like prodigal children, returning to their father. The majority of converts did not require this sort of thing, and they were the noblest and most disinterested of the whole body.

Miss Cusack was born in Dublin; but, for a long time, had resided in England, where she entered the church in 1858. She had been a member of an Anglican sisterhood, in London, under a Miss Langston, quite an estimable lady; but, as the Nun assures us, "entirely unfitted for the life of a sister." Little is known of the life of Miss Cusack until her conversion, and it would have been better for her and the world if as little, or less, had ever been known of her afterward. She begins her autobiography by a quotation from Newman's Apologia, doubtless thinking that she, too, has written an apologia that will cause as much stir as the Cardinal's mighty work. A few selections from this book will probably give a glimpse of her mind better than anything else that could be written, at the present stage of this review. Speaking of sisterhoods, and of the obedience necessary in them, she says, at p. 14: "Roman Catholic priests and superiors put obedience to themselves in the place of obedience to God, and though they do not and dare not teach a theory of personal infallibility, they act as if it were an article of faith, and make it a sin if obedience is not rendered to commands which are often wrong." Here, at the start, the good Nun puts herself in the position of a self-appointed judge. At pp. 16–17, she says, "I can scarcely tell when I entertained the first idea of entering the Roman Catholic church; my principal reason was the strong assurance which that church gives that it has always tau

and always will teach, the same doctrine; but I have lived to see a stupendous change, which I know, of my own knowledge, has shocked the moral sense, if it has not offended the conscience even of many bishops. . . . The voice of the church is practically lost in the voice of a *single man*." Here is a plunge at once right into the turbulent sea of heresy. The Nun would raise her hand to strike at papal infallibility!

This is but a poor return to God for the grace of conversion. At p. 20 she informs us: "For some reason the Order (Sisters of Mercy), has not increased much out of Ireland. There are apparently few convents of the Sisters of Mercy in America; but in Ireland there is one in nearly every village." How strangely mistaken is the Nun, or rather how ignorant must she be of facts, lying as it were at her very feet. Has she not heard of the sainted Mary Frances Xavier, the foundress of the Sisters of Mercy in the United States? Mother Xavier, or "Mother Warde," as she was generally called, died only four years ago last October. She was the first professed sister under the great Catharine McAuley, the founder of the Order, and was received into the Convent of Mercy at Baggot street, Dublin, in 1833, when she was only sixteen years old. At the invitation of Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburgh, Pa., she came to this country in 1843, with only six other Sisters. There she founded a convent, a hospital, and schools. Next she went to Chicago, and established a house there. Returning to Pittsburgh, she erected a house and boarding-school at Latrobe, forty miles from Pittsburgh. Twenty-four other missions were gradually established by her in Pennsylvania, Illinois, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Hampshire, Maine, New Jersey, Vermont, Nebraska, California, and even Omaha. The Indians, too, came in for a share of the works of mercy performed by this great woman. Bishop and priest emulated with bishop and priest to bring this woman into their missions, and if she had possessed the power to multiply herself and her services a hundred-fold she would not have been equal to the demands made upon her even in her lengthened years. Mother Xavier was a true Nun, although she did not have a secretary to write books for her at her dictation. What a wonderful difference! Bishops unitedly rejecting one nun, while they emulate each other in trying to secure the services of "Mother Warde."

Miss Cusack entered the Convent of Poor Clares, at Newry, an institution presided over at that time by Miss O'Hagan. Speaking of this occurrence she says, at p. 29, "I was received by the Reverend Mother, who kept up the grand title of Abbess. . . . She was a remarkable woman. Her family were persons of *humble origin*, Mr. O'Hagan having lived and *died* master of a small boat, and, *later*, I believe, owner of a little liquor store in Belfast." This is as bad as Boyle O'Reilly's "belated traveller," who was drowned in his own stomach! How a man could manage to keep "a little liquor store," even though he were of *humble origin*, after he had *died*, is somewhat mysterious and difficult to understand. But it is rather difficult to understand Miss Cusack even at her best. We are told that "Miss O'Hagan was not well

educated." However that may be, she was sufficiently educated not to have told the world that her father kept a little liquor store in Belfast, after he had quitted this nether sphere.

Talking of Cardinals, Miss Cusack says that Cardinal Cullen was "a man of *some* education;" . . . "but his successor was a different character."

The Nun next goes to Kenmare, where she met with great kindness from Archdeacon O'Sullivan, who was "an excellent Latin scholar, though he had not the advantage of a *cultivated* English style." Throughout the whole of the autobiography these allusions to people of humble origin and deficient education are of regular occurrence, put forth simply for the purpose of contrasting the author herself with those who came into contact with her. There is evidently no other reason for following such an unnecessary course, except it be of a lower order than this poor, wretched vanity.

At p. 54 the writer says: . . . "And most of those ecclesiastics whom I met were gentlemen *by birth and education*, and had been trained in the Episcopal Church. . . . I found in our new Bishop, Dr. Moriarty, a man who was their equal in culture and refinement, *if not in birth*." Wherever this sting of birth can be planted Miss Cusack makes the most of it, forgetting that

> "When Adam delved and Eve span
> Where was then the gentleman?"

Letters and newspaper reports of meetings concerning Miss Cusack make up quite a portion of this book. The insertion of such matter is an easy, if not a respectable, way of making up an autobiography. The Nun had received a threatening letter from England, and the good people of Kenmare held an indignation meeting to protest against such a cowardly act. Much was made out of that poor incident, and the whole thing was very carefully reported and is here reproduced. But if the heretical utterances of the author of this autobiography, such as have been already quoted, and such as we again find at p. 157 where Miss Cusack says: "A church which claims infallibility *in all its doings* as well as for all its doctrines," etc., had been known at the time the indignation meeting was held, the indignation would have been turned into another direction. Where did Miss Cusack learn that the church claimed infallibility *in all its doings?* Where did Miss Cusack learn that the church is wrong in its assurance that it has always taught and will always teach the same doctrine? No Protestant says anything worse of the church than these bold and untruthful assertions. We are afraid the Nun's "education" has been sadly neglected.

Speaking of her earlier life the Nun tells us: "I had, also, by becoming a Catholic, severed myself from very dear friends in Devonshire, a family with which I once expected to be closely united." Does this refer to a project of marriage by Miss Cusack before her "conversion?" If so, it was a great pity that her expectations were not realized. Twice at p. 174, and repeatedly throughout the book, the author speaks of what she pleased to term, "the Roman Church."

This is also a very Protestant manner of speech, and by no means becoming in one who ought to know better. No true Catholic speaks of the church in this fashion, and no Protestant either, except those of "humble origin" and "deficient education."

One of the chief objects of this autobiography is an attempt to show that the author, when she left Kenmare convent, and went to Knock, instead of to the convent of the Poor Clares, at Newry, where she was bound to go, was a step strictly in keeping with "canon law." The Nun, it appears, is a great canonist; but the bishops who have had dealings with her, are very remiss in their knowledge of canon law. The exact truth of the matter is, the Nun, who was always in delicate health, was playing a little game, and depended upon the popularity of her name for success.

After she left Kenmare, she hurried to Knock, and was kindly received by Archdeacon Cavanagh and Archbishop McEvilly. Both of these dignitaries wrote kindly and affectionately to the Nun, before they were properly informed as to her later movements. Miss Cusack, who possesses the rare faculty of never losing a letter, once it enters into her possession, makes the greatest possible use of those first letters written to her by the Archbishop and the Archdeacon. The manner in which she uses the letters, and makes extracts from them, sets off the writers in the worst possible light, as it is the intention of Miss Cusack to show by this treatment of her correspondents, that they were wayward towards her, and appeared not to know their own minds. Bishop Higgins, of Kerry, in this connection, comes in for an amount of abuse that is something wonderful. A letter of Bishop Higgins will here bear reproduction: —

"TRALEE, CO. KERRY, Dec. 8, 1881.

"DEAR SISTER: — As you are aware, I gave the due canonical sanction to your requisition to become a member of the Newry Convent of your Order. Mother Abbess, of Kenmare, gave her sanction to the same request; the Right Rev. Leahy and the community formally accepted the transfer, and duly intimated their acceptance to you and Mother Teresa. In pursuance of this arrangement *you left this diocese for Newry.*

"Things being so, you have passed from my jurisdiction, and have become subject to that of the Most Reverend, the Ordinary of Dromore, and I have no authority whatever to direct or control your action; that authority, I repeat, rests in the hands of Dr. Leahy.

"At the same time, I am quite willing to aid your view of abiding in the diocese of Tuam, provided you suggest a way in which I can act without seeming intrusive to their lordships of Tuam and Dromore. I am not a bishop, you know, and I am much younger, and in every way beneath them.

"Yours faithfully,

"A. HIGGINS, *Vicar Capitular.*"

This is certainly a kind letter. But the Nun went to Knock, on a visit, instead of going first to Newry, where she was bound to have gone. It would have been an easy matter for her to have visited Knock immediately after. But her mind was made up. She had certain plans of her own to carry out, and once free from control, at Kenmare, she carried them out as she saw fit; and if she did not succeed in her work, she certainly succeeded, by her course of conduct, in placing some of the highest church dignitaries of Ireland in a false

position one with another. No wonder the subsequent treatment of Miss Cusack, by church authorities, was not to her liking. But it was Bishop Higgins's "ignorance of canon law" that caused all the trouble. This ignorance of canon law by the bishop is twice told, each time with increasing bitterness, at pp. 174–175.

It will be no news to the readers of this MAGAZINE to learn that Miss Cusack is a voluminous writer. She possesses great talent; but it was necessary to obtain an opportunity for the utilization of that talent before it could bear fruit. The opportunity occurred when she entered Kenmare Convent. The proceeds of her writings were to go to the relief of the poor of Kenmare, and because of this, let the fact be noted, the Irish Catholic press in Ireland, England, Scotland, Canada, the United States, and Australia, opened wide its columns, for the benefit of the poor through the Nun of Kenmare. What an ideal of the good Nun we all raised up in those days! She kept a bank account in the Kenmare bank. This was not altogether in keeping with the character of a nun; but many things were permitted to her which were closed gates to others. Certainly had Miss Cusack then written of the church, and its divinely appointed pastors as she writes now, not even the strongest desire for the support of the poor would have availed for her popularity or success as an author. Whatever literary ability she possesses would never have been able to stand the strain of honest criticism. Her present production, from a literary stand-point, would be ruinous to any author. In starting out to write this autobiography she very soon shows the disordered state of her mind in her eagerness to expose priests, bishops, and nuns. She cannot wait to tell her tale, bad as it is, in a plain, straightforward manner; but jerks and jumps from pole to pole, rattling off her likes and dislikes, and allowing her wonderful vindictiveness to crop out at every corner, thus sadly interfering with the plainness of statement so necessary in a work like this. To follow her with any chance of thoroughly understanding her case, the reader requires the use of a dozen finger marks going back and forth in a weary way to get the connection or drift of her meaning. All this is evidence of intellectual weakening, and, it may be, that her delicate health, and the desire to accomplish much good after her own fashion, has made the strain of her work too great to bear. Would it were so, for her work, in behalf of the poor and misgoverned people of Ireland, had endeared her to the hearts of sympathizing thousands. But it is not given to those of the religious state to do their work as seems to them best; others must be consulted and obeyed, otherwise we should have fanaticism running wild, where, at present, order exists in religious communities. Better a little work nobly performed under obedience than much work performed irregularly and without due consideration of the merits of the undertaking. Humanity is a big and high-sounding word that leads many astray, and those who can see but the human side of things is more than half blind, even to the best part of poor, wretched humanity itself.

The Nun informs us that appeal was made to her "on behalf of wives and families of Fenian prisoners who had confessed their share

in a murder case." Now observe: "The Land League party," she says, "while giving money freely to those who would *not* make any confession, gave these people nothing, and, forsaken by every one, they were actually starving." Of course, the Nun relieved them. What a precious morsel this for the London Times, and what a pill for Charles Stewart Parnell. The Nun gives no proof of her charge; but it will bear bitter fruit all the same. Such assertions as the above are simply atrocious, and are only worthy of the sternest reprobation.

At p. 280 we are told that "Father J—— should say Mass for us every day, and as he was well paid for it, he appeared, at first, to be quite satisfied." This is not the language of a Catholic. No Catholic ever speaks as *paying* for Masses. An offering or honorarium is made to the priest who offers the Holy Sacrifice for our intention, and this offering should always be proportionate to our means, for he who serves at the altar should live by the altar. Speaking of the difficulties Catholics would probably experience in believing all she tells us about bishops, the Nun says: "I know how difficult it will be for Roman Catholics to realize this fact; but it is a fact all the same. Just as difficult as it is for them to believe that there have been wicked popes; yes, and popes whose lives were so awful, so vile, that even the very worst which Roman Catholic historians can say of Henry VIII., is *as purity itself* compared with their record." Why but the Nun distinguishes? No one has ever upheld the impeccability of the popes. There have been some whose lives were not all that they should have been *before* they became popes. Let us also remember that in the College of the Apostles there was one Judas Iscariot. Let us further remember that St. Augustine, the greatest light, probably, the world has ever beheld, Mary of Egypt, and beloved Mary Magdalene, were really very bad people during a great portion of their lives. But why this bitter animus against the popes? Why such a tirade against cardinals, bishops, priests, and nuns? Are they the only bad people on earth? But they are not all bad, the Nun will admit. No, some of them, now dead, were very kind, indeed, to Miss Cusack. But would those, whose letters she tries to make so much of, have continued to speak well of her and befriend her after the production of such a book as this autobiography? That's the point to arrive at. In devotion and loyalty, the Nun of Kenmare, that was, had no more sincere and devoted friend than the writer of this review, and this for over a quarter of a century.

But now, — just this: the great difficulty in writing this review is to write it as cool and dispassionately as possible. But were it to be written as all the facts would demand, and with a pretty fair knowledge of events, recently obtained, and with an old-time knowledge of the Nun's paid agent in New York, the review would have taken on a very different complexion.

But what mighty work had Miss Cusack on hand, apparent resistance to which has brought on all this bother and pother? The lady had intended to train up poor girls for domestic service. By this she was to have revolutionized the world and saved it; by this she was to have become a pillar among pillars of the church; by this she

was to have renovated and saved Ireland; by this she was to have lifted the church in England and America from its present doubtful position in those countries, and made it what only she and God intended that it should have been.

The Nun was hindered, she says; and she now appeals to the world. For what? "There is also the great American public to whose verdict I appeal as a defenceless woman. For these I speak, and for these I make these explanations." Ah-h-h! And here is the the first "explanation": "When it pleases a bishop to order wholesale emigration to the Northern states, so utterly unsuited to the Irish people, there they must go. It matters not how many fail, so that his desires are accomplished. If it suits another ecclesiastic that the tide of emigration should be directed to the South, and suits his relatives, in this way, to build up their railroad lines, and become millionnaires, it is done."

This "explanation" requires to be explained, Miss Cusack, or withdrawn. It looks somewhat like a gratuitous assertion, or a bait to catch the gudgeons of the great American public!

Here is another "explanation" for the "great American public:" "If I had proposed . . . to establish liquor saloons, *or houses of a doubtful character*, no bishop would have interfered to prevent my doing so. The liquor saloon, at least, is always useful to the Roman Catholic church, and must not be too much discouraged. . . . It must be admitted, however, that no other religious body is so dependent upon the liquor saloon interest as the Roman Catholic church. In fact, it is the only religious body that looks to this interest for its support." To characterize this bold and unfounded assertion might spoil it. Better, therefore, leave it, in all its deformity, to speak for itself. It may please the great American public, and that seems to have been the only object to be attained.

After these extracts appears the following: "I was educated very strictly on the subject of truth, in the Episcopal church. No doubt there must be some excuse made for Roman Catholic bishops and priests who have *not* such strict views on such subjects." And the Nun has made all the excuse she could make for the lying bishops and priests, by vilifying them, calumniating them, and abusing them to her heart's content; and this is the return she makes to God, and to His Holy Church, for the grace of her conversion.

The Nun has become a daring woman, and it may be easily imagined the life the Sisters of Kenmare Convent led with her for years; but they speak not, neither do those she calumniates, so she has all the field, in that direction, to herself. It is a large field, but she is big enough to fill it.

Cardinal Gibbons had occasion to correspond with the Nun. She says: "His Eminence thought proper to send me a message by a man of the lowest class. This man employed another, of a still lower class, and I was grossly insulted by him, without the least consideration for the truth of the case, or the state of my health." The first man here mentioned belonged to the "lowest class," and he employed

another, "of a still lower class." This is amusing. If there is a lower than the lowest, people were not aware of it until now. But the distinction is probably made to get a whack at the good Cardinal.

Speaking of collections, we are told that the poor "are obliged to give or not to give, just as the priest pleases." What of the rich, are they similarly treated? Further, we are told: "The confessional is very much used for this purpose." If this be true how does the Nun know it? Was the confessional ever used in regard to her in this matter? If not, is the whole thing an invention? The priest finds it a pretty difficult matter to get along, at times, without lying about him, and to lie about the Sacraments is worse still.

We stop here, heartily sick of the whole thing. It is a woman we have to deal with, one, too, in whom we formerly believed, and for whom we worked hard and long. Were it a man who had thus written of the church, Christ's spouse on earth, and of its highest dignitaries, this review would have sung another and a very different tune. Does this poor woman imagine that the world will believe that Miss O'Hagan, the superioress at Kenmare, Bishops Moriarty, and Higgins, Archbishop McEvilly, Archdeacon Cavanagh, of Knock, Cardinals Cullen, McCabe, and Gibbons, Archbishop Corrigan, Archbishop Ryan, Bishop Keane, and heaven only knows how many more, including some hundreds of pious nuns, had all entered into a conspiracy against a "poor defenceless woman," who has borne everything in order to make her appeal to the "great American public?" If she thinks so the sooner she undeceives herself the better.

PETER MCCORRY.

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From the German.

# The Kings of the East.

## EIGHTH PART: THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

I.

THE kings obey the warning word,
Came many a night without the star;
Enters an angel of the Lord
The cave where heaven's treasures are
His eyes shine in the darkness clear,
They rest on Mary and the Child,
And bending low, in Joseph's ear,
He whispereth in accents mild:

II.

"Quickly to Egypt fly, awake!
The cruel Herod's on thy track,
The Babe and Mother with thee take,
There tarry till I call thee back."

As mirrored in some crystal stream
Appears the form of angel fair,
Joseph awakens from his dream,
And sets forth with the holy pair.

III.

He gathers all the gifts in haste,
And leads the ass from out the cave,
Gently the Virgin on it placed,
The child to her embrace he gave;
Before them Joseph hastens on,
The bridle holding in his hand,
The morning sun beheld them gone
Far on their way to Egypt's land.

IV.

See what those Indian gems adorn,
To what strange uses now applied,
By lowly beast of burden worn,
And in a little bundle tied!
Thus on they fare, in joy and peace,
O'er all the intervening miles,
And as they pass men's sorrows cease,
And conscious nature on them smiles.

V.

Around them blows no noxious air,
The mountain smooths its rugged crest,
In trackless deserts wild and bare,
Bright roses round their footsteps pressed.
The pagan idols reared on high, —
Misshapen forms of senseless stone, —
Totter and reel as they go by,
With headlong crash to earth are thrown.

VI.

When thirteen days had come and gone,
Amid the circling sea of sands,
As if set there to lure them on,
A flower-embroidered islet stands;
And there beneath a branching palm,
Where murmuring fountains pour their tide,
And fragrant shrubs distil their balm,
Till calls the angel, they abide.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

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HAPPY is he who makes return and acknowledgment of all that he has to his Lord and his God; for he who glorifies himself robs his Lord of the glory due Him, and, in punishment for this, is deprived of the merit of all that he thought was his.

# Some Thoughts En Passant.

My sincerest pity goes out to our non-Catholic friends who are compelled to listen to so much pulpit nonsense regarding the Catholic church and the Bible. The charge that the church hates the Bible, and denies it to the people, is so absurdly untrue, that it would seem not to merit a serious denial. I have at hand a catalogue issued by a Catholic publishing house, and containing a list of hundreds of devotional, educational, doctrinal, and other works. Under the head of Bibles, I find no less than forty-eight editions, styles, and sizes, and at prices ranging from thirty-eight cents to eighteen dollars. These are Catholic Bibles for Catholic families, the poor, the well-to-do, and the rich. They are found in a great variety of bindings; paper, cloth, roan, arabesque, morocco, calf, and other styles. They are for the people, for the Catholic people, Protestant misrepresentation to the contrary notwithstanding. The Catholic church desires her children to possess the Bible, and publishers report large annual sales to families and individuals. The Catholic laity revere the Bible fully as much as their fellow-citizens of other creeds; have it in its greater purity and completeness, and understand its requirements better.

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The history of the Irish in America remains to be written. Chapters have appeared, from time to time, at the hands of Maguire, Shea, Condon, Hassard, O'Kane Murray, and others; but no general history worthy of the name, has yet been produced. We want an exhaustive work, a scholarly work, a work covering the whole ground. The desirability of such an undertaking is apparent, the materials are abundant, and there is ample talent to carry it to a successful issue. The undertaking might be, and properly should be, mapped out into various divisions and sub-divisions, and each assigned to some one best qualified to treat a particular theme. This was the method pursued in writing the Memorial History of Boston, and largely in preparing Appleton's Cyclopædia, and other representative publications. By pursuing this plan in connection with the work above suggested, the combined efforts of a large number of writers, each an authority in his own department, could be presented. The assured result would be a work at once a monument to the race, and a valuable contribution to American history. The year 1889 should witness the initiation of such a project. Once under way, plenty of time could be allotted for the successive volumes. I am convinced that ample financial encouragement, in the way of subscriptions, could be obtained in advance. Five uniform volumes, 8vo size, would be sufficiently voluminous, perhaps, to do adequate justice to the subject. There might also be a popular edition somewhat abridged in detail from the larger work.

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John T. Wheelwright, in his recent address before the Boston Young Men's Hebrew Association, gave full rein to the repetition of venerable superficialities. In view of his statement that "all are foreigners in America," it would be interesting to know what constitutes

a native. Mr. Wheelwright urges that, "strictly speaking," this is so, and intimates that, after he has so declared, nothing remains to be said. The laws of genealogy and naturalization, however, do not sustain Mr. Wheelwright's position, while the law of nations diametrically opposes it. This appears to be of small moment to Mr. Wheelwright, however, who continues to wield his little iconoclastic hammer. Continuing, he lugubriously asserts that "the only real Americans are the Indians," and he is, probably, not quite sure even about these, as they may be of foreign extraction. He might continue his iconoclasm, and declare that the American people is a myth, and that American institutions are mere fables. It is painful to witness the intellectual torpidity that characterizes some who aspire to enlighten the public. Mr. Wheelwright, as a professed man of letters, should have a better opinion of his hearers' common-sense, than to treat them, as he subsequently did, to a torrent of "Anglo-Saxon" gush and inaccuracy. The Anglo-Saxon ideas, in this republic, are quite an infinitesimal quantity, while their influence on our civilization is simply nil. Anything, however, that serves to keep Celtic and Teutonic influence in the background, is studiously cultivated by a certain class of men, who pose as intellectual giants. For a long period, unfortunately, these men have held almost undisputed sway, and their false assumptions have been received and respected as truth itself. Happily, however, a new school is now arising, which demands the expurgation of fable from American history, and the teaching of what is in accord with established fact.

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Two of the greatest scientists, that the country has yet produced, lived and died fervent Catholics. They were Prof. Charles H. Budd, M. D., and Prof. Samuel S. Haldeman, LL. D. The former was a native of New Jersey, and the latter of Pennsylvania. Though well advanced in years before embracing Catholicity, once they had entered the church they became and remained exemplary members thereof. Prof. Budd was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, and became professor of Natural History in Girard College. His tastes inclined in the direction of original investigations in microscopial anatomy and kindred branches. He also made many exceedingly valuable discoveries in physiology. He possessed great quickness of perception, and ranked very high as a naturalist. Prof. Haldeman was born in 1812, and died in 1880. He was graduated from Dickinson College, Pennsylvania. In 1836 he was appointed assistant to the geological survey of New Jersey, and in 1837 to that of Pennsylvania. While thus engaged he discovered the *scolithus linearis*, the oldest fossil then known. In 1840 he published a work on Fresh Water Univalve Molusca. In 1847 he issued at Paris a work on the Genus Leptoxis, and in 1850 published Zoology of the Invertebrate Animals. The following year he was made professor of Natural History in Girard College. In 1855 he was appointed to a like position in Delaware College, and was subsequently elected professor of Geology and Chemistry in the State Agricultural College. He was afterward professor of Comparative Philology in Delaware College. He was a frequent contributor to

learned societies including the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the American Philosophical Association, the Academy of Natural Sciences, and many other bodies. His contributions to the Iconographic Encyclopædia are of extraordinary value. A list of seventy-three of Prof. Haldeman's scientific papers is found in the Bibliographia of Agassiz. Profs. Budd and Haldeman were two scientists of whom Catholic American laymen have every reason to be proud.

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Senator Blair — he of the infamous educational bill — is a good type of the demagogue in politics. He has long since surpassed Riddleberger in his bid for applause, and is rapidly becoming a shining light in the field of Buffoonery. Blair has been talking lately about the proposed annexation of Canada to the United States. With all the boisterousness of the professional blow hard, he declares that Canada must come into the Union peaceably or else be dragged in by military force. Canada, he says, must never be allowed to grow into a great power, because she is too near us. He, therefore, argues that whenever she shows sign of such a progressive awakening, it will be our duty to cut her in two by an army of invasion, and bring her into the sisterhood of states. The senator has evidently closely studied England's treatment of Ireland, and Russia's course toward Poland. It is plain that he approves of their policy of conquest, and believes that we should adopt a similar plan towards Canada. Senator Blair's idea, however, is not the American idea, nor would it be seriously entertained by the American people. We will gladly receive Canada when she is ready to come in; but the proposition to acquire her by a war of conquest is brutal in the extreme. Another specimen of Blair's declarative bombast was given a week or two since. The sentiments therein expressed are so utterly at variance with our American traditions, that one is obliged to almost regard its author with contempt. Glorying in the "Mother-Country" idea, he declared that should England be menaced in the future by an aggressive European alliance, she would find her firmest friend in the American people. Not content with this, he bravely exclaimed that in the event of such a European complication, five million American fighting men would immediately spring to England's defence. The Senator's friends should look after him more closely, or else he will permanently become the national clown. He is evidently laboring under stimulating aspirations for political notoriety, and will bear watching. The Jesuitical hallucination, which forms the key-stone of his projected educational legislation, also bears heavily on his mind, no doubt. History will never crystallize around Senator Blair; but if it did he would be perpetuated as a political fungus growth on the oak of patriotism.

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I paid a very pleasant visit, the other day, to the Cathedral schools in Springfield, Mass. I was surprised and gratified at what I saw. The building is one of the finest for school purposes in this country. The educational methods pursued are also of the latest and most approved

character. The schools comprise nine grades, and consist of kindergarten, primary, grammar, and high. There will be few changes in the course of studies during the year, as the present curriculum has been found very satisfactory. The teaching force, including instructors in special branches, numbers seventeen. The Superior, Mother M. Cecilia, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, is an admirable educator. In the world, her fame would be widespread. The present attendance at the schools is between five hundred and six hundred. In the lowest department there is object-teaching, modelling in sand, etc. The teaching of United States history begins in the fifth primary grade, with oral instruction, and in the sixth grade an elementary text-book is used. An advanced course of United States history is taken up, and finished in the grammar grades, with the other studies common to grammar schools. Townsend, on Civil Government, forms an important text-book in the high-school classes, together with the study of ancient and modern history, and political economy. The high-school course also includes algebra, geometry, natural philosophy, logic, book-keeping, and languages. Stenography and type-writing are likewise taught. The high school is divided into three sections, — A, B, and C, — corresponding to a one year, two years, and three years course, respectively. The average required for promotion from the grammar to the high school is eighty-eight per cent. Drawing is taught in all the grades. Music is taught on Tuesdays and Fridays; sewing, on Friday, and etiquette, to both sexes, on Friday afternoons. Written examinations are held every month, with exercises in composition and declamation by the pupils. The semi-annual examination takes place on the first Monday in February. You ask me as to whether the secular instruction imparted is equal to that given in our public schools. I reply, that it unmistakably possesses such equality, with the advantage of many redeeming characteristics.

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Every community has its fads. The most prevailing fad is that to which the humorous refer as "Society." It is compassed of many varieties of people, good, bad, and indifferent. Within its sacred precincts move the educated and the dullard, people of polished intellect and those who never possessed an intellect. Brainy men and women are found in the ranks of this symposium, as well as mortals innocent of brains. To those who look beneath the surface, the "Society" conceit is regarded with undiluted contempt. Why? Because of its hopeless puerility. Arrogating to itself the quality of comprising all "the best people" in the community, this precious "Society" unblushingly claims to monopolize all the culture and refinement. With many, who were never guilty of a thought of their own, this absurd claim is meekly received as indisputable. An essential requirement, frequently, for admission to "Society" is wealth, and that is always a superlative virtue. Now and then, however, some poor waif is plucked from the common throng and smuggled into the august presence. Upon entering, he stands in trembling awe. But he soon adapts himself to the condition of things, and his plebeian blood

speedily becomes unmistakably blue. Forthwith he materializes as one of "the best people." Blessed fortune! He is no longer a disciple of the Jeffersonian school, but looks down, poodle-like, with supercilious disdain upon his recent peers. The writer, in the exercise of his journalistic calling for several years, has had exceptionally good opportunities to gauge "Society. He has found many excellent people within its pale and many asses, but rather more ass than excellence; much culture and much that passed for such; some refinement but more vulgarity. In a word, his observation has led him to the conclusion that "Society" as understood by the ultra fashionable, is not so much an amusing farce as it is a noxious sham. The writer does not wish to be understood as denying the existence of a better class in the community, nor as objecting, unqualifiedly, to the term "best people." He asserts, however, that the better class and the best people are of the good, the faithful, and the true, in every rank of life; that the better class, the educated class, and the best society are not to be found in a horizontal strata, and that ostentatiously on top, but that it exists perpendicularly and reaches in its scope from the cottage to the mansion. The best people will always be the honest, the virtuous, and the law-abiding. Good deeds, good thoughts, and good faith, whether found in high station or in lowly life, will always indicate the best people, and the best people will always be the better class.

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It is a pleasure to note the interest that is being awakened toward the formation of Catholic Young Men's societies. We live in an age of organizations; some good, some otherwise. Rightly directed, Catholic lay associations can become of vast service to the cause of religion, and of inestimable benefit to the members themselves. The character of the age makes it almost essential that our young men should be intelligent young men, well-read, studious, and able to give a reason for the faith that is in them. Organization is conducive to these ends, and none recognize it more promptly than the promoters of the Young Men's Christian Association. The latter has started ahead of us, and is already a power in the land. Their buildings dot our cities, and their influence, undeniably, is far-reaching. For want of similar institutions of their own, many Catholic young men have been drawn into them. Yet the atmosphere of the Young Men's Christian Association is not a Catholic atmosphere. It is anti-Catholic; not positively, perhaps, but negatively. Its prevailing spirit is that of the Evangelical Alliance, a body not remarkably friendly to the Catholic church. A great desideratum, therefore, for our Catholic young men, to-day, is organization. A new impulse has recently been given the movement, in New York, by the establishment of Catholic Institutes; and the example, thus set, should cause a national interest in the subject. We have already many excellent societies, of the character mentioned, owning their own buildings, but the number should be greatly increased. The movement has the blessing of the church, and, if our young men do their duty, abundant results must follow. The work would be greatly accelerated in the cities, perhaps, by young men from

several parishes working conjointly. It is by no means necessary that the society should own its own building at first, as suitable apartments can always be leased at a reasonable rental. The society should aim, however, to ultimately own a building of its own and should from the outset take steps toward a gradual realization of that end. After the society has become well established, an act of incorporation can be applied for, and preparations made for the issuance of certificates of stock. Protestant business men contribute liberally toward the support of the Young Men's Christian Association, and I am convinced that Catholic business men will show just as ready a disposition to contribute toward Catholic institutions of the kind, if the matter is properly placed before them. Put your shoulder to the wheel therefore; pick out your best men, and place them at the head of affairs; see to it that while they are conservative men, they are also men of energy and progressive ideas. Be careful but not over-cautious. Build the foundation well in order that the superstructure may stand firmly.

THOMAS HAMILTON MURRAY.

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# The Papacy.*

THE Papacy, the episcopate, and the priesthood constitute the three powers of the teaching and ruling church. They are, in the language of the apostle, "compacted and fitly joined together" in one harmonious whole. Men are, however, so short-sighted as to see truth but in a fragmentary manner, and whilst contemplating the great powers of any one of these three offices, they often forget, or fail to fully appreciate, the others. An exaggerated estimate of episcopal powers will lead to Gallicanism, whilst the contemplation of the vast powers of the Papacy without advertence to the episcopacy might lead to suspicion of that absolutism with which the enemies of the church charge its constitution. She has sometimes been designated a great absolute monarchy because of the Pope's power. By others she is regarded as like a republic, because all her great offices, even that of the Pope himself, are elective, and the majority rules. But all these comparisons fail; the church is a divine institution, the balancing of powers within is not the result of human wisdom. The episcopate is the institution of God, like the Papacy. We cannot imagine the church divided. The Pope is the foundation of the building, the king of the kingdom of God on earth, the visible head of the body of the church. But what is a king without a kingdom? a foundation without a building? a head without a body? To the exalted position of the Roman Pontiff all honor and obedience should be rendered by his children, bishops, priests, and people. We have recently seen how wonderful and universal was the tribute paid to the present great occupant of the chair of Peter by the whole world. I had the privilege of being an eye-witness of this in Rome during the jubilee celebration. Even now, without armies to back him, he is honored by the kings of the earth as representing a power stronger than that of armies, a power which they cannot, dare

* In the January issue of our MAGAZINE, we gave an article on The Papacy from the venerable Cardinal Newman. This issue we present to our readers an article on the same subject from a no less distinguished prelate of the church, Most Rev. Patrick J. Ryan, D. D., Archbishop of Philadelphia.

not defy. We know the secret of that power; but the outside world, not acknowledging it as of divine institution, calls it by various names. Thus a representative English Protestant newspaper, the London Standard, speaking as a Protestant for Protestants (according to its own words), of the recent visit of the German Emperor to the Pope, says: "It is not displeasing to see these great military monarchs, these earthly demigods, with so many trumpets before and such vast material force behind them, compelled to treat with a power absolutely non-material, obliged to acknowledge that a sovereignty may be real, though it is powerless except for its sway over the minds and imaginations of a section of mankind. The Papacy is fighting unconsciously the battle of all thought." And a representative American secular paper of the highest standard, the Philadelphia Public Ledger, in its issue of the 25th of October last, in commenting on this extract from its London contemporary says: "Leo XIII. has no armies at his back to enforce his will; he has his palace, but no territory; his retinue is insignificant, his wealth not great; and yet the Emperor of Germany, perhaps the first power in Europe, dare not visit Rome without paying reverence to him, no matter how eager may be his wish to honor his cousin and ally, the King of Italy. The Pope had no other power to compel this recognition of his august sovereignty than that which is his as the representative of thought." It is a power which seems too intangible for every-day uses, and yet it serves to force the great Kaiser to the side of the sovereign who has neither armies nor lands, who rules by the superior right of thought. The thought of man, as expressed through some representative head, in a creed, in a revolution, in an idea, rules the world. It was the power of thought that abolished slavery in the United States; it was the force and majesty of thought that compelled the emperor of many armies and navies, of millions of acres and more millions of subjects, to stop and do reverence at Rome to the Pope. It is a good thing, that, in this world, there is a force more potential than that controlled by kings. Were it not so, human liberty would have but poor chance against the might of ambitious, unscrupulous men, with armies and navies at their back. Thought, stronger than they, controls them and their armed hosts and bristling ships. Thus we see how the outside world recognizes in the Papacy not only a great religious power over its own subjects, but a great moral power to protect the liberties of all men against mere physical force. It was this fact that made a public man say, "I am not merely a Catholic but a Papist." If that means anything, true it is that this power should be itself left free to act out its mission, not only to the children of the church, but to all humanity. Free it cannot be while the Pontiff is the subject of an earthly king, who is the representative of physical force alone. Hence his children should unite in demanding that he shall enjoy such independence as will enable him to freely discharge the duties of his spiritual office. And men who appreciate the great spiritual power of thought over physical force ought to unite with this same effort. But why is it, brethren, the Pope is such a power? Because he represents the church, being its head; because around him stand the bishops of the world, and back of them the priests and the faithful laity. He is the power of thought, but it is the thought of God in the creation of His church.

# Deceased Bishops of the United States.

## BISHOP CARROLL.—I.

Passing from the traditionary to the historical period, we find that the Right Rev. Juan Juarez, O. S. F., became Bishop of Florida, in A. D. 1526. He was a native of Spain, a Franciscan, and became a missionary in the New World at the time Cortez was in Mexico. His life, labors, and martyrdom are graphically depicted by Dr. Clarke, in the brief sketch of his life, given in his Lives of the Bishops. As our object is in dealing with those only who were of Irish blood or birth, who became bishops in America, we refer the reader for details of the labors of the Spanish missionary, to these works. Meagre as these details are, they are, we believe, all that is historically known of the first Franciscan who gave up his life in America for the cause of our holy religion and the conversion of the natives.

FROM the death of the Right Rev. Juan Juarez to the consecration of the next Catholic bishop, a period of two hundred and sixty-two years intervene. It is strange that during this long period Catholic Europe did not send missionaries to the New World to keep the faith secure. Where were the descendants of those grand Scandinavians, who, Dr. Clarke says, discovered and colonized America? Where were they during this period over which hangs a pall of mystery, ignorance, and gloom? Is it not natural to suppose that a land teeming with fruits, mines, minerals, and wealth, discovered by these "bold sea-rovers," and, for sake of argument, we will say Christianized by them; is it not natural, we ask, that these men should not endeavor to retain it in their grasp? They did no such thing. History at least is silent on this point. From Eric (?) to Juarez, from Juarez to John Carroll, all is darkness. God, in his omnipotence, decreed that it was not from the "roving" Scandinavians, nor from the Catholic Iberians that His Gospel should take root in America. It was decreed that a son of Ireland, the grandest old Catholic nation on the earth, should bear his cross, and teach the young continent the way to freedom, peace, and salvation.

This man was the Most Rev. John Carroll, D. D., first Archbishop of Baltimore, A. D. 1790.

He could trace his descent back into ages before the Cæsar of Rome touched the soil of Britain; before the Norseman had invaded the foggy island, or the Norman made its inhabitants slaves. Sprung from a race that had never known the yoke of the Roman, or the thraldom of the Norseman, and who, up to his time had battled bravely against the English oppressors of his native land, he was better fitted to be the first great head of the Catholic church in America, than a man of any other nationality. He knew that he had sprung from a pious and chivalrous race, who had successfully resisted all encroachment of their freedom and all schism in their religion. When either were attacked the clansmen of O'Carroll were ready to defend to the death. For twelve centuries their banners waved on the green hill-sides of Erin in defiance of the adventurous pagan

Norseman and the treacherous Norman and Saxon. True to the traditions of their race, they battled against all invaders, from the time of Nial of the Hostages to Clontarf, and from Clontarf to the Boyne and Aughrim, when their flag went down in blood. The Clan O'Carroll gave bishops to the church, counsellors to their kings, and warriors to their country long before Columbus gave the New World to Europe.

The O'Carrolls, we are told by the Irish annalists, were of a kingly stock. The O'Kerbhail, or O'Carroll, Prince of Eli, who was the head of the Clan Kian race, as the MacCarthys were of the Eugenians, and the O'Briens of the Dalcassians. The territory of Ely, or in Irish *Eli*, got its name from Eli, one of the kings in the fifth century, and from being possessed by the O'Carrolls, was called Ely O'Carroll. It comprised the present barony of Lower Ormond, in the county Tipperary, with the barony of Clonlisk and part of Ballybrit, in the Kings county, extending to Sleive Bloom mountains, on the borders of Queens county. The O'Carrolls are thus designated by O'Heerin, who states that they ruled over eight subordinate chiefs: —

"Lords to whom great men submit,
Are the O'Carrolls of the plain of Birr;
Princes of Eli as far as tall Sleive Bloom,
The most hospitable land in Erin."

"Eight districts and eight chiefs are ruled
By the Prince of Eli, land of herds;
Valiant in enforcing their tributes,
Are the troops of the yellow-ringleted hair."

The O'Carrolls had their chief castle at Birr, in the Kings county. As princes and lords of Ely, they were very powerful, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century.

"O'Carbhaill, or O'Carroll, and O'Donchadha, or O'Donohue, are given by O'Dugan and O'Heerin as ancient chiefs or princes in Ossory, and thus designated:

'O'Carroll of the reddened spears,
O'Donohue of the generous aspect,
Sloigh Laig of the productive land;
They are two princes in the same country.

'Near to the Barrow of productive borders,
Is the chief of the territory you have heard recorded,
The man who is elected over Moy Mail,
Is O'Donohue of the fair Gowran.'

The territory possessed by O'Carroll and O'Donohue appears to have been the barony of Gowran and Sloigh Laig, which is probably the barony of Shillelogher, both in Kilkenny. These O'Carrolls were probably a branch of the O'Carrolls, princes of Ely; and the O'Donahues, probably a branch of the O'Donahues, princes of Cashel or Cavan."

The first Catholic missionaries in the New World were the Jesuits; but though they labored with all their strength to plant the cross in the virgin soil, their work, like themselves, passed away. The earli-

est Irish Catholic settlers were planted in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and, in both these colonies, at the date of the birth of John Carroll, Catholicity was banned and trampled on with as fierce a hatred as existed in the land of his fathers.

At that time the total population of the thirteen colonies scarcely amounted to two and three-quarter millions. The Episcopalians were, perhaps, the most numerous; the Congregationalists came next; the Lutherans, Quakers, and other denominations, made up the Protestant total to about, in round numbers, two millions four hundred and fifty thousand. Of Catholics, it is conjectured, there were not above fifty thousand throughout the whole confederacy; that is, a proportion of one in fifty of all who began the Revolution. The Right Rev. Bishop Carroll, in 1785, estimated the Catholics, "in Maryland, sixteen thousand, in Pennsylvania six thousand, in other states seven thousand five hundred." But this calculation was made only as far as missionary data was collected; but missionary data could not be collected in one half the colonies. Up to 1784, missions were few and far between; and, in some colonies, the Catholic religion was only beginning to be tolerated. Maryland, the only Catholic colony, the first, also, to embody in its law the principle of toleration, saw that principle violated in 1689. A Protestant revolution in the colony imitated the Protestant revolution in England, and Catholics were denied the right of worship, except in private houses. Charles Carroll and William Paca were not even legal voters, in their own country, when they were contending for its liberty at the price of their lives. In Virginia and Massachusetts, the oath of abjuration, which no Catholic could take, was prescribed by law as a qualification for residence. In Connecticut and New York, any Catholic priest, found within the territory, for the first time, was conducted to the frontier; his return was punished with death. So late as the year 1741, a Catholic clergyman was executed in New York state under this law. In 1708, William Penn writes to his Deputy, Governor James Logan, from London: "There is a complaint against your government, that you suffer public Mass in a scandalous manner. Pray send the matter of fact, for ill use is made of it here." But, as time rolled on, the Protestant colonists, in spite of their prejudice and bigotry, saw the Catholic cross rise in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and Mass openly said in Boston. Toleration came with Independence. Previous to this event, the Catholics in the American colonies were objects of as fierce hatred to the English and Dutch settlers as were their brethren in Ireland to the followers of George III. (See McGee, etc.)

"A holy hatred of the Roman Catholics was, at that period (before the Revolution), inculcated by church and state. Our Dutch forefathers, glowing with all the zeal of the early reformers, emigrated to th country shortly after the emancipation of the United Netherlands fr the Spanish yoke, and fostered all the rancor of their race agai Papists and Spaniards. It was the policy of the English governm after the conquest, to cherish this animosity; and those of our rea who were born and educated before the American Revoluti

recollect how religiously they were taught to abhor the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender. The act of our Provincial Assembly, against Jesuits and Papist priests, passed Second William and Mary, and which continued in full force until our Independence, was owing, not only to these prejudices, but to the exposed situation of the colony, the northern frontier of which was bounded by Canada, at that time in the possession of France, the natural and ever-daring foe of England. The intolerant spirit of this act shows the horror and detestation in which the Roman Catholics were held, and will account why so few of this profession existed in this city (New York) and colony before the Revolution." — (History of the Negro Plot, New York Edition, 1810.)

The first of the O'Carrolls, it is stated, emigrated from Ireland to the colonies in the reign of James II. There is a tradition in Ireland that the O'Carrolls followed the banner of King James from the Boyne to Limerick, and that after the surrender of Sarsfield, the grandfather of the archbishop sailed from Cork, his native county, and settled in the colonies. Dr. Clarke says: "John Carroll was the third son of Daniel Carroll and Eleanor Darnall, and was born at Upper Marlboro', Prince George's county, Maryland, Jan. 8, 1735. His father emigrated from Ireland while yet a youth with his father, the grandfather of the archbishop, in the reign of James II.

"Eleanor Darnall, the mother of the archbishop, was a native of Maryland, and a daughter of Henry Darnall, a wealthy Catholic gentleman of the province (Maryland), and a large landed proprietor, whose family seat was at "Woodyard" in Prince George's county. She was educated with great care in a select school in Paris, and was greatly admired for her amiability, her profound piety, her varied and elegant accomplishments."

The parents of John Carroll found many obstacles in attempting to obtain a proper education for their son. Maryland, though founded by Catholics, was, after the Revolution of 1688, in possession of Protestants, whose bigotry and intolerance was on a par with that of their brethren in Ireland. Party spirit was subdued while James II. sat on the throne; but the victories of Dutch William at the Boyne and Aughrim, and the overthrow of James, kindled to a furious glow the evil passions of the Protestant settlers, and with a hatred as vehement as it was fanatic, they triumphed over their Catholic neighbors. Catholicity was banned, the holy Mass was forbidden, priest and schoolmaster were hunted from covert to covert, and in the very province which he had founded, the Catholic was looked upon as an alien and an enemy. But away on the eastern shore of Maryland, in a lonely and secluded nook called Bohemia, the Jesuit Fathers had established a grammar school, and thither John Carroll and his patriotic cousin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, went to obtain such training as the good Fathers could impart. After twelve months' tuition at Bohemia, John and Charles were sent to Europe and both entered the Jesuit college of St. Omer's. Here they remained for six years, and, in 1759, John, at the age of twenty-five, was ordained a priest. After the suppression of the Society of Jesus, to which Father Carroll

belonged, he, with the English Jesuits, retired to England. While there he was appointed chaplain to Lord Arundel, a Catholic nobleman. At this time a bitter spirit existed against the American colonists in England. They had refused to pay taxes to the imperial government, and the latter were making preparations to enforce obedience. There was great excitement throughout England, and the conduct of the colonists was bitterly condemned. But Father Carroll took the part of his despised countrymen; and, says Dr. Clarke: "Though surrounded by English society and its influences, he at once espoused the cause of his country. Bidding adieu to his beloved companions of the late Society of Jesus, and to his noble and generous friends at Wardour Castle, he sailed from England, and reached his native land in June, 1774."

Persecution of the Catholics was then at its height in Maryland. There was not a Catholic church open in all that broad province. Bigotry and intolerance held sway, and so Father Carroll took up his abode for a time with his beloved mother, on Rock Creek, in Montgomery county. A room in his mother's house served him for a chapel, and, in the course of time, he erected a small wooden chapel. "This chapel," writes Dr. Clarke, "erected by Father Carroll, has, within recent years, been replaced by a neat church, which still bears the venerable name of 'Carroll's Chapel.'" For eighteen months Father Carroll remained at Rock Creek. This place was the seat of his missionary labors; and while he remained here his life was no idle one. By day and by night he was ever ready to minister to the spiritual wants of his people. These were scattered far and wide; and his journeyings extended from Rock Creek to Aquia Creek, in Virginia. Often was he summoned to attend a sick call over thirty miles away, — and cheerfully did he obey the summons. He travelled on horseback, and at all hours, and in all seasons; even when his life was endangered this devoted priest of God never hesitated to perform his duty. The Catholics were scattered in bands, — some in the mountains, some in the valleys, — but, no matter how far apart, they were visited and consoled by the holy priest, and taken to his fostering care. They repaid him with a boundless confidence and love, which cheered and solaced him for all the labors and dangers he had undergone.

But a new era was dawning. The American colonists, seeing that England was determined to coerce and crush them, rose in stubborn resistance against her tyranny, and with armed hand dared to assert their rights. Blood was already shed; and the news from Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill stirred the blood in every patriot's veins, and nerved him to rise and do battle for his own. For once prejudice and bigotry were flung aside, and for once the Catholic and the Puritan mustered side by side as brothers. Some of the richest and most influential men in the colonies espoused the cause of the patriots, and devoted "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," to the cause. Foremost among these was Charles Carroll, cousin of Father Carroll. He was the wealthiest man in the

colonies; and, had he remained loyal to the British crown, might have asked and received any preferment which he wished. But it is not in the nature of the Irish Clan O'Carroll to abet tyranny. Charles became a rebel, and cast his life and fortune on the issue of the Revolution.

Congress was in session at Philadelphia; and it was resolved to send an embassy to Canada to conciliate the Canadians. They needed conciliation, for more than once the American colonists had insulted them on account of their religion. When, in 1759, Canada was ceded by France to the British, the latter allowed them the free exercise of their religion, and left it as untrammelled as they had found it. But this did not please the bigoted American colonists. The Boston Provincial Congress of 1773, in a public address said: "The late act, establishing the Catholic religion in Canada, is dangerous in an extreme degree to the Protestant religion, and to the civil rights and liberties of America." Maryland and other colonies issued similar addresses; but the most obnoxious of all was uttered by the Congress of 1774, which contained the following: "Nor can we suppress our astonishment that the British Parliament could ever consent to establish in that country a religion that has deluged your island in blood, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder, and rebellion throughout every part of the world." This language occurred in an address presented to the people of Great Britain, and was adopted by Congress. But the Canadians also read this address, and was well remembered by them when our Revolution broke out.

It was surmised by the Americans that the English would raise a brigade of French Canadians to guard Lower Canada, and take the place of the regulars, who could then be spared to fight the Colonial rebels. To counteract this an embassy was named to go to Canada to secure the neutrality of the natives, — Dr. Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton. As Father Carroll was a cousin of Charles, the latter was importuned to request the priest to accompany them. It was argued, that he being a Catholic and one who could address the Canadians in their mother-tongue, he could by his earnest patriotism and eloquence persuade them to join the rebel cause; or, if not, persuade them to remain neutral. Father Carroll received the message in his peaceful home on Rock Creek. He did not hesitate to accept. In a few days he joined the commissioners in Philadelphia; and, on the 29th of April, 1776, the four commissioners arrived in Montreal.

Father Carroll had suffered hardships and privations when on the mission at Rock Creek: he was inured to them in many forms and shapes; but greater difficulties and dangers lay before him now than any he had yet experienced. Lower Canada was different then from what it is now. The soil is rugged still and ice-bound half the year; but towns and villages are seen, where, in Father Carroll's time, the smoke rose from the wigwam of the Indian, or from the lonely log hut of the French settler. Missionaries had followed in the path of the woodsman; and wherever a settlement was established, be it on creek, in

ravine, or on mountain top, there a church was seen and a priest was found. These simple and devoted people planted the cross in the woods; and far, far from the few cities which the province could boast of, passed their lives in labor and content. To reach the priest in these settlements, was, at any time, a difficult undertaking; but was dangerous in the spring, when the creeks and rivers were filled with floating ice. But Father Carroll went on, true to his mission; sometimes in a birch-bark canoe, propelled by the Indians, sometimes by the white settlers, until he reached his destination for the night. We shall quote from Dr. Clarke: "While the commissioners were negotiating with the authorities regulating the affairs of the Continental army then in Canada, and generally carrying out the instructions of Congress, the Rev. Mr. Carroll was visiting the Canadian clergy, explaining the nature and principles of the Revolutionary struggle; pointing out the identity of destiny and interest which ought to unite Canada to the English Colonies, and in answering objections, removing prejudices of race, and appealing to their love of liberty. He was treated with respect, and listened to with polite attention. But both the Commissioners and Father Carroll received the same answer from the Canadians: 'That, for themselves, they had no cause of complaint against the home government of Great Britain, which had guaranteed to them the full and free exercise of their religion, liberty, and property; and that in return the duty of allegiance and fidelity was due from the Canadians to the government.'"

Ah! the bigoted addresses of the Puritan Congresses had done their work. The Catholic Canadians could place no faith in those who had insulted their religion. But the mission was not altogether fruitless. Although the Commissioners did not succeed in gaining the Canadians to their side, Father Carroll was successful in persuading them to remain neutral. This they did during the war. Had they joined the British there is no doubt but the latter would have enrolled ten thousand of these hardy pioneers in their service, who would have materially aided in suppressing the Revolution. His mission ended, Father Carroll returned to Philadelphia, and afterwards to Rock Creek, where he remained until independence was secured. And, in the words of Dr. Clarke, "No citizen of the Republic saw with greater joy the consummation of the glorious results of the contest, enhanced as his joy especially was on the cessation of paternal strife and bloodshed, and the return of peace."

In the year 1784 Father Carroll first appeared as a controversialist. Father Wharton, a Jesuit, apostatized from the faith and became a Protestant. He addressed a letter to the Catholics of England, stating his reasons for his conversion, speaking in abusive terms of the Catholic church. This was published in Philadelphia, and attracted great attention. Father Carroll answered it, and his historian says: "It was an able and triumphant vindication of the Catholic church and her doctrines, and one of the best contributions to our American literature."

After independence had been secured an address of congratulation was presented by the Catholics of America to Washington. It was signed, on behalf of the Roman Catholic clergy, by Father Carroll. This address, and Washington's answer, are so well known that they need not be repeated here.

Up to this time the colonial Catholics were subject to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Bishop of London, who was represented by the Rev. Mr. Lewis in the provinces. As the colonies were no longer under British rule, Father Carroll and many of the clergy addressed a petition to the Pope, requesting the appointment of a superior direct from the Holy See. Subsequently a list of the American clergy was presented for the honor; and while Father Carroll was still on the mission at Rock Creek he was appointed by the Holy Father, superior, or archpriest. Thus he became the head of the Catholic church in the United States. In this position he labored for five years, travelling from city to city, visiting the clergy, ministering to the spiritual wants of those under his care, and still doing missionary duty. The priests were few in the states, but he remedied this by bringing recruits from Europe; and these he sent to the large towns and cities, where the majority of the Catholics resided. Under his care the church became wonderfully developed; new missionary fields were opened, and in every city in the thirteen states the holy Mass was offered from Catholic altars. So great was the progress he had made that it became evident that Father Carroll should be clothed with greater powers. Therefore the clergy again petitioned the Holy See. This time for the erection of a bishopric. Their petition was immediately granted, — the Pope leaving it to themselves to name the bishop, and to designate the new See. Dr. Carroll was their choice, and Baltimore was chosen as the episcopal city. In 1790 Dr. Carroll sailed for England to receive episcopal consecration. This ceremony was performed by the Bishop of London, on the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, August 15, 1790.

He returned to the United States in December, 1790. On his arrival in Baltimore, the whole population turned out to give him welcome, and, on the following Sunday, he was installed in the episcopal office. The humble Irish-American priest was now sole bishop of the United States. Before him lay an empire of vast magnitude, over whose surface the Catholic population was scattered. The harvest was plentiful, but the laborers were few. Applications for more priests came pouring in on the new bishop, and he was greatly embarrassed how to provide missionaries for the different states; but it providentially happened, about this time, that many learned and pious clergymen sought our shores, driven thither by persecution. These the good bishop sent among his scattered flock, and their presence relieved him from the anxiety which he felt regarding the Catholics that lived beyond the borders of Maryland; but more priests were wanted to labor in his vast diocese, and he was ever sending to Europe for more. The French Revolution drove many to America, who met with a warm welcome from Bishop Carroll, and were immediately taken under his charge. He visited many places where priests were stationed, and, by personal observation, obtained a knowledge of the status of the church. Bickerings had arisen between some of the pastors, which created a scandal dangerous to the Faith in the infant states. This was especially so in Boston, and thither the bishop went. Of his visit to the Puritan city, in 1791, he writes: "It is wonderful to tell what great civilities have been done to me in this town, where, a few years ago, a Papist priest was thought to be the greatest monster in creation.

Many here, even of their principal people, have acknowledged to me that they would have crossed to the opposite side of the street, rather than meet a Roman Catholic, some time ago. The horror which was associated with the idea of Papist is incredible; and the scandalous misrepresentations by their ministers increased the horror every Sunday. If all the Catholics here were united, their number would be about one hundred and twenty." Boston was then a Puritan city; to-day it is a Catholic one; the Catholics in it are numbered by tens of thousands.

After his return to Baltimore, the Indians of Maine presented a petition to him, praying that they might be permitted to become members of his church. He addressed to them a loving letter, and promised to send them pastors. As soon as they arrived from Europe, they were sent on the Indian missions. It was the bishop's intention to convert all the Indian tribes in the thirteen states, and bring them within the pale of the Catholic Church; had his means permitted, there is no doubt but he would have accomplished his object. The poor missionaries lived in poverty and destitution at the beginning of Bishop Carroll's episcopate; but they bore their fate with fortitude and persevered to the end. Dr. Clarke gives a few extracts from their letters, which throw some light on their labors and sufferings: "Father Phelan, in West Pennsylvania, wrote to Bishop Carroll, in 1795, that his food, three times a day, consisted of bread and water, with a little burnt grease thrown over it; that he could not travel for want of a horse; that his board, which 'the poverty or meanness' of his flock rendered them unable or unwilling to pay, was due, and that he received the most harsh treatment from his landlord in consequence thereof; and that the five months he had spent there were five months of most rigorous and continued Lent. Another priest, near Milltown, Penn., who was the owner of large tracts of land, wrote to the bishop to send him, as laborers, twenty Connaught men, and informed him that, in winter, he was obliged to accommodate himself in one small store-room, together with two families and the smaller animals of the farm. Another priest, in Kentucky, writes that his condition was so intolerable, and the treatment he received from his landlord and his landlord's wife, the latter of whom was an Indian, so cruel, that he compares his home to Bedlam, or a den of wolves, and says: 'I hope it is a temporal purgatory, and will atone for some of my sins.'"

The first diocesan synod was held in Baltimore on Nov. 7th, 1791. Twenty-two clergymen were present. The assembly was presided over by Bishop Carroll. The object was, as the bishop expressed it, for "the necessity of consulting together on the means of continuing the episcopacy of the United States for the decent order of divine worship and uniformity in the administration of the sacraments, and discipline of the diocese and clergy, and devising means, if possible, for the support of the ministers of religion; these are the principal objects which will engage your attention." This was addressed to the clergy previous to the meeting of the synod. The centenary of this event will be celebrated next November in Baltimore. From the time of his consecration the bishop had in contemplation the idea of establishing a Catholic college at Georgetown. While yet vicar-general he had commenced the work. The first building was finished in 1789. The Rev.

Richard Plunkett became its first president. Washington was a friend of Georgetown College. Two of his grand-nephews, Augustine and Bushrod Washington, were students there in 1793; George, son of the younger Bushrod in 1830, and Henry, son of Lawrence Washington of Virginia in 1834. The centenary of Georgetown college will be honored with a three days' celebration, beginning on Feb. 20, and closing on Washington's birthday. Cardinal Gibbons will preside at Georgetown's centenary, and a large number of the American episcopate and and clergy will be present. President Cleveland has also signified his intention of being present at the ceremonies. Besides Georgetown the bishop was also instrumental in establishing St. John's College at Annapolis, from which he afterwards received the degree of LL.D. The Carmelites and Sisters of Charity were taken under his fostering care, and the Visitation Nuns founded a house in Georgetown. He was the friend and protector of Mother Seton in all her trials and struggles, and, indeed, was instrumental in her conversion.

While the labors of Bishop Carroll were rewarded with success in Maryland, and the priests and laity were lovingly united in bonds of holy brotherhood, disagreements arose among the clergy in other parts of his great diocese, and scandals were rife among them. Many priests became insubordinate and expelled the pastors from their churches. Quarrels between them were of common occurrence in Boston, New York, New Orleans, Philadelphia, and other places. The bishop used his best efforts to remove these scandals. To some places he sent some of his most learned and devoted priests; other places he visited himself, striving with a holy zeal to create peace among them and banish all irregularities and dissensions. By his vigor and earnestness he established discipline among them and brought them to a proper subjection.

As we have mentioned, the Jesuit society, of which Bishop Carroll was a member, was suppressed while he was a student in Europe. To this order he was devotedly attached, and always believed that their restoration would be affected. Learning that the Order still flourished in Russia, without let or hinderance, Bishop Carroll and his coadjutor, Bishop Neale (Bishop Neale was appointed coadjutor in 1800), wrote to Father Gruber, the general, asking him to grant the Jesuits who had escaped to America leave to again join the order. This was readily granted, and Bishop Carroll immediately called the exiled Jesuits to Baltimore, and revived the society in the United States. Georgetown College was transferred to them, and Rev. Robert Molyneux was appointed superior of the Order in America.

Dr. Clarke tells us that though a strong friendship existed between Bishop Carroll and Washington, there is nothing to show the existence of any intimacy or close personal acquaintance between them. Their acquaintance with each other rested on a better foundation than mere social or personal partiality. It was the result of a mutual respect for public and private virtues known to each to be possessed by the other; a knowledge on the part of both of a devotion to one great object, the liberty, prosperity, and happiness of a common country. Mr. Custis, the adopted son of Washington, said of Bishop Carroll: "From his exalted worth as a minister of God, his stainless character as a man, and, above all, his distinguished services as a patriot of the Revolution, Dr. Carroll stood high, very high, in the esteem and affections of the 'Pater

Patrie.'" We also learn from the same authority that whenever Washington passed through Baltimore, Bishop Carroll was always the first to welcome him and grasp his hand. On the first anniversary of Washington's death, Feb. 22, 1800, Bishop Carroll was selected by an unanimous resolution of Congress to pronounce the panegyric on the Father of his Country. Not only Congress, but the clergy of all denominations joined in the request. The discourse, which was delivered in St. Peter's Church, Baltimore, is still preserved, and is one of the most appropriate and eloquent ever spoken on the great Washington.

Day by day, under the energetic rule of Bishop Carroll, the church was growing stronger and more secure. Great as was his diocese (it embraced the United States), he found means to watch, instruct, and care for all within it. His untiring energy and ceaseless watching bore fruit in season. He saw churches rise in towns and on highways, which, previous to his mission, had never echoed to the tread of a Catholic; he saw the cross advancing with the pioneer in the forest, foremost in the van of civilization, and he realized with joy that the holy Mass was intoned from a hundred altars, and all this was the work of one devoted priest, of one who had sprung from the heart's blood of holy Ireland. Ah! what does not the Catholic church in America owe to this man? It owes all. That church to-day numbers twelve millions of worshippers in America. In all the cities that dot our northern continent, in every town and hamlet, on the remotest frontiers of civilization, wherever the flag of the Republic waves in this great land, there is seen the Catholic cross, the emblem of man's salvation, soaring in the sunlight of heaven, and there is found a Catholic priest. Bishop Carroll's works live after him; the seed sown by him has multiplied ten thousand fold, and the harvest which the church now reaps is owing to the labors of John Carroll, the first Catholic Bishop of the United States.

Of his labors, struggles, and triumphs, Dr. Clarke speaks with profound admiration and reverence. He thus writes of some of the work done by the great missionary of the New World: "The increase of the church during his episcopate was wonderful, and, what is more, was accomplished with resources the most limited and uncertain. He visited Boston, in 1803, at the solicitation of Rev. Messrs. Matignon and Cheverus, and on the 9th of September of that year consecrated the Church of the Holy Cross, the first Catholic church erected in the city of Boston. He laid the corner-stone of the present Cathedral of Baltimore, July 7, 1806. He received constantly from the zealous missionaries, whom he had sent to various and remote sections of the country, the most encouraging accounts. New churches were erected and Catholic congregations organized in places where it was scarcely known before that there were Catholics living. The Augustinians at Philadelphia and the Dominicans in Ohio founded flourishing and permanent institutions, and began to share with the Jesuits of Georgetown, and with the Sulpicians of Baltimore, the favor and benedictions of the chief pastor of the country, while, at the same time, they took part with them in the great work of preparing priests for the church. As early as 1808, Dr. Carroll had the consolation of beholding nearly

seventy priests and eighty churches in the country. On a single day, as early as 1808, he ordained as many as eight priests. Year by year he was sending devoted men to found new congregations, and the missionaries thus sent by him to many prominent places were the founders of future bishoprics. It was he that gave a Cheverus to Boston, a Dubourg to New Orleans, a Flaget to Kentucky, and a Fenwick to Cincinnati. The most obscure missions founded by him have since developed into flourishing dioceses. With scarcely as many priests as there are now bishops within the same limits, he still supplied new regions with devoted pastors, and the devout prayers, joyous hymns, and holy benedictions of the church resounded in places where they were unknown before. . . . It was thus, with steady hand and nerve, with calm and prudent judgment, and with untiring zeal, that this patriarch and architect of our church in America, proceeded to lay deep and broad the massive and lasting foundations of the majestic structure which now challenges our admiration and veneration."

So great was the progress of the church, that, in 1808, Baltimore was erected into an Archiepiscopal See, and Episcopal Sees, as Suffragans, were established at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Bardstown (now Louisville), in Kentucky. The following bishops were appointed: The Right Rev. John Cheverus to Boston, the Right Rev. Luke Concanen to New York, the Right Rev. John Egan to Philadelphia, and the Right Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget to Bardstown, — all these were consecrated by Bishop Carroll at Baltimore. A great deal of work was now taken off his hands, and he had only his own diocese to look after. But he was not used to idleness; he still pursued his labors with unflagging zeal, giving all his time and strength to the cause of religion. Wherever a few Catholics settled, whether emigrants or converts, in any part of his diocese, he found them out and sent a priest among them, and, if numerous enough, established one permanently and caused a church to be built. Old age was now stealing on the devoted bishop; but so regular had been his life, that, despite the hardships which he had undergone, he felt not the hand of time weigh heavy on him until verging on eighty years. His death was as edifying as his life was holy. On Sunday, Dec. 3d, 1815, he laid him down to rest, and all that was mortal of Bishop Carroll was laid in the city of the diocese which he loved so well. As an humble priest he labored incessantly, on the mission for the salvation of souls; as a bishop he was faithful to his charge; and as a patriot, he was incorruptible. The good he performed is not "interred with his bones:" it lives after him, and every Catholic church, that rises in America, is a monument to his piety, his labors, and his fame.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

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No one should confide in his own wisdom, and no one does it, moreover, who does not learn, beyond a doubt, that by God's wise decrees he finally falls into dire misfortune, since this confidence is more destructive when influencing him, than when left to its own folly.

# The Shamrock.

THE spreading rose is fair to view,
And rich the modest violet's hue,
Or queenly tulip filled with dew,
  And sweet the lily's fragrance;
But there's a flower more dear to me,
That grows not on a branch or tree,
But in the grass plays merrily,
And of its leaves there are but three,
  'Tis Ireland's native shamrock.

My country's flower, I love it well,
For every leaf a tale can tell,
And teach the minstrel's heart to swell
  In praise of Ireland's shamrock,
The emblem of our faith divine,
Which blest St. Patrick made to shine,
To teach eternal truth sublime,
And which shall last as long as time,
  And long as blooms the shamrock.

Oh, twine a wreath of shamrock leaves;
They decked the banners of our chiefs,
And calmed the Irish exile's griefs,
  Our country's cherished shamrock;
The muse inspired with words of praise,
The poets of our early days,
To write in many a glowing phrase,
And sing in powerful, thrilling lays,
  The virtue of the shamrock.

He who has left his island home,
Beneath a foreign sky to roam,
And in a foreign clime unknown,
  How dear he loves the shamrock.
When, on the feast of Patrick's Day,
He kneels within the church to pray
For holy Ireland, far away,
He feels again youth's genial ray,
  While gazing on the shamrock.

The brightest gem of rarest flower
That ever bloomed in Eastern bower,
Possess for him not half the power
  That dwells within the shamrock;
Sweet memories, like refreshing dew,
That past, with all its charm, review,
The church, the spot where wild flowers grew,
The faithful friends, the cherished few,
  He left to cull the shamrock.

Land of the West, my native isle,
May heaven's love upon thee smile,
And banish foes that may beguile
The lovers of the shamrock;
May God forever cherish thee
In peace and love and harmony,
And rank thee proud 'mid nations free,
Thus pray thy children fervently
For Ireland and the shamrock!

OSCAR WILDE.

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## The Shamrock's History.

WHEN King Lerry, surrounded by his lords, vassals, and Druids, was celebrating his birthday at Tara, the ancient capital of Ireland, it happened to be on the eve of Easter. The time had come when all the fires were to be extinguished, that, after a while, they might be relighted by the sacred torch consecrated to the heathen gods. In the interval of hallowed darkness, suddenly there appeared a brilliant light at the top of the Slope of Chariots. The sparks and flames rose from the mysterious camp of profanation of the ancient faith of Tara. Who had dared to profane the sacred darkness by unholy fires? What bold blasphemer ventured to light the torch until the flame had been brought from the altar of the gods? The warriors grasped their arms and rushed up the hill to tear the infidel to pieces. They seized him and dragged him down to the hall of judgment; but all the while he kept reciting prayers to the unknown God; and when brought before the assembly of enraged idolators, St. Patrick, who for seven years had been Milcho's herdsman slave, stood forth, like the heroic Paul, and answered for himself.

In his lonesome captivity St. Patrick had learned to love the Irish people, and with the burden of salvation he had traversed the great plains from the mouth of the Boyne to the Slope of the Chariots. He stood and preached to them all night, — from the birth of the stars to the grand ascension of the sun. He spoke as never man had spoken in Tara. He told them the story of the Nazarene, of the Blessed Trinity — Father, Son, and Holy Ghost — of Baptism, of the Eucharist, of all the sublime faith of the Church of Rome. Towards daylight the people began to believe, and fell into debate, one with another. The arch-Druid, the king, and two beautiful maidens were converted and baptized. The tumult increased; the true fires of heaven were blazing in the dark valley of paganism, and St. Patrick preached on until the day-dawn began to reveal the course of the Blackwater, the Boyne, and the hills of Cavan and the heights of Slane.

But the people could not understand the strange doctrine of the Trinity — how three persons should constitute one God — and with daylight their hearts began to return to their idols. Suddenly the apostle caught up a sprig of shamrock, which had been holding up its triple-palms in the adoration of the one true God, and holding it forth, he showed the people that three leaves growing from a single stock

constitute but one. Instantly the quick-witted people understood the mystery; they rushed upon the apostle, and would have carried him on their shoulders, and from that hour the faith of Patrick was planted in the Irish heart, and that faith since has never failed.

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# Washington's Courtship.

For years Washington was venerated, but not known. The general sentiment was expressed by the poet laureate Southey in 1814, —

"Where Washington hath left
His awful memory
A light for after years!"

He is better known now than he was when these lines were written, and he is more thoroughly appreciated. He has been humanized and brought within the range of our sympathy.

While he was Major Washington, the Governor of Virginia sent him to transact business with the Governor of Massachusetts. He stayed for a few days at New York, detained by the lovely Mary Phillips. While making up his mind to propose to her, his companion, Major Morris, offered her his hand, and she accepted it. Several years after he had thus illustrated that "faint heart never won fair lady," Colonel Washington was on his way to transact business with the Governor and Council at Williamsburg.

Crossing the Pamunkey at William's Ferry, he was met as he landed by Major Chamberlayne, who pressed him to remain a day or two at his house, which was near by.

Washington declined, giving as an excuse that he was on his way to meet the Governor. As the young colonel was about to ride on, the major remarked that the most charming young widow in all Virginia was then visiting him.

The young man consented to remain to dinner. Bishop, his tall colored servant, was ordered to stable the horses, and to have them at the house by a certain hour in the afternoon.

Washington was presented to Mrs. Martha Custis, one of the richest widows in Virginia, and took her out to dinner. Punctual to the minute, Bishop led his master's horse to the front of the house. He waited and waited, puzzled at the delay, the like of which had never happened before.

Washington lingered at the dinner-table until the sun touched the western horizon. Then he arose to depart. "No guest ever leaves my house after sundown," said the host.

Colonel Washington would not be the first to break the rule of the hospitable house. The puzzled servant was ordered to stable the horses for the night, and his master renewed his conversation with the charming widow.

They remained in the drawing-room long after the other guests had retired, and when, the next morning, he mounted his horse, the sun was high in the heavens.

The business with the Governor was quickly finished, and the steed ambled toward the White House, where he was received by Mrs. Custis, the mistress. Late the next day he departed, and it soon spread through the neighborhood that Colonel Washington was engaged to the widow Custis.

That was in May, 1758, and in January, 1759, they were married at the little church of St. Peter. The bridegroom was dressed in a suit of blue cloth, the coat lined with red silk, and ornamented with silver trimmings. He wore an embroidered white satin waistcoat and gold knee and shoe buckles. His hair was powdered, and by his side hung a straight dress-sword.

The bride was attired in a white satin quilted petticoat, and a heavy, colored white silk overskirt; high-heeled shoes of white satin, with diamond buckles; rich point-lace ruffles, pearl necklace, ear-rings, bracelets, and pearl ornaments in her hair.

On leaving the church, the bride and her attendant ladies rode in a coach drawn by six horses, guided by liveried black postilions. Colonel Washington rode by the side of the coach upon a richly caparisoned horse, and attended by a brilliant company of gentlemen.

Years after the old servants, who assisted at the wedding, delighted to describe its magnificence. The recollections of one of them, Cully, when a hundred years old, are given in the volume from which we have gleaned these facts, Mr. Lossing's Mary and Martha Washington.

"And so, Cully, you remember when Colonel Washington came a-courting your mistress?" asked his master, Mr. Park Custis.

"Indeed, I do, massa. He was dar on'y fo'th times afo' de wedding, for you see he was in de war [the French and Indian War] all de time. We couldn't keep our eyes off him, he seemed so grand."

"And the wedding, Cully?"

"Great times, sah! Shall never see de like agin. Mo' hosses an' car'ges, an' fine ladies an' gen'lmen, dan when missus was married afo'."

"And Colonel Washington, how did he look Cully?"

"Neber seed de like, sah, de likes o' him, though I've seed many in my day. He was so tall, so straight, so han'some, an' he sot a hoss and rid wid sich an air! Oh, he was so gran'! He was like no one else. Many o' de gran'est gen'lmen, in gold lace, was at the weddin,' but none looked like de man hisself!"

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# Sir Samuel Ferguson's "Loyal Orangeman."

AUTHOR'S VERSION.

In one out of several articles, which this Magazine (Irish Monthly), before and since his death, devoted to the poetry of Sir Samuel Ferguson, we ventured to print some verses in which the views of a Loyal Orangeman were expressed with humorous exaggeration by one who understood them well, and, in spite of his Irish heart, sympathized with them to a certain extent. This piece will be

sought for in vain in any printed volume, and was thought to exist only in oral tradition. For our copy we were indebted to the marvellously capacious, tenacious, and vivacious memory of the author of "Ourselves Alone." However, just now in the colossal scrap-book which furnished the materials of our opening paper this month, on the Death and Letters of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, we find enshrined, in Sir Samuel's excellent handwriting, a full copy of The Loyal Orangeman. There are a few lines added or given with slight variations, and the spelling is, in two or three instances, more phonetic, as for instance in "Ketholics." It is worth while preserving, in its authentic form, this curious relic of one whom some are inclined to consider Ireland's best and most characteristic poet:—

I am a loyal Orangeman,
From Portadown upon the Bann.
My loyalty, A will maintain,
Was ever and always without stain;
Though rebelly Papishes would call
My loyalty conditional,
A niver did insist upon
Nor ask condition beyont the one—
The crown of the causeway in road or street,
And the Papishes put under my feet.

It was when rebellion threatened the state,
In the month of April in '48,
A mounted up upon my hackney,
An' off I set to General Blakeney.
Says I, "Sir Edward, here we are,
Six hundred mortial men of war,
All ready and able, niver fear,
To march from the Causeway to Cape Clear,
And drive the rebels would da'ar to raise
The Irish colors into the says."

Well, what div ye think my buffer say
Had the imperence for to reply?
Says he: "Your offer 's very fair,
An' very timeous, too, A declare,
For here we're all as one as besieged,
And for your offer we're much obleeged,
But you won't object, A hope, to mix
In the ranks of the loyal Ketholics."

There was sittin' by, not lettin' on,
That rebelly Papish, Radinton,
An' that other Papisher rebel still,
That fella they call Somerville.
A gev them both, as A made reply,
A look from the corner of my eye.
A said, "Make no excuse, A pray,
For askin' uz to serve that way.
We 'd not consider the trouble much,
For we don't allow there 's any such."

Well, what do you think, sir? After that
A thought A might put on my hat;
You 'd have given a pound to see the two,
An' the look they gave as A withdrew.
But, Hell to my sowl, if they didn't send
An' ask me back by a private friend,
And A seen the Colonel* an' brave John Pitt,
An' A got a gun; and A hev it yet;
An' if ever the rebelly Papishes da'ar
Again to provoke the North to war,
That Radinton, the rebelly dog,
Is the very first man A'll shoot, by Gog.

A couple of lines are added in two or three places in this copy, which were omitted when we printed the squib originally. On that occasion, we mentioned how the author used to be called upon to repeat it at the bar dinners of the North-East Circuit. As Sir Samuel Ferguson never published this trifle, it is well to have it exactly as he wrote it down for Father Meehan, on the 13th of December, 1872. It possesses some slight value of its own as indicating the idea of an intelligent and not an unsympathizing man, who had ample opportunities of knowing the Orangemen and learning the views and spirit of a political faction which is not quite so obsolete as might be desirable.

*Colonel Phayre took some part in the arrangements said to have been made for supplying the Orangemen with arms in 1848. Major John Pitt Kennedy had some official post at the Castle.

# The Flowers of St. Patrick.

A MYSTERIOUS MEMORIAL OF THE APOSTLE OF IRELAND.

St. Patrick, it is said, came from Ireland to Gaul to visit St. Martin, attracted by the fame of his sanctity and miracles. On arriving, in the midst of a snow-storm, at the banks of the Loire, not far from the spot on which the church now stands which bears his name, he sought shelter under a thorn-bush. It was Christmas-tide, and the winter was a severe one. The shrub, out of respect for the Saint, extended its branches, and shook off the snow which rested on them; when the servant of God arose to continue his journey, it appeared covered with snow-white flowers. St. Patrick crossed the Loire on his cloak, and, arriving on the opposite shore, again rested under another blackthorn, which also burst into flowers. "Since that time," concludes the chronicle, "the two shrubs have never failed to blossom at Christmas in testimony of the sanctity of Blessed Patrick."

Another version of this beautiful legend runs as follows: On his return to Ireland after a visit to St. Martin in Gaul, St. Patrick came to the left bank of the Loire; he requested some boatmen to take him across the stream, promising them the blessings of Heaven if they complied. But these rude men gruffly repulsed him. Thereupon the Saint laid his mantle upon the water, and directing his course by means of a branch of blackthorn which he had broken from a bush near by, floated safely to the opposite shore. The boatmen were overcome with astonishment. St. Patrick planted the thorn branch, and, kneeling down, gave thanks to God. The branch took root, and grew into a bush, which blossomed each succeeding winter in honor of the Saint.

So far the legend. Before giving an account of the phenomenon, we may remark, with St. Patrick's latest and best biographer, Father Morris, of the Oratory, that it would seem as if nature would fain repay the Saint for the way in which he had honored the inanimate creation when he made high mountains his altars, and "bound to himself" the elements as attendants in the service of his Lord. Natural monuments are a distinguishing feature of St. Patrick's history in Ireland, and it is certainly very remarkable that the same characteristics should attach to the record of his life in France.

It is a fact, one for which science is still unable to give any satisfactory explanation, that a tree in a little town on the banks of the Loire, not far from Tours, named after St. Patrick, unfailingly, every year at Christmas, is seen covered with flowers. Some few years ago the flowers appeared during the entire octave, when the mercury was constantly below zero. It frequently happens that the bush is at one and the same time white with the snow of winter and the blossoms of its own flowers. Thousands come to gather these *Fleurs de St. Patrice*, which are believed to be an undying witness of St. Patrick's connection

with St. Martin of Tours. These trophies of the Apostle of Ireland are also objects of religious veneration. M. Dupont, better known as the Holy Man of Tours, always kept a branch of the *Fleurs de St. Patrice* hung up in his room. "The whole neighborhood," as Father Morris remarks, "is redolent of St. Patrick." Besides the village, the commune bears the name of the Saint; and the ancient parish church, dating from the tenth or eleventh century, is dedicated to him.

The following account of the mysterious tree, from the pen of Mgr. Chevallier, President of the Archæological Society of Touraine, is given in Father Morris' admirable Life of St. Patrick. It has for a title: Extrait des Annales de la Société d'Agriculture, Science, etc., du Département d'Indre et Loire, t. xxx, année 1850, f. 70.

"On the banks of the Loire, a few leagues from Tours, a very remarkable phenomenon is repeated year by year, and from time immemorial,—one concerning which science as yet has given no satisfactory explanation. This phenomenon, too little known, consists in the blossoming, in the midst of the rigors of winter, of the blackthorn (*prunus spinosa*), commonly called the sloe. We have lately verified this circumstance with our own eyes, and can vouch for its truth without fear of contradiction. We can appeal to the testimony of thousands, who, at the end of December in each year, are eye-witnesses to its repetition, and we have ourselves gathered these extraordinary flowers. This remarkable shrub is to be found at St. Patrice, upon the slope of a hill not far from the Chateau de Rochecotte. The circulation of the sap, which should be suspended in winter, is plainly revealed by the moist state of the bark, which easily separates from the wood which it covers. The buds swell, the flowers expand as in the month of April, and cover the boughs with odorous and snow-like flowers; while a few leaves timidly venture to expose their delicate verdure to the icy north wind. Shalll I venture to add?— to the flowers succeeds the fruit, and at the beginning of January a small berry appears attached to a peduncle in the midst of the withered and discolored petals, which soon shrivels and dries up.

"This singular growth of flowers is almost unknown, although it has been repeated every year from time immemorial. The oldest inhabitants of St. Patrice have always seen it take place at a fixed period of the year, no matter how severe the season may be; and such has also been the ancient tradition of their forefathers, while legend seems to attribute a very remote origin to the fact; but, as the shrub itself appears quite young, it is probable that it is renewed from the roots. However, this phenomenon is limited to the locality and to the shrub in question. Cuttings transplanted elsewhere have blossomed only in the spring, and the hawthorns which grow amidst the sloes do not manifest any circulation of sap.

"The incredulous will object that, after all, this circumstance is not more extraordinary than the flowering of the lilac in November, when the buds, by an unwary mistake, suppose that, in the still mild temperature, they have found the soft breath of spring. Our readers must not be deceived: the blackthorn of St. Patrick *grows*, *develops*,

*and bears fruit in the midst of the rigors of winter, in the most icy temperature.* Although growing on the slope of a hill, this shrub is in no way sheltered from the north wind; its branches are encrusted with hoarfrost, the icy north-east wind blows violently amongst them, and it often happens that the shrub is loaded at one and the same time with the snow of winter and the snow of its own flowers."

The author refutes the hypothesis of the proximity of a thermal spring; the ground, he observes, remains covered with snow, and the other shrubs do not blossom.

Ave Maria.

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# The Successor of Good Father Hecker.

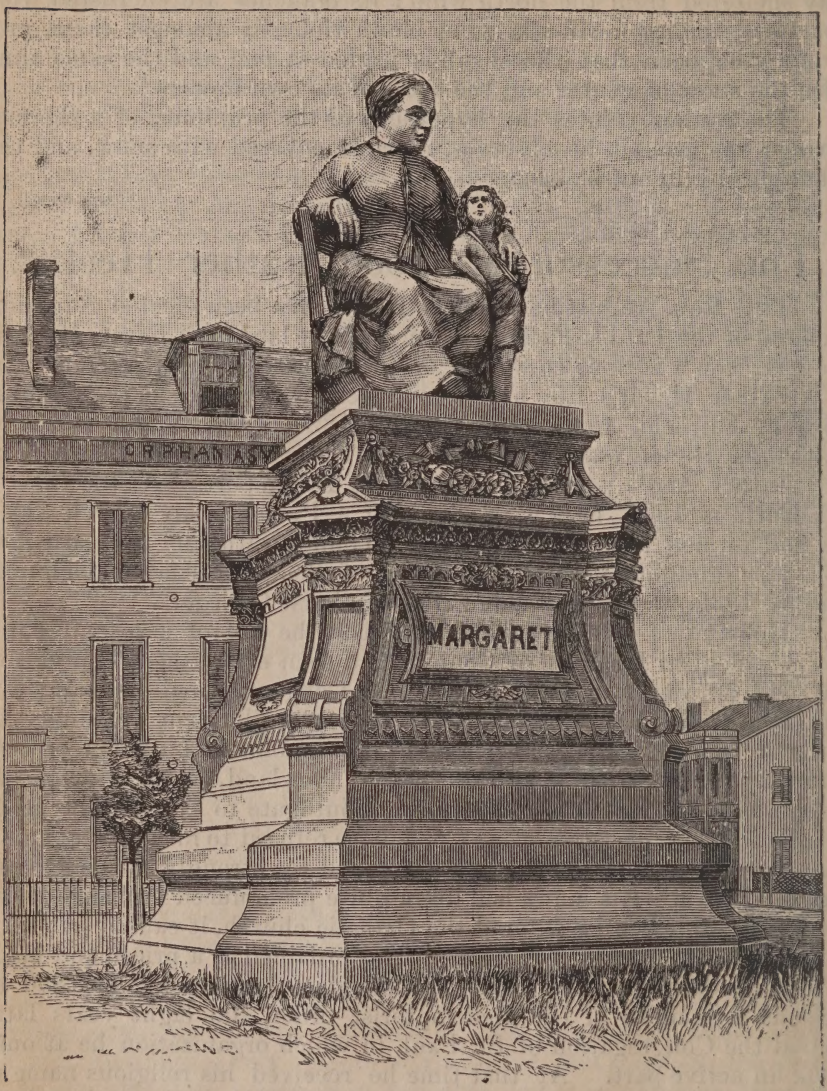
THE Rev. Augustine Francis Hewit has been elected Superior-General of the Paulist Fathers, to succeed the lamented Father Hecker. He has been a zealous co-worker of the deceased, whose place he fills.

Father Hewit's life has been a very remarkable one. He was born in Fairfield, Conn., on Nov. 27, 1820. His father, the Rev. Nathaniel Hewit, was a Congregational clergyman, in the first half of the century, and a pastor of a church at Bridgeport. At the time of his death, in 1867, he was in charge of a Presbyterian church which he had formed from his old parish. Young Nathaniel Augustus, his son, was brought up under the tenets of the Congregational church, and, in 1839, he was graduated from Amherst College.

He studied law, but abandoned it at the end of a year, to enter the Theological Institute of Connecticut, then established at Windsor. In 1842 he was licensed to preach as a Congregational minister; but the next year, his religious views having undergone a change, he entered the Episcopal church and was appointed a deacon of that church. He labored in the diocese of Maryland, and a year or two later was to have accompanied Bishop Southgate to Constantinople, as missionary, but the Missionary Committee refused to ratify his appointment on the ground that his beliefs tended too strongly to the Roman Catholic faith. His views had been quite pronounced for some time; and, in 1846, when he entered the Catholic church, it caused but little surprise to his friends. In 1847 he was ordained as a priest, and made Vice-President of the Charleston Collegiate Institute. In 1850 he became a member of the Redemptorist order, and eight years later joined the Congregation of St. Paul, in which organization he at once took an active part. At that time he received his religious name of Augustine Francis. From the year 1865 Father Hewit has been engaged in active literary work, besides being professor of philosophy, theology, and Holy Scriptures in the Paulist Seminary. Among the many books he has written, are Reasons for Submitting to the Catholic Church, Life of Princess Borghese, The King's Highway, Problems of the Age, and Life of the Rev. Father F. A. Baker.

A brother of Father Hewit, the late Dr. Henry S. Hewit, served with credit during the war. He also joined the Catholic church, and devoted much of his time to the benevolent enterprises of the church in his late years.

# The Margaret Statue at New Orleans.




New Orleans has the credit of erecting the first open-air st[illegible] to a woman in America. And that statue, that of the good Margaret, — in another land and time it might have been Saint Margaret, — is not to celebrate beauty or intellect, but simply goodness, practical charity, the character and achievements of a woman of the people, great in her divine sympathy with the people.

There is a great kinship among statues; by the grace of God, a monumental brotherhood of granite, marble, bronze, and wood. When we come across them, here and there, dotting the highways of the

world, and examine them, we find that the enduring block that perpetuated their memories is only the counterpart of the enduring virtue that perpetuated their characters. Both form the building material of humanity. The mere material itself may differ in value, the external polish and finish may vary, the artist's workmanship may do his conception grievous wrong; but the grand lesson of the lives they commemorate must not be lost in trivial carping and useless comparison. These men and women were not themselves, in their flesh and blood, unblemished creations. God sent the deed alone perfect into their hearts, and they have halted through life with it, and stooped awkwardly under it, and have dropped into ungraceful postures, and worn hideous clothes (not only in the physical, but in the moral sense also), until, with their statues after them, they have often seemed a travesty of the very purpose which transfigured them after death.

What the statues have done in the world, not what the artists have not done in the statues, is the supreme consideration.

The statue of Margaret represents a middle-aged, homely woman, short of stature, clumsy in proportion, with a face as far removed from the ideal of the poet, as her life was from the ideal of the dreamer. She is seated on a rude "splint-bottomed" chair, in the only position she was ever seen to assume when seated, before no matter whom. She is dressed in a gown and sacque of some cheap material, the only costume she was ever seen to wear, in wealth as in poverty. Her peculiar old "scoop" bonnet has been laid aside, that her features might be visible; she wears on her shoulders the cherished ornament of a crochet cape, the handiwork and gift of the orphans in the asylum behind her. As her living arm had done for forty-six years in New Orleans, her marble arm clasps a ragged orphan, — a fine monument of white marble, and a proud one. In the green spot named after her, in the centre of a great city, at the portals of one of her own asylums, she looks down on the passing and repassing crowd, as her spirit might still love to do, singling out the poor who needed her charity, and the rich who needed her solicitation.

She was always known as simply "Margaret," her surname of Haughery being generally ignored by that fine compliment of the populace, the tacit refusal to credit to one family those born to a community. Her parents came from Ireland in an emigrant ship, landed in Baltimore, and died in a prevalent epidemic of yellow fever. A good woman of the Baptist persuasion, who had suffered bereavement in the same epidemic, took the little orphan in and cared for her. By rearing her literally in the Catholic faith of her deceased parents, the Protestant Christian unconsciously set a practical example of religious toleration and liberality of spirit to a future philanthropist, and prepared a benefactress for the poor of all churches in a distant city. Margaret grew, and served her protectress faithfully, and earned her recommendation of being a good, reliable girl. This simple but comprehensive recommendation was the only capital, the only stock in trade she possessed. Out of it she built asylums, fed the poor, succored the distressed, supported the aged and infirm, built up a trade, gained

recognition in exclusive business and official circles, and secured a monument. She was first known in New Orleans in 1836, a widow, working as laundress in the St. Charles Hotel, noted in her menial circles for her good work and honesty, and possessed of the confidence of her employers. About the same time the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul commenced gathering in their fold the destitute orphans of the city. Margaret came to the Sisters in charge and offered her assistance — such assistance as a poor washer-woman might venture to offer. It was accepted. In the trials, struggles, and privations that followed, in the moving from one temporary shelter to another, with means insufficient to provide for increasing charges, the washer-woman, Margaret, proved a godsend to them, with her indomitable courage, practical common-sense, and unfailing devotion. Supplementing her own charities by the donations she managed to extract from others, many a time she kept the wolf from the door by her own exertions alone. Braving every rebuff, never submitting to a refusal, endless stories are told of her rencontres with ungracious merchants. Once a large wholesale grocer told her he would give her the provisions begged for, if she would carry them away herself. With a cheerful, "Thank you, sir," she departed, and returned in a short time with a wheelbarrow, which, being filled to its utmost capacity, she proceeded to wheel away. A young clerk, surprised and touched, offered to wheel it for her. She refused, saying she would gladly wheel a barrel-load of food every day to the orphans, if she could only have the opportunity to do so. A dealer in crockery ordering her crossly to leave the store, she walked out of one door, and smilingly reentering the other, said, "If you tell me to leave again, I will come in again at the other door, and even through the window, for you know I am begging for the orphans."

Saving out of her wages enough money to buy two cows, she gave up her situation as laundress, and opened a small dairy in a vacant lot in the rear of the Sisters' asylum. Her hardy physical strength enabled her to perform all the duties of a man in it and personally deliver the milk. This was the beginning of her large acquaintance and great popularity among the lower classes, black and white. Morning and evening, in rain or shine, a model of punctuality, she was to be seen on her rounds, seated in a rough, old-fashioned cart, behind two tin cans, her coarse features and tanned skin, her Shaker bonnet, and eyes beaming with irresistible good-humor, her ready tact and cordial salutations, establishing a profitable reputation for her. The market people would put aside bits of meat and vegetables for her, the hotel-keepers would save the broken victuals for her; collecting it in her cart, she would make an impartial distribution of it among the needy asylums. The Sisters determined to build a suitable establishment for their enormous charge. Margaret promised to stand by them until an asylum was built and the last cent of debt was paid off. For seventeen years she worked, bonded by this promise to them, increasing her duty that she might increase her donations. In 1841 the St. Theresa Asylum was completed — the asylum before which stands her monument to-day — and in ten years, thanks to Margaret's powerful co-öperation, the prodigious

debt contracted in building it was paid off. Having redeemed her word, she felt free to move away from the asylum and locate her dairy as an independent establishment in the fast-growing "uptown" part of New Orleans. It throve and prospered beyond precedent, owing to her personal reputation. An infant asylum becoming a necessary adjunct to St. Theresa, she turned her dairy profits into what she always called her "Baby House," the magnificent St. Vincent de Paul Infant Asylum. A third asylum, the St. Elizabeth, to which grown orphans are transferred for industrial education from the St. Theresa, was afterward added, completing the splendid system of practical charity known as Margaret's Asylums. During the terrible yellow-fever epidemics of the 'Fifties no one was more prominently efficient than Margaret. Going from house to house among the poor, Protestant and Catholic alike, she was indefatigable in ministering to the living, soothing the dying by her promise to "look after" the orphans — a promise they could trust her to keep.

Despite her charities, she began to grow rich, and had money to loan to her friends. About 1859 such a loan led to a change of business. The proprietor of a large wholesale bakery had gained her friendship by his benevolence to the orphans. Becoming embarrassed in his accounts he applied to her and obtained assistance. Continued losses threatening his solvency, to secure her debt, he made over the establishment to her. The administrative talent and executive ability which had evolved a fortune from a dairy transformed the bankrupt bakery into one of the best paying investments in the South. "Margaret's Bakery" soon began to be numbered among the great industries of New Orleans, and Margaret herself began to be as well known in commercial circles as she had been in the world of trade and charity. She supplied the asylums with bread at a nominal price, never failing a single morning to leave an equivalent in some shape or other, in the way of delicacy under the loaves in the bottom of the big baskets, and never failing at the end of the year to turn over honestly to charity God's share in her gains.

During the four years of the war, like most of the merchants, she had to struggle hard to maintain herself; but in her severest trials she never relaxed in her self-imposed taxations in favor of the unfortunate, adding to her regular charities liberal contributions to the Confederate soldiers and to their destitute families, most of whom became reduced to cruel extremities. She was a character around which anecdotes naturally cluster. Many amusing ones are related of her tilts with the United States' soldiers during their occupation of the city, and it was a common saying that she was the only woman in New Orleans of whom the first General Commandant there was afraid. She always stood, however, on good terms with the authorities. When Gen. Augur was ordered away from the city she presented him with a handsome sword in token of her appreciation of his good offices to herself and her fellow-citizens.

She took great pride in her city, and was very sensitive about it, interfering personally whenever there was a complaint to be made or

injustice to redress. The authorities had all but signed the papers to have an engine-house built on the triangular piece of ground where her statue now stands. She was indignant that they did not give it to the Sisters for a playground for the orphans. The result of her expostulations was that the Sisters got the ground. It was given back to the city when the proposition to erect the monument took proportion. It is now known as Margaret's Place. She was always prompt to further with substantial coöperation any public enterprise; every charitable institution in the city became a recipient of her bounty. Besides public charities, she gave secretly and ceaselessly to private individuals. It is a current truth that she never saw misery, suffering, or destitution without relieving it.

About twelve years ago the Sisters of Charity got in trouble in Mexico, and were expelled; some of them were even put in jail. The St. Theresa Sisters went to Margaret in despair that they could do nothing for their companions. "Can't they be brought here?"—"No; we have no means!" Margaret left her sick-bed, went down to the river to a Spanish captain, and told him he could make a certain sum by bringing the Sisters to New Orleans. She gave him half the money in advance, and told him the moment he landed to call for Margaret, and the rest should be his. The Sisters arrived at the specified time. She was terribly afraid of notoriety. On one St. Margaret's Day the orphans were promised a visit to her. The Sister went to ask Margaret not to go out at the hour named. "Now, don't do that, Sister; don't bring the children here. Every one will talk about it, and all the papers will describe the orphans' visit to Margaret."—"But the children have been promised a treat."—"Well, now, you take the children to Canal street, march them up one side and down the other; take them to Holmes's" (the fashionable dry-goods store), "and let the clerks talk to them. Don't hurry them; let them stay out just as long as they please, and that will be a treat indeed."—"I walked the children," the Sister related, "up and down everywhere to their hearts' content, and returned to the asylum. When we entered the door, I could scarcely believe my eyes. The tables were spread with fruits and flowers and cakes and creams and candies of every kind. That was a treat indeed!"

The ladies of one of the Protestant orphan homes called upon her to get bread at a reduced price for some entertainment. She was indignant that they should expect her to *sell* bread for an orphans' fair. "But we are Protestants," said the ladies. "You are working for the orphans; so am I. They are God's children, be they Catholic or Protestant," replied Margaret. Ever afterward she numbered that particular institution among her charities. Shortly after the Christmas holidays, the ladies of another Protestant home called to thank her for her yearly donation. "Don't thank *me*," she simply said; "thank the Lord."

She could neither read nor write nor make a figure. She never employed an agent but once; he swindled her. Ever afterward she attended personally to her mammoth establishment. Her judgment

was remarkable; no measure she ever advised turned out other than she predicted. She took no vows, assumed no badge of her mission. Though sincerely religious, she was not at all bigoted. Her bakery was situated in the very business centre of the city. She stood in good, cordial fellowship with her merchant neighbors, who admired her great business capacity, and were always ready to try a bout of wit with her (from which she usually came off victorious), or gossip about "old times" with her in her private office, or discuss city politics and city politicians. Though enjoying with them the perfect equality of one business man with another, she never presumed on their intimacy with her, never forgot her humble origin, and never corrected her plebeian speech. While giving away thousands, she never expended more on herself personally than when the wages of laundress set bounds to her necessities. Her influence over the city was remarkable for breadth and strength. Her word was never questioned, her intentions never disputed. She was simply "Margaret."

She died on the 9th of February, 1882, leaving a reputation which lives to become an honor to the city. Her charities were so closely administered as to leave small margin for an estate. She made her mark under the will that distributed what money she had on hand among the asylums, and left her establishment and business to an orphan boy whom she had trained to the work herself. The newspapers appeared in heavy mourning for her, and the obituary notices publishing the simple record of her life and work in this community exhausted all praise.

The monument was a spontaneous outburst. Hardly was it suggested before the money was raised. The commission was executed so quickly that before the people realized that she was indeed gone she was again seated in their midst, natural and life-like, in garb and position a very petrifaction from their memories. The dedication services were rendered by ministers and representatives from every religious denomination in the city, before a crowd composed of all that a city can bring together to honor one whose good-will had embraced all that a city can contain.

GRACE KING, in Harper's Bazar.

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## Annual Celebration in Honor of Her Memory.

THE day following Christmas there was held, in New Orleans, a celebration in memory of Margaret. It is held every year at Christmas-time, and her monument is wreathed with flowers by the many orphans whom she benefited during her life-time.

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IF God sends you adversity, receive it submissively and return thanks to Him for it; consider that you have been well blessed and that all will turn to your advantage. If He gives you prosperity, thank Him most humbly, and guard yourself against the sin of pride, for God's gifts ought not to serve as weapons against Him.

# The Church at Home and Abroad.

## UNITED STATES.

THIS is the centennial year of the establishment of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States, and the church's present strength, as shown in Sadliers' Catholic Directory for 1889, has more than usual interest. According to this compilation, there are in the seven Sees of New England 942 priests — 107 regulars and 835 seculars — who attend 632 churches, 107 stations, and 129 chapels. Of these the archdiocese of Boston counts 325 priests, 160 churches, 11 stations and 51 chapels. The Catholic population of New England is placed at 1,211,100 souls; that of each diocese being recorded as follows: Boston, 475,000; Burlington, 40,000; Hartford, 200,000; Manchester, 70,000; Portland, 71,100; Providence, 190,000, and Springfield 165,000. These seven Sees support 2,018 orphans in 22 asylums. Boston claims 10 asylums and 1,000 of the orphans. In the theological seminary at Brighton the Boston See has 80 students; Burlington, 11; Hartford, 30; Manchester, 20; Providence, 30; Springfield, 50; a total of 221. Boston has 47 parochial schools, attended by 25,000 children; Burlington, 16, with 4,000 children; Hartford, 36 schools, with 14,318 children; Manchester, 28 schools, with 6,500 pupils; Portland, 15 schools, with 3,671 pupils; Providence, 26 schools, with 9,200, pupils; Springfield, 24 schools, with 9,523, — making a total of 192 parochial schools in New England, with 72,212 pupils.

The total figures for the United States are as follows: priests, 8,118 — 2,008 regulars and 6,110 seculars; churches, 7,353, with about 3,000 stations and about 1,500 chapels, the returns from the latter two not being complete; orphan asylums, 199, with about 28,000 orphans; 32 theological seminaries, with 1,570 students. The number of colleges is placed at 124; academies, 549; and the parochial schools are said to be 2,799, with 597,194 pupils. The figures for the parochial schools and pupils cannot, of course, be exactly correct, since new buildings are being erected according to the decrees of the Baltimore council. There are 13 archdioceses in the United States, with 60 suffragan Sees, seven vicariates, and one prefecture apostolic. These are ruled by 13 archbishops, 73 bishops, and two administrators, — several bishops having coadjutors, who, with the vicar-apostolic, take their titles from Sees in *partibus infidelium*. There are 6 mitred abbots in the country, and the entire Catholic population is placed at 8,157,676.* The figures for the various Sees have been furnished by the diocesan chancellor, and must be considered reliable. One hundred years ago, at the establishment of the hierarchy, the Catholic population numbered but 44,500. The figures of that time were collected for the Holy See, and the division was announced as follows: "There are in New England about 600; New York and New Jersey, 1,700; Pennsylvania and Delaware, 7,700; Maryland — freemen, 12,000; slaves, 8000 — 20,000; at the Illinois, at Kaskaskia, and several other establish-

* The Catholic Review states that the Catholic population of the United States is generally agreed to be far above ten millions of souls.

ments purely French, on the Mississippi, 12,000." It will be seen from this that the Catholic centennial, which will be on Nov. 6, 1889, will look back upon progress that every denomination cannot boast of.

### ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES.

According to the British Catholic Directory, published by Burns & Oates, the estimated Catholic population of the British Empire is 9,730,000. It is distributed as follows: Ireland, 3,913,000; England and Wales, 1,360,000; Scotland, 327,000; in the colonies and dependencies, the numbers are: America (Canada, Newfoundland, West Indies, etc.), 2,200,000; Australasia (Australia, New Zealand, etc.), 580,000; Asia, (British India, Ceylon, etc.), 1,044,000; Africa (South Africa, Gold Coast, Mauritius, etc.), 131,000; European colonies (Gibraltar, Malta, and Gozo), 175,000. There are 25 Archiepiscopal Sees, 96 Episcopal Sees, 20 Vicariates-Apostolic, and eight Prefectures-Apostolic. It would be interesting to know the exact proportion of Irish Catholics. Outside Ireland, but within the Empire, there cannot be less than two and a half millions of Irish Catholics. Three-fourths or more of the Catholics of Great Britain are Irish; nearly all the Australasian Catholics are Irish; the proportion of Irish in the Catholic population of South Africa is very great; and a considerable percentage of the Catholics of Canada and Newfoundland. That would give us close on six millions and a half; and we would not be much out in fixing the number at between six and a quarter and six and a half millions. Six of these millions are Home Rulers and Nationalists, too, — a considerable force to have planted in the important and advancing portions of the Empire. This is a point that ought to commend itself to Imperialists.

There are thirty-two Catholic Peers in the Upper House. In the House of Commons there are more Catholic members than there have been at any one time for some years back. Five sit for English, and seventy-five for Irish, constituencies. Of these eighty members, two are supporters of the government (Mr. Matthews and Mr. De Lisle), while no less than seventy-eight are Home Rulers.

In Scotland, it appears, there are 340 priests, 186 missions, 335 churches, chapels, and stations, and 312 departments of day schools. In the number of priests, missions, and churches, an increase is reported over last year. The Glasgow Archdiocese heads the list of priests, with 144; St. Andrews and Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Dunkeld, Argyle and the Isles, and Galloway following with 59, 51, 32, 26, and 25 priests. In the Glasgow Archdiocese there are 196 departments of day schools; in St. Andrews and Edinburgh, 32; Dunkeld, 27; Galloway, 23; Aberdeen, 21; and Argyle and the Isles, eight.

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JUSTICE constitutes the true nobility of the soul; it recognizes each one according to his rank; it preserves respect for our superiors, harmony among equals, and proper discipline with inferiors; it exacts obedience to God and distrust of ourselves, patience with our enemies, and compassion for the afflicted.

# The Hundredth Celebration of Washington's Inauguration as President of the U. S.

THIS is the era of centennial celebrations; but it is no longer fashionable to speak sneeringly of them. In these days, when anarchy and socialism have become so prominent, it is well to let the thousands of strangers that are pouring into this country every month, know that we have a glorious past, and that our prosperity as a nation to-day is the result of the foundations laid a hundred years ago.

Thirteen years last April took place the centennial of the battle of Lexington, then came the Bunker Hill celebration, of June 17, 1875, and the great centennial celebration of the Declaration of Independence, in Philadelphia, in 1876. Since then have taken place the Yorktown celebration, the Evacuation Day celebration, the celebration of the formation of the Constitution of the United States, and other smaller centennial celebrations. The last of our centennials will be the hundredth anniversary of the Inauguration of George Washington as President of the United States. The formation of the Constitution was the outgrowth of the Declaration of Independence; but the capping to the foundations that were laid in 1776, occurred thirteen years later, when the first President of the United States was inaugurated. This historic ceremony was the final setting in motion the wheels of government. The United States of America then became a reality in every sense of the word. It seems fitting, therefore, that an event so august as the inauguration of Washington should be grandly celebrated, and everything possible is being done in New York to make this last of the centennial celebrations the most brilliant. An outline of what it is proposed to do in this city on April 29th and April 30th, next, cannot fail to interest.

Early on the morning of the 29th of April, the President of the United States and his Cabinet, and the Supreme Court of the United States, and other officials of distinction, who have been specially invited, will leave Washington and proceed via Philadelphia and Trenton to Elizabethport, in New Jersey, taking the same route that Washington took in going from Mount Vernon to New York, in April of 1789, to be inaugurated. At Elizabethport the Presidential party will take a government dispatch boat and steam up New York Bay to the foot of Wall street, passing, *en route*, foreign vessels and vessels from our own navy, and boats of every description will be ranged in line by the Navy Committee. These vessels will salute the Presidential party as the vessels in the harbor, in 1789, saluted Washington as he was rowed by thirteen pilots in an elegant barge up to the foot of Wall street. The Navy Committee consists, in part, of Maj. Asa Bird, Gardiner, chairman, and Loyall Farragut (son of the Admiral), secretary. On the arrival of the party at the foot of Wall street, President Harrison will be met by the mayor and the committee, and escorted to his headquarters. That evening there will be a ball in the Metropolitan Opera House, and it is proposed to make it the grandest ball that has ever

been held in the city of New York. The chairman of the committee, who will have charge of the ball, is Stuyvesant Fish, the son of ex-Secretary of State Hamilton Fish, the president of the general committee.

On Tuesday morning, April 30th, it is proposed to hold brief religious services in St. Paul's Church, where Washington, Vice-president Adams, and the two Houses of Congress attended service on the day of the Inauguration. As Dr. Provost, the bishop of New York, and the chaplain of the senate, conducted the service a hundred years ago, so Bishop Potter, of New York, will conduct the service on April 30th. President Harrison, and other invited guests, will be in attendance at the special service in St. Paul's Church. The ministers have also been asked to hold special services in their respective churches, in the morning at nine o'clock, on April 30, and nearly every one who has been written to on the subject has replied favoring the idea. It was at nine o'clock on the morning of the Inauguration, in 1789, that the doors of all churches in New York were thrown open for a brief service of prayer, and it is proposed, not only to have brief services of thanksgiving in the churches of New York, but also throughout the state and Union.

The formal literary exercises will take place on the steps of the Sub-Treasury, corner Nassau and Wall streets, at half past ten o'clock. Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D., LL.D., of Brooklyn, will offer the prayer. A poem is expected from the venerable Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. Chauncey M. Depew will deliver the oration. The President of the United States will speak, and Archbishop Corrigan will pronounce the Benediction. At precisely twelve o'clock, a salute of twenty-one guns will be given to the American flags from ships of war of every nationality in New York Harbor, and from the batteries of Castle William, Fort Hamilton, and Wadsworth; then the grand military parade will pass the reviewing stand, at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, where stood, a hundred years ago, old Federal Hall, the scene of the Inauguration ceremony. In the evening of April 30th, there will be a banquet at the Metropolitan Opera House.

At the last session of the Legislature of the state a law was passed making April 30th a legal holiday.

### CATHOLIC CO-OPERATION.

The following, among other letters, has been received in response to a request sent by Hon. Elbridge T. Gerry, Chairman of the Executive Committee on the Centennial of Washington's Inauguration, from clergymen in New York city, asking their opinion regarding services of thanksgiving to be held at nine o'clock, on the morning of April 30th next, the same hour that religious services were held in the churches in New York on April 30th, 1789: I am directed by Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 19th instant, communicating the resolutions adopted at the meeting of the Committee of Centennial Celebration on plan and scope, held at the mayor's office, on Nov. 8th. He instructs me to say that he will be prepared

to arrange with the rectors of the churches in his jurisdiction for a service of thanksgiving on the morning of April 30th. In answer to your second question, he desires me to say that in his opinion, it does not seem desirable to have special services throughout the Union, as the reasons for having these services here do not apply elsewhere, for, though the event to be commemorated is one that interests the people of the whole country, its celebration has not for them that same special interest it has for the citizens of the metropolis. If it be decided to have special services throughout the country, the Archbishop would suggest that the committees communicate with the Bishops in the different states. REV. C. E. MCDONNELL.

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# A Protestant Minister and the Lepers.

REV. HUGH B. CHAPMAN, Protestant Vicar of St. Luke's Church, Camberwell, England, is entitled to the prayers of all Catholics that God may lead him to the light of the true faith, for the aid he has extended toward Father Damien in his labors among the lepers of Molokai. Here is his latest letter, which breathes a spirit of charity which is superhuman in its expression and munificent in its benevolent spirit.

DEAR FATHER, — I herewith enclose you a draft on Bishop & Co., of Honolulu, for one thousand pounds, which has been subscribed by many who are grateful to God for the example of your heroic self-devotion. Personally I have done nothing in the matter except receive the funds, and I require no thanks whatever. The honor lies with those who are thus allowed to testify to you their respectful love. This money is for your own disposal, entirely as you think fit, and is devoted to the erection of a chapel for your Catholic lepers at Molokai. I hope to send a further draft for two or three hundred pounds by a later mail. Meanwhile I humbly ask a place in your prayers, that I may imbibe some of your spirit of sacrifice, of which up till now I knew so little. I should much like to have come to you myself, and to have offered my unworthy services to your flock; but, apparently, it is the will of God that I should remain at my post among His poor in this place. Many of them are almost starving, and though I am myself so poor that I cannot help them much, it is not in my heart to leave them. I have also made a promise that, so long as my health holds out, I will give them my life without reserve. Otherwise I should have come to you, and tended you until you went home. Give my dear old Clifford my strongest love. I envy that fellow more than I have done anybody for years; but I cannot even pay you my intended visit in the spring, as I am quite stone-broke, and we simply can't move here for lack of funds. Never mind. *A la bonne heure.* We mean to be as jolly as sandboys. Once more may the Saviour console you in your martyrdom by the thought, that, in being thus 'lifted up,' you have drawn many to His Cross. I am well aware that I do not belong to your special branch of the Catholic Church; but, though I be from your point of view outside the fold, nothing can prevent my kneeling at your feet. I respectfully salute you as my superior, because you are eminently His servant. Allow me to subscribe myself, your loving friend, Hugh B. Chapman, Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell.

P. S. Give my love to all the lepers. I kiss them in spirit. Next mail I will write you a business letter about certain Catholic nurses and other matters. All the subscribers' letters follow by parcel post. H. B. C.

# Emmet.

ONE HUNDRED AND NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH.

Among the names of those whom the people of Ireland delight to honor, that of Robert Emmet is deep-seated in the love and admiration of his country. He was born March 4th, in the year 1780, in the city of Dublin, and was of a distinguished Protestant family. Early in life he evinced a great love for his suffering country. For this well-known love, and the intrepid and fearless expression of his views, he, with nineteen others, was expelled from Trinity College. He had by this time exhibited such powers of intellect as to excite a high consideration, and great expectations of his future career were held by his associates. His early college friend, Tom Moore, says, of all he had ever known, and Moore was no mean critic, he would place among the "highest of the few" who combined in "the greatest degree pure moral worth with intellectual power," Robert Emmet. After his expulsion from college, Emmet travelled considerably on the continent, his brother having been already expatriated for patriotic sentiments. He joined his brother in Paris, and was taken into the confidence of the Irish exiles living there, who were in direct communication with Bonaparte and Talleyrand. A speedy rupture between France and England was looked forward to, and, accordingly, the exiles were not surprised at the declaration of war between the two countries which was officially announced in May, 1803. In anticipation of this, and a consequent invasion of Ireland, Emmet returned to Ireland the October previous in order to re-establish the old organization of the United Irishmen. The exiles in France, with the consent of Napoleon, also in anticipation of being able to help the cause of their country, formed themselves into a legion, under command of Wolfe Tone's aid-de-camp, McSheehy, while Emmet's brother, Thomas Addis, and Arthur O'Connor, remained in Paris as the ambassadors of their countrymen. Napoleon encouraged the Irish leaders very earnestly, and even suggested under what colors and motto they should fight on their native soil. Everything appeared in favor of the patriots, and Emmet seemed confident that at least a majority of the counties of Ireland would revolt, and if the French troops could have been landed in time, the plot would probably have been successful. Considerable contributions of money, besides his own fortune, enabled him to procure pikes with which to arm the people. In the month of March, when England had decided to renew war with France, but before the officially promulgated declaration, the preparations of the Irish leaders were pushed forward with great energy.

The idea was to seize the castle, and that the disaffected city of Dublin would favor and support the revolutionists, which it no doubt would if the plan was successful. It was reasonably expected that once the castle of Dublin had fallen nineteen counties out of the thirty-two would rise in revolt. These sanguine prospects of success might well have deceived an older head than Emmet. If the blow

could have been withheld until August the cause might have been successful, as there was every expectation of the French invading England, when Ireland drained of regular troops, the people would have none to fight but the militia and volunteers. But this was fated not to be. Various depots of powder and firearms were established in different parts of the city, and July 23d was fixed upon to seize the castle and arsenals. On the evening of that day the revolutionists were assembled, and after delivering an animated harangue Emmet directed the distribution of pikes among them. The band marched cheering into the principal streets, and immediately swelled into a tremendous and furious mob. Meeting the carriage of Chief Justice Kilwarden, who was passing at the time, the people surrounded it, and he was immediately killed. The crowd, however, hesitated to follow their gallant leader to the castle, and was dispersed very quickly by a small body of soldiers. Emmet then escaped into the Wicklow mountains. After the failure of his first attempt, he counselled moderation among his followers, and set about to prepare for future effort, hoping soon to be able to renew the struggle. He remained in Ireland for a while, and might have evaded the government pursuit, but a romantic love which he bore for the daughter of Curran induced him to return to Dublin in order to see her. He was very soon discovered and arrested. He was tried before Lord Norbury and conducted his own defence, and the immortal speech he then made is known to every schoolboy. But defence was of no avail, and he was condemned and sentenced to death. On the 20th of September following he was executed on the same spot where the Chief Justice was killed.

Thus perished Emmet at the early age of twenty-three, than whom no more ardent lover of Ireland ever lived. And well may his countrymen hold in veneration the anniversary of his birth. Who shall say that Emmet lived and died in vain? It is true that the attempt at insurrection ended disastrously, and to the minds of cautious men could appear in no other light than imprudent. Nay, to many it may appear as bordering on criminal madness. But still it is such frantic attempts as that of Emmet to crush out wrong, to break the shackles riveted by tyrannical power, that serve to make mankind detest injustice, and know that the eternal principle of right cannot be stamped into dumb subjection. The example of Emmet has had an incalculable influence on the patriot of every land striving for the liberty of his fatherland, and his spirit has permeated the hearts of the Irish people ever since.

### SHE SAW EMMET BEHEADED.

The Woodland (Cal.) Democrat states, that in the county hospital there is a very old lady, who relates a remarkable circumstance. She was born in Ireland over a century ago, and witnessed the execution of Robert Emmet. Her description is clear, and goes even into childish details. She describes the soldiery and excitement, and does not forget the sound whipping she received that day for running off, with another girl, to witness the execution. She climbed an old brick wall, and, from that point of view, saw the beheading, and heard the

executioners exclaim, "Behold the head of a traitor!" The head was then laid in a wagon. That night, when her father came home, she told him of the whipping she had received; he said to her mother: "You should not have done that, for she has seen something she will remember the longest day she lives." Robert Emmet was beheaded Sept. 20, 1803, and, according to her recollection, she was then sixteen years old. During her recital of this bit of history, a reporter present noticed a little boy paying strict attention to the strange story. Should this little fellow live to be eighty years old, he will be able to say, one hundred and sixty-three years after the event, that he heard an eye-witness describe the execution of Robert Emmet. The recollection of the old lady extends back five years before that time. She has a daughter living, who is now in her eighty-first year.

## THE SENTENCE OF ROBERT EMMET.

"When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."

A crowded court, a breathless bar,
Both judge and jury flushed with rage,
A fearless felon there to mar
And blot with shame Britannia's page!
A hero brave, a rebel bold,
A patriot to make tyrant pause,
A man of gallant, martial mould,
A martyr in his country's cause!

And who the prisoner in the dock?
And what his crime against the state?
And why a doom worse than the block
Pronounced on one so good and great?
A name with honor to be known
In every age and every land
Where freedom bravely holds her own
And freemen rally hand in hand.

O Robert Emmet, glorious son
Of liberty and Erin's love,
Thy dying words have but begun
To echo to the skies above!
Thy crime, thy country's pride and boast,
Thy death the dearest men may crave
To drive the despot from her coast,
A people to unchain and save.

The brutal Toler jibes and jeers,
The traitor Plunket smiles in scorn,
While Irishmen are moved to tears,
And generous breasts with grief are torn,
As Emmet dares the bench's worst,
Its ruthless wrath, the hangman's knot,
A sentence cruel and accurst,
A fate that cannot be forgot!

And all for love of native land,
Of friends and fields and firesides dear,
He stands a champion, royal, grand,
Of noble front, without a fear!
His cheeks unblanched, his pulse unchecked,
To face the gallows and the grave,
A victim for the altar decked
With blessings that about him wave.

"Let no man write my epigraph,
But lay my memory in the tomb
Until the bitter cup we quaff
Be wreathed with the shamrock's bloom!
And dear old Ireland takes her place
Among the nations of the world,
The sunburst lighting up her face,
Her emerald flag again unfurled!"

He died amid the heartfelt grief
Of comrades, brothers in the strife,
None strong enough to yield relief,
No pity there to spare his life!
And Britain's doom was breathed that morn
In judgment on the rising gale,
For vows of dire revenge were borne
On sighs that soon became a wail!

The life that Emmet freely gave
Is cherished in the nation's soul!
The love he bore springs from his grave
To bless the earth while time shall roll!
His sacred gift, a sainted name,
Hibernia, is forever thine,
To lead thy sons to endless fame,
Thy daughters to a holy shrine!

The Harp of Tara sounds once more,
For patriot fingers sweep the strings,
And heroes throng the blood-stained shore
Whose cheer above the battle rings!

The seed that swells the Irish sod
Was sown by hands upraised on high
In prayer and reverence to God,
And martyr harvests never die!

The soul of Emmet marches on
Among the silent, serried ranks,
With steadfast eye towards the sun,
Upon eternity's green banks!
The book of fate is never shut,
Nor dry the ink on history's page,
Till right above the wrong is put,
And justice triumphs o'er the age!

DAVID GRAHAM ADEE.

## The Church and Politics.

IN political affairs, not in the United States alone, but n land under the sun, the Catholic Church is neutral, save where her authoritative voice is called for to pronounce on a matter of faith or morals. That is her domain. There she speaks and must speak. Outside of that domain sh: ..ters into no strife of parties or partisans. Catholics are open to f.. ow their own convictions and predilections untrammelled by bishop or priest. Ecclesiastical interference is never dreamed of by a Catholic in matters purely political. The Holy Father does not wag a finger to influence the elections in Italy even. All is left to the intelligence and conscience of the voters. In cases such as occurred of late years in Prussia and in Belgium, where a distinct and most hostile attack was made by the government on the Catholic Church, her teachings, and her institutions, Catholics, as a matter of course and self-preservation, ranged themselves against the government which had attacked them; but it needed no special clerical advice to cause them to adopt this course of action.

Catholic Review.

## Trying to Coerce a Priest.

CAN a priest be made to give a man a Catholic burial who died impenitent? Of course not, every Catholic will reply; but there is a notion in Germany that in the present day a priest may be made to do almost anything against his will. A case of this kind arose a little while ago at Kissingen, in Bavaria. There was a man called Perger, a Catholic by birth, but who had led the life of a heathen for years, and brought up his children as Protestants. When on his death-bed he sent for the priest, and asked to receive the Holy Sacrament. The priest, as in duty bound, refused to administer it unless Perger complied with the conditions laid down by the church. Perger declined, and, instead of doing penance, he sent for the Protestant minister, and declared his intention of becoming a Lutheran. Before he could suit the action to the word he died, and his friends now asked that he should be buried according to the rites of the Catholic church. This the priest, in his turn refused to do, and the German infidel papers are now making a great fuss about it, and want to have that priest indicted for excess of duty. Even the existing absurd laws do not bear out this view, for there is no law yet to compel a priest to give a Catholic burial to an infidel.

# Cardinal Gibbons at the Colored Congress.

The Cardinal took for his text: "And you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. They answered him: We are the seed of Abraham, and we have never been slaves to any man; how sayest Thou, You shall be free. Jesus answered them: Amen, amen, I say unto you, that whosoever committeth sin, is the servant of sin. Now the servant abideth not in the house forever, but the son abideth forever. If therefore the son shall make you free, you shall be free indeed." — St. John viii. 32–36.

"If, therefore, the Son shall make you free, you shall be free indeed." There is no word, my dearly beloved brethren, more highly cherished by man than the word "liberty." We all love liberty: it is dear to our hearts and thrice blessed is he who possesses the liberty, the glorious liberty, of the children of God, which Christ says makes us free indeed. There is no more blessed word than "liberty," and yet there is no word more abused or perverted. Why is this? Because it is not understood, and from the fact that the word "liberty" has a wide signification and admits of many definitions. Man may possess physical liberty; he may be able to move from place to place with ease, and he may enjoy religious liberty—be permitted to worship God according to the convictions of his own heart; he also enjoys liberty when he is free from the restraints of others and obeys the laws of society. Now, brethren, you all exercise these three kinds of liberty which I have mentioned. You exercised physical liberty in coming to this beautiful church and taking your seats; you enjoy religious liberty on this solemn and most glorious occasion by worshipping Almighty God according to your faith, and you have probably enjoyed political liberty in voting at the late election for the candidate of your choice. There is another liberty, far more glorious and sublime; I refer to moral liberty, by which you choose between right and wrong, between virtue and vice, between truth and error, justice and injustice. This is a liberty more sublime, and is the prerogative that distinguishes man from the brute creation; for man alone enjoys the privilege of moral liberty to choose right or wrong. This liberty makes man like unto God and his holy angels. Man can lift himself to the angelic heights of heaven, or he can lower himself to the company of the demons of darkness. Liberty may be said to be a sword which can either inflict a mortal wound upon its possessor, as it did with Saul, or, as in the hands of the Archangel Michael, conquer the world for God. What is it that distinguishes between men? The manner in which they use their free will; it is this which distinguishes between the apostle and the apostate, the soldier and the coward, the just ruler and the tyrant. If the names of St. Vincent de Paul and Blessed Thomas More are revered and venerated, it is because they made good use of their liberty in promoting the cause of God and the welfare of man; if the names of Nero, Diocletian, and Robespierre are despised, it is because they made use of their liberty to crush out the liberty of their fellow-men. We will be judged and our names honored or despised according as we make use of the liberty which we possess. How, then, are we to use

this precious gift, this inestimable blessing? We should use it by endeavoring to suppress vice, by avoiding sin, by discountenancing immorality, and by encouraging virtue and morality as freemen, and not make liberty the cloak of malice. Whosoever committeth sin becomes the slave of sin! What a degradation to fall from the high place of the children of God to that of the demons of darkness! Look at Solomon, the great king of Israel, the light of Judea,— a man whose commanding wisdom and intelligence have become proverbs; look at him! So long as his heart was pure, and he exercised his free will aright, he was the glory of his nation. When he surrendered his will to his passions, he who, like the oak, had defied the storms and ruled Judea with so much wisdom and justice, became so besotted by misuse of his liberty that he built temples to false gods and worshipped them.

No man loves civil liberty more than I do. If I have one passion stronger than another, it is love for our institutions; but do we not sometimes overestimate our liberty? What will it profit us to exercise the right of the elective franchise, to be esteemed as free-born citizens, if, within the circles of our homes, the sanctuaries of our hearts, we are slaves of anger, domestic broils, resentments, impurity, covetousness, false ambitions, and, above all, of false public opinions. Oh, that man alone deserves to be called free who is master of his passions!

Look at Herod on his throne, and John the Baptist in his dungeon. Herod enjoyed liberty; he had within his hands the power of life and death, and yet he was the greatest of slaves, because he was the slave of his own passions. Look at John; he was a freeman, because his soul dwelt within the kingdom of God, and could not be enslaved by the tyrant. Such is the liberty we should desire, by which we can conquer our passions.

To-day I welcome you in my own name, in the name of the clergy, and of the congregation of St. Augustine's, and congratulate you on meeting for the purpose which has called you together. Unless I am mistaken, you will find this congregation deserving of its reputation for intelligence and hospitality. The people of St. Augustine's will hold out to you the hand of fellowship, and make your stay here pleasant and agreeable.

This day will mark an era in the history of the colored Catholics of America. This is the first time they have assembled, and I have no doubt that many good results will follow from this congress. It will strengthen you, and give additional force to your convictions. In union there is strength. This is true in mercantile, social, and religious life. Take a single drop of water, how powerless it is. Add to it millions of other drops, and what a force you have. Look at the father of waters, the mighty Mississippi, as it rolls from its source in the north down to the gulf. It is the giant highway of our country, a source of wealth and a blessing, but only when it is kept within bounds. Let it overleap the banks, and its path is marked with ruins. So with you; if you remain within the bounds of wisdom, prudence, charity, and discretion, blessings will come upon you, upon your families, and upon our country. Remember, the eye of the whole country is upon you. It is not the eye of friendship, but one full of criticism. "Handsome is as

handsome does." It is not for me to select the subjects for your consideration; they should be suggested by others. What is more important, in our day, than Christian education? without which society cannot rest secure. You might also consider the question of temperance, on which the happiness of individuals and homes depends. Then the practice of economy, and the necessity of inculcating a love for industry, might command your attention. Thanks be to God, every honest occupation is honorable. It is not social position that makes the man, but the manner in which he exercises his liberty. Resolve to unite with your pastors in promoting every good cause, and to aid them in every possible way in the great work in which they are engaged. Thanks be to God, you belong to a church which knows no North or South, — one which even the civil war could not divide; a church which knows not Jew, Greek, or barbarian. Our Saviour broke down the wall that divided men, and made us one family; we know no race. There is no distinction in church on account of race or condition. What more beautiful evidence of this can be found than to behold, within this sanctuary, a priest of your own race offering up the Holy Sacrifice, assisted by two of the order which has done so much for you? Is not this a beautiful spectacle? We have one God, one faith, one baptism. May God bless you, and may you have the ability and light to carry on the work you have undertaken.

FATHER SLATTERY'S ADDRESS.

Fellow Catholics and fellow-citizens: these I consider the best titles any man can boast of. First a Catholic and then a citizen. We are all Catholics and citizens of America. We possess that civil liberty of which the Cardinal spoke yesterday, and, above all, moral liberty. But my remarks are going to be confined to my individual work. A few years ago I had to send a colored boy to Canada to be educated; many said it was foolish. That boy is with me now. It was a question if he could come to the seminary. I asked the Sulpicians, who put it to the vote of the students in the seminary. How many do you think voted for his admission? Every mother's son of them. I told the Cardinal of this, and he said that had any of them voted against it, he would have bowed his head in sorrow. It is a serious thing to take colored boys and make them priests. They have as much right to be priests as I have, and I do not believe we will succeed in this work, until we have hundreds and thousands of colored priests. It has been said that you don't want colored priests. The way you have received Father Tolton shows that to be a lie.

The colored women are better than the colored men; but they alone cannot elevate the race. If the men are not thorough Christians, how can I raise priests? If you are what you ought to be, you will become a great race; if you are not, my work will be a failure. You have a great future before you; if you are united you will become like the leaven spoken of in the Gospel. Had any one told me of this congress ten years ago, I would have been dumfounded. Father Slattery referred to a colored boy now in the seminary, who, in the mid-winter examination, in a class of eighty, stood among the first five. "I

have three boys," said he, "in England — one from Virginia and two from Maryland. I also have a boy from Baltimore in Bishop Ireland's college. I knew no one at the time who would take him except the Bishop — God bless him." Train your families right; go to church; frequent the sacraments. It is the good example at home which puts into the breasts of boys the desire to become priests. Say your night prayers; try to put your boys in the sanctuary. All cannot be priests; we want the best. An Irish woman never takes a boy of no account for the service of the altar. As soon as we have plenty of good colored priests things will change across the Potomac. Do you wish to increase our joy and confidence? It rests with you. In forty-eight hours your labors will cease. Carry home with you a determination to do your best, and when you next assemble you will behold the fruit of your labors.

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## Conversion of a Protestant Through the Holy Face.

In the month of December, 1885, I stopped at Tours for a few hours only; but, during that short time, I visited the chapel of the Holy Face. I had never heard it mentioned, nor had I heard of M. Dupont. I had arrived from America but a few weeks before. I was a Protestant, and had been brought up from my earliest years amid Protestant surroundings, and had never in my life met a Catholic priest. I had, however, read several works that had fallen into my hands, and I had even a great devotion for St. Francis of Sales and for St. Catherine of Sienna; I entertained, also, a profound veneration for Mgr. Cheverus, first Bishop of Boston, in America, who died later at Bordeaux as Archbishop and Cardinal, but who has left at Boston (which he left prior to my birth), a memory of holiness even among Protestants. For several years I had had an idea that he had some influence over my life; but I was unable to explain the matter to myself. Hence, I was not, it may be seen, without some attractions for the Catholic church; nevertheless, I was a Protestant when I visited the chapel of the Holy Face. I there found, so to speak, an atmosphere of holiness and of devotion, which touched me deeply, and which I have never been able to forget. It seemed to me as if a reflection of the Holy Face had fallen upon that other face, that of the saintly dead, which is seen in the vestibule. It is now about five months since I became a Catholic. I had the pleasure of being confirmed at Rome, at the Trinita dei Monti, by Mgr. Mermillod, successor of St. Francis of Sales. As soon as I was confirmed I formed the resolution to return to Tours to give thanks to God, in the chapel of the Holy Face, so firmly am I persuaded that I there received a great grace during the Advent of 1885. To whom can it be attributed if not to the intercession of M. Dupont? That is the question that I ask myself. I am, perhaps, too young in my Catholic life to be able to reply to that question with the certainty that I can expect from those who have more knowledge than I on the subject.

M. Q., in The Catholic American.

# Leo XIII. and Ireland.

THE HOLY FATHER'S TOUCHING LETTER TO THE IRISH BISHOPS.

THE following letter from his Holiness Leo XIII. to the members of the Irish Episcopate was read by the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, on Sunday, Dec. 30, at the close of a discourse which he delivered in the Cathedral, Marlborough street:

VENERABLE BROTHER, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION:

Whilst we embrace with a father's love every member of the fold of Christ, which he has intrusted to our keeping, our most special care, and the first place in our thoughts, are reserved for those whom we know to be sufferers from misfortune. For we are moved by that instinct which nature has implanted in the heart of every parent, to love and cherish beyond all the rest those of their children who have been stricken by any calamity. For this reason, we have always held in a special feeling of affection the Catholics of Ireland, long and sorely tried by so many afflictions. And we have ever cherished them with a love all the more intense, for their marvellous fortitude under these sufferings, and for their hereditary attachment to their religion, which no pressure of misfortune has ever been able to destroy or weaken.

As to the counsels that we have given them, from time to time, and our recent decree, we were moved in these things not only by the consideration of what is conformable to truth and justice. but also by the desire of advancing your interests. For such is our affection for you that it does not suffer us to allow the cause in which Ireland is struggling to be weakened by the introduction of anything that could justly be brought in reproach against it.

And that our affection towards the people of Ireland may now be specially manifested, we send to you a number of gifts. Amongst them there are vestments, sacred vessels, and ornaments of various kinds for the furnishing of the altar. These, for the greater splendor of the house of God and of His worship, we present to the Cathedral Churches of Ireland. There are also other gifts of less value. These we have specially blessed. They will serve to promote the piety of the persons to whom we wish them to be given, in accordance with the directions that will be sent to you.

We are confident that even from this it will be most clearly seen that our paternal love for the people of Ireland has undergone no change. And upon this our love for them they will have ever stronger and stronger claims, if they continue to receive our teaching with docility, trusting in us, and keeping on their guard against the deceits of those who do not shrink from putting a false construction upon our counsels, in the hope of uprooting, if it were possible, that renowned fidelity to the Catholic Church, which holds so high a place amongst the virtues of the people of Ireland, and which has come to them from their forefathers as their chief and richest inheritance.

With a fervent prayer that our Apostolic Benediction may bring with it the richest gifts and graces of Heaven, we most lovingly bestow

it upon you, venerable brother, upon the clergy and faithful of your charge, and upon all Ireland.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the twenty-first day of December, in the year of our Lord, 1888, the eleventh year of our Pontificate.

LEO XIII., POPE.

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# Remittances to Ireland.

SPEAKING of the Christmas remittances of money to Ireland, Father Cronin in the Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y., says:

"We can well understand how, when the festive holly illumes our shop windows with its brilliant berries, the heart of the Irish girl goes back in fondest dreams to the old home far away, and longs to gladden, with some token to show that she loves and remembers them yet, the eyes and the heart that were dimmed and darkened when she spoke her farewell to her girlhood home. In Ireland, Christmas is the festival of festivals. The Irish heart flings around the manger of the New Born King a tenderness and wealth of love which it gives to no other day. And the blended memories of the religious and social joys which then well up in the Irish nature with their sweetness of laughter and of tears, never wholly vanish from the heart. And so, when December days begin to gloom the sky, the memory of the old thatched cottage by the wildwood, or rudely throned on the mountain-side, looms up to her imagination; she knows by heart every path over the emerald green to stream and village and chapel. And, oh, what would she not give for one bounding day amid these scenes so dear. Alas! she cannot go, at least just yet. She is working hard, up early and late, and perhaps scantily paid. But yet she manages to remember the poor old father and mother at blessed Christmas time; and who knows but that 'some fair day when south winds blow' she'll have saved enough to go back home again.

"God bless our Irish girls, so loyal, so fond and true! May they ever remain the honor which they now are to their creed and country!"

The amount of money sent to Ireland from all parts of the world is almost incredible. From the United States, Canada, Australia, South America, etc., millions of dollars are sent annually. Just think of it. From Boston alone, a few weeks before Christmas, Mr. Donahoe sent not far from sixty thousand dollars! and during the year 1888, he drew 19,960 drafts on the National Bank, representing $282,295. There are several other houses, notably the Cunard office, who send money also, probably nearly as much more. If Boston and vicinity sent such an amount, what must twenty-five or thirty millions of the Irish race throughout the world have sent to their friends and relatives in the Old Land. Notwithstanding this enormous outlay, the children of the Gael have enough left to meet the numerous calls made upon them for the erection of churches, schools-houses, asylums for the poor, etc., and have large deposits in the savings banks besides. No wonder Father Cronin extols their faith and generosity.

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REFLECT and bear in mind that the day of your death is approaching. I implore you, with all due respect, not to forget God in the midst of the cares and anxieties of this world, nor to turn aside from the way of His Commandments.

# The Grand Old Man.

Mr. Gladstone entered on his eightieth year on the 29th of December. He is enjoying his holiday in Southern Italy as keenly as a schoolboy revels in Christmas; and health and vigor of mind and body give him an absolute exuberance of physical and intellectual activity. He has been flooded with letters and messages of esteem, affection, and veneration, from all quarters and all classes; and if he has bitter and malevolent foes, he certainly has also the blessing of a grand old age — hosts of admiring and loving friends. Old age in the ordinary sense of this word is indeed the last phrase in the language applicable to Mr. Gladstone's condition. He seems to be twice as good a life as he was twelve or thirteen years ago, when he spoke of retiring from the public arena as his years required rest and withdrawal from the active career of a Parliamentarian and party leader. He speaks and writes to-day, not as he wrote to Earl Granville then, but with hope and confidence of being a witness of the reopening of an Irish Parliament in College Green. Men of nothing like the grand physique of Mr. Gladstone amongst the Premiers of England have lived in harness longer than he. Lord Palmerston died in office at the age of eighty-one. Earl Russell was eighty-six at the time of his death. The first Earl Grey survived almost alone to carry the great Reform Bill of 1832, and died at the age of eighty-one. The Duke of Wellington lived till he was eighty-three; and of the great living celebrities of Europe, Cardinal Newman is in his eighty-eighth year; Cardinal Manning, who does as much work as the most zealous of missionary priests, is over eighty. The Vicomte Ferdinand De Lesseps, who is as sturdily fighting for his Panama Canal to-day as twenty years ago he was busy cutting through the Isthmus of Suez, is in his eighty-fourth year. Count Hellmuth Von Moltke is eighty-eight, eight years older than Mr. Gladstone. The Emperor William of Germany was ninety-one at the time of his death. Mr. Gladstone, naturally a stronger man than most of the remarkable personages whose names occur to us as of men notable for their hale longevity, is merely a junior compared with many of them. Lord Brougham was eighty-nine when he died, and amongst living statesmen the present Earl Grey celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday recently. We heartily join in the congratulations of the liberal world to Mr. Gladstone, and we wish him many, many years of useful work and crowning honor. He has been three times Prime Minister of England, and if all the signs prove not deceptive, he shall be his Sovereign's Premier adviser during yet another Administration. His mind is as elastic, as receptive, as busy, as untiring as it ever was, perhaps an American writer would say — only more so. His voice possesses the old resonance, as his oratorical feats at Birmingham this year illustrated in a marvellous manner. His language is as argumentative, as rich in illustration, of power as thrilling, of marshalled convincingness as irresistible. The eye has lost none of the old fire. The ready gesture has almost gained added animation and buoyancy.

He plunges into the struggle for the rights of man in Italy to-day as thirty-eight years ago, when he paid Naples a former memorable visit. The wrongs of the Pope, the Pontiff-prisoner King, find in him as sympathetic a listener as did the poor wretches pining forgotten in the dungeons of King Bomba. May he live to accomplish his great work as the friend of Ireland and of oppressed nationalities, and may his services be fruitful in peace and prosperity to the peoples of three kingdoms not united by a mere paper union, but by a union of hearts, a union of freedom, not coercion.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

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# The School Question.

THE following article, from the pen of Judge Fallon, appeared in the Herald, Globe, and other Boston papers, the day preceding the recent Boston municipal election:

A LAST WORD TO THE PEOPLE OF BOSTON ON THIS SUBJECT.

*To the Editor of the Herald:*—The Count de Maistre once said that history as written during the last three hundred years was a grand conspiracy against truth. This is literally true of the public-school question as expounded in Boston during the last six months by the Fultons, the Miners, the Moxoms, the Dunns, the Townsends, the Hamiltons, and such evangelical (?) teachers. The pulpit in the sacred edifice, no less than the rostrum in the public hall, has been disgraced, and the Lord's Day desecrated by repeated and wilful and malicious violations of God's holy commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

If this were an expression of the feelings and the convictions of the better, the thinking, the educated portion of the community, or if it were the natural product of our public-school instruction, then, indeed, if such instruction was to be continued, would the people of Boston have reason to exclaim, "God save the commonwealth of Massachusetts."

Hardly in the fiercest fanaticism of Know-Nothing times were unoffending foreigners subjected to such abuse, such calumnies, such misrepresentations and indignities as have been heaped, day after day, during the last six months on the Pope, the Jesuits, the Catholic hierarchy, the Catholic community, and the present school board.

In the midst of this storm, which bigotry and fanaticism alone have aroused, what has been the conduct of the Jesuits and the Catholic clergy? They are putting in practice the lesson which they alone seem to have learned with Christian profit from the Holy Bible. They are following the example of their divine Lord. When reviled, insulted, calumniated by the Pharisees of old, He bore all with patience, with humility, with dignified silence. He said never a word in reply. The Catholics on the school board, and off, conscious of the rectitude of their conduct, the absolute justice of their cause in this controversy, the ultimate triumph of truth and justice, willingly abide the verdict of an enlightened community.

But what is the question at issue? What is the cause of the storm which has been aroused? The charge in general terms is that the present school board, acting under the control and influence and dictation of the Pope, the Jesuits, the Catholic clergy, are attempting to sectarianize our public schools. Why, this is the fable of the wolf and the lamb repeated, and the school board is certainly not the wolf. The fact is, the school board, in the wise and judicious exercise of its high prerogative, and with a due sense of its obligations to the whole community, is trying to exclude sectarianism of the vilest kind from our

public schools. This is no man's simple *ipse dixit*, like the fabrications of the fanatics who have disgraced this city. It is the principle on which alone our public schools can hope to exist and flourish.

That principle was enunciated in the report of the high-school committee on June 19 last, was formally approved by the school board, and is as follows: "Our schools are established for the education of all our children. Any language, therefore, by our school teachers, justly offensive to any class of our citizens, whether rich or poor, Catholic or Protestant, or Jew, white or colored, cannot be too severely censured. Boston is too enlightened and too just to tolerate in our schools what every educated man — nay, what every tolerably well instructed person in the community knows to be a vile slander against Catholics." I challenge any man or woman in Boston or elsewhere to point to a word or act of the school board inconsistent, even in the slightest degree, with the principle laid down in that report. This is, therefore, the issue, the true issue, the only issue, on the school question before the people of Boston to-day: Shall sectarianism have triumphant sway in our public schools or shall it be excluded?

SOUTH BOSTON, Dec. 10, 1888. JOSEPH D. FALLON.

The election has taken place. Fanaticism has triumphed. Although more than one half the children attending the public schools are Catholics, not only no Catholic has been elected to membership on the school board, but every Protestant who favored the exclusion of sectarianism from our schools has been defeated. The verdict by Boston, therefore, is this: Catholic children shall, and must be indoctrinated in our public schools with *vile slanders* against their religion. This is, after all, perhaps, the best thing that could happen. The eyes of Catholics are opened, at last, to the necessity of parochial schools. With a view of training teachers for parochial schools, the Rev. President of Boston College asked his congregation for fifty thousand dollars, to enable him to establish a training department in Boston College. The magnificent response has been a subscription in one week of twenty thousand dollars; one gentleman heading the list with five thousand dollars. Let the good work go on. Thanks, ladies and gentlemen fanatics!

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## The Catholic Church and Toleration.

**The Constitution of Maryland, the Only Bright Spot in the Early Settlement of America where Religious Liberty was Guaranteed by the Constitution.**

WHEREAS, the enforcing of the conscience, in matters of religion, hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence in those commonwealths where it has been practised, and for the more quiet and peaceful government of this province, and the better to preserve mutual love and amity among the inhabitants, NO PERSON WITHIN THIS PROVINCE, PROFESSING TO BELIEVE IN JESUS CHRIST, SHALL BE ANYWAYS TROUBLED, MOLESTED, OR DISCOUNTENANCED FOR HIS OR HER RELIGION, or in the free exercise thereof.

Act of the First Colonial Assembly of Catholic Maryland.

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A DESIRE that reason does not approve of, and which is advocated by carnal pleasure alone, is a sure sign of the decline of the spirit of God in us. When the soul grows lukewarm, and forsakes grace, it is necessary for flesh and blood to try and satisfy it. — *St. Francis.*

## Attacks on Priests.

WE hear in America of very few instances in which priests are attacked, except by the tongue of the slanderer. Even the lowest and vilest of criminals have regard for the person of God's minister. He is sacred from their blows. But recently in Tralee, Ireland, there was a case in which a priest was attacked by English soldiers for counselling their female companions to seek their homes rather than the red coats' company at night. For the injuries inflicted on the good priest the soldiers deservedly received terms of imprisonment which could have been much more extended. In England a brave young Tipperary priest, Father Ryan, recently had an encounter with London burglars in a church. The priest had a most severe struggle with the ruffians, and if he had not happened to possess the fine physique and dash of the average Tipperary man, he most unquestionably would have been overpowered and perhaps killed. As it is, he escaped with a few trifling scratches. The burglars were armed with "jemmies," and it was evidently their intention to clear the church of all its plate and valuables. The hour they selected — between one and two in the morning — was favorable for their purpose, as everybody in the neighborhood was then asleep. Father Ryan, when he was awakened, rushed out alone, and was at once confronted with the four scoundrels. Three of them were big men, and the fourth was an active little fellow. They all set upon him together, but he bravely defended himself, and in a few moments succeeded in felling three of them. He then struggled with the fourth, and, while so engaged, the three others, seeing the man they had to deal with, ran away. The fourth was eventually taken to the station by the police, who, by the way, did not come upon the scene for fifteen minutes after the struggle commenced. Some of the plate of the church was scattered about, but it was all recovered, including two silver cruets, found in the pockets of the man who was apprehended. The ruffians also attempted to force the Tabernacle; but, fortunately, did not succeed. Father Ryan has been warmly congratulated by his parishioners and brother priests of London on his gallant conduct.

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## Colored Catholics in Virginia.

THE recent convention of colored Catholics at Washington lends special interest to reports of colored missionary work. The report of St. Joseph's Colored Mission Union, Richmond, Va., contains valuable figures on this subject. The mission is in charge of Father Fahey, who has succeeded Father Slattery in this important charge. From his report we learn that "the object of the 'Union' is to establish and maintain churches and schools for the evangelization of the colored people of Virginia, and thus win them to that church which alone can raise them to the Christian standard of virtue and morality." In Virginia they number six hundred and fifty thousand, or nearly half the entire population, and of those not more than five hundred are Catholics, *and of the remainder probably not more than one-half are even baptized.* The total number of baptisms since last report is sixty-seven, of which thirty-nine are adults. No doubt the good work done on this mission for our colored brethren will receive, as it deserves, the substantial sympathy of Catholics the country over.

# Light for Those in Darkness.

*Lumen in Cœli!* This is the name by which we love to call our venerated Holy Father; but may it not be equally well applied to many of the events occurring during his pontificate? Among them all there is none which more forcibly brings to our minds the glorious dawning of light in a darkened sky than the sudden and wonderful growth of the true religion among our colored people. No greater evidence of this could be found than the assembling of the Congress of colored Catholics in Washington on New Year's Day.

A more beautiful day never dawned than the one which ushered in this year of our Lord, 1889, in our Capital City; and if nature was radiant without, the scene within the beautiful church of St. Augustine, under the charge of the devoted Fathers of St. Joseph, vied in splendor with the efforts of the New Year's sun. The altar was a glittering array of lights and flowers, and the rays of sunlight stealing through the stained-glass windows fell athwart the marble and gold within the sanctuary in broken rainbows.

The Cardinal in his scarlet robes, the visiting clergy in their snowy surplices, the devout multitude which filled the church to overflowing, and included men and women of various races, nations, and conditions, gave evidence of the deep and wide-spread sympathy aroused by this first great effort of the colored Catholics themselves to unite for mutual advancement, and the spreading of the faith among their less fortunate brethren.

Washington is the scene of many brilliant pageants. Here we meet men of every race, from the cultured "descendant of a hundred kings" to the bedaubed, untutored savage of the far West. Here we see our chief magistrate installed in office amid the cheers of an enthusiastic people, the booming of cannon, the pomp and glitter of a fashionable world; and our hearts swell with admiration of our country, and hopes of the bright future awaiting her as the greatest nation on earth.

But with deeper reverence and holier pride we witness the triumphs of our holy religion, on such occasions as the one of which we write. The celebrant of the Mass, a dusky child of Africa, redeemed from slavery and dedicated to the service of the altar, raises aloft the consecrated Host, and every head is bowed in silent adoration from the prince of the church to the poorest beggar. All distinctions of rank or race are swept away in that supreme moment when the eternal Son of God, our elder Brother, He who loved the little ones of earth with such surpassing tenderness, is, indeed, among us, and His adorable hand is raised to bless us, and to draw us nearer to His Sacred Heart. We live in a work-a-day world, and the environments of circumstances, position, principle, and prejudice will always stand as barriers about our lives; but moments like these, which come at rare intervals in a lifetime, stir the depths of a Christian heart, show it the littleness of worldly things, and give it a glimpse of the future when we shall abide

within our Father's mansion, safe and satisfied, free from the heart burnings of envy and the bitterness of pride.

The convention commenced with that most sublime act of worship, the holy sacrifice of the Mass; it was begun in faith and carried on in hope and charity. As the Cardinal advised, they observed "in essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity." Why, then, should we not look upon this effort as the harbinger of very great blessings for that race which has so long "sat in darkness," and which has given so many evidences of docility to the teachings of the church when once the light of faith has dawned upon them.

We can judge of the success to be hoped for by the effect produced in Washington. The meeting of the Congress, and the presence of Father Tolton in the city, was the occasion of a regular "revival," and hundreds of backsliders among the colored people came back to their religious duties, delighted to have an opportunity of receiving the sacraments from a priest of their own race. Of course the black priest was quite lionized while in the city; indeed, he seems to be most cordially received wherever he goes; but he is still humble, zealous, and reverent, a good pioneer for his people. In his own quaint language he expresses how the elevation of a "nigger" to the priesthood has stirred up great commotion in the Protestant camp, and how he has been overwhelmed with periodicals, from Boston and other places, brimful of abuse of the church of God which has raised him up, and taught him that he has a soul to save.

It must be a subject of deep interest to the thoughtful to note the progress of this experiment,—it may with no impropriety be called an experiment,—of stationing a colored priest in the United States. It was decided upon by the authorities of the Propaganda, in spite of many predictions of failure, which followed the young candidate from this country, and were repeatedly rehearsed, to his great discomforture, while pursuing his studies in Rome. Cardinal Simeoni was either unable or unwilling to believe that race prejudice in this enlightened land could go so far as to debar a man from the dignity of the priesthood which Rome was willing to confer upon him; and with tears and blessings he sent him across the ocean, an *avant courier* to his own people, of that light which is so steadily brightening in their horizon. There are many who deny that the African has the capacity to receive a high degree of mental cultivation. The opponents of this theory point with pride to the blessed Martin of Poires, to prove that a black man may become not only a saint, but also a marvel of learning. In an interesting work recently translated from the Italian by Lady Herbert, we have the life of this holy man, who, though only an humble Dominican Brother, was possessed of heroic virtues and profound wisdom, and was consulted by eminent theologians on account of the powers of his mind. Whatever may be our individual opinions, and they are, after all, matters more of prejudice than of reason, we all agree in believing that God is no respecter of persons, and that He can fashion a saint or an apostle from one race or nation as easily as from another.

In connection with the reports made of this convention, there has

been much discussion as to the propriety of using the word "colored," instead of "negro;" and many well-informed persons insist that the latter term is preferable. There are some good reasons for this view of the case, and some against it. If we confine ourselves strictly to the term Caucasian, in speaking of whites, then we should use only the word Negro, in speaking of blacks; again, if we always refer to our own race as white, the other races should be correctly distinguished as black, red, yellow, or brown; and none of these could be called "colored" with less propriety than the African race, for it is a fact well known in natural philosophy, that black is the absence of color, while white supposes the presence of all colors.

On the other hand, the word "negro" has, in the estimation of most of that race, become a term of reproach; memories of slavery, of mockery and degradation, have been so long associated with it, that years of freedom, and a high degree of culture, are required to eradicate this impression. Why, then, should we insist upon using a word which wounds the feelings of the majority of those whom we would win to the true faith? It is a maxim of good breeding to avoid nicknames; and, as such, our dark brethren, whether justly or not, it matters little, regard the term "negro." It is, also, a maxim of kindness, to call persons by the names they prefer; then, would it not be just as well to say "colored," since it pleases them, and misleads nobody?

The work undertaken by the colored Catholics of America is truly a herculean one, the conversion of over six millions of their brethren. Yet, when we remember that they have entered upon it supplicating the Most High, we may expect for them the guidance of the Holy Spirit, which has sustained the Christian missionaries of every age and clime; and we may look confidently forward to the time when the fruit of the Congress, which met to carry on this apostolic work, shall be garnered. The Congress itself was harmonious and successful; surely, its results must be equally so. AGNES HAMPTON.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 27, 1889.

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# "Margaret" and the Duchess.

WE give in our MAGAZINE, this month, an account of the great charities of Margaret in New Orleans.

A still greater account reaches us from Europe, of the wonderful charitable works of the Duchess of Galiera, who died a few months ago in Paris, and whose liberalities to the church and the poor have transcended anything that has occurred during the century, who has distributed the enormous sum of twenty-five million dollars among the religious institutions and charities of France and Italy.

The Duchess of Galiera was born in Genoa, seventy-three years ago, of the illustrious family of the Brignoel-Riale. She inherited an immense fortune, and, after her marriage with the Duke of Galiera, spent the rest of her life, for the most part, in France. Her entire life was thenceforward devoted to good works, the result of which is

seen in immense institutions reared by her orders for old men, orphans, and the sick. It is calculated that she gave about ten million dollars to religious and charitable institutions, in Paris, and about eight millions, for the same purposes, to her native city of Genoa. But it would be impossible to calculate her private alms, given outside these colossal works. Her benefactions are believed to have considerably exceeded one hundred and twenty-five million francs. She was always searching for cases of real want, and her chaplain and secretary had no sinecure.

She has been blamed for the architectural magnificence of the edifices she erected for the poor, and often told that she would effect a wider range of good, if these were more modest, by doubling the number of her institutions. Her idea, however, was that these buildings should be as little like almshouses as possible, and she was a lady whose opinions were not easily changed.

Her hospitals, convents, and orphanages are all under the control of the French episcopate, and it is to be hoped that the present anti-Christian government of France will leave these institutions under the guidance of the religious who manage them so admirably.

The last years of this good woman, whose existence seemed so enviable, were peculiarly cruel. She suffered from a complication of diseases of the most painful character, that must have made her look forward to death as a relief, as well as the beginning of her assured reward; for a tender piety guided her daily life and inspired all her actions. Her sufferings never prevented her from taking an active interest in the management of her institutions, and her death was immediately due to a chill caught at the inauguration of one of her orphanages.

She has left scarcely one million francs behind her. But her only surviving son sympathized with her in all her acts of charity, and assisted his mother in dispensing the immense inheritance, which he also regarded as the patrimony of the poor. He has succeeded to the dukedom, but declines to accept the title, and finds his sole delight in literary and scientific work, and in teaching a school for the poor, which he has founded in Paris.

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## Where He Got Them.

A GENTLEMAN entered a phrenologist's office in Boston, and asked to have his head examined. After a moment's inspection, the professor started back, exclaiming: "Good heavens! you have the most unaccountable combination of attributes I ever discovered in a human being. Were your parents eccentric?" — "No, sir," replied the all-round character, meekly, "but my wife is. You needn't pay attention to the larger bumps, sir."

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NELLIE has a four-year-old sister Mary, who complained to mamma that her "button shoes were hurting." "Why, Mattie, you have put them on the wrong feet." Puzzled and ready to cry, she made answer: "What 'll I do mamma? They 're all the feet I got."

# The Anti-Poverty Society Condemned.

NEW YORK,
FEAST OF ST. PETER'S CHAIR AT ROME, 1889.

*Rev. Dear Sir :* — Although the so-called Anti-Poverty Society has been nearly two years in existence, I have refrained hitherto from taking notice of it, hoping that time and experience would lead its votaries to wiser counsels, and that the members, if left to themselves, would gradually disperse. This policy of silent and patient waiting has already produced consoling results ; and I would gladly adhere to it still, if, by so doing, service could be rendered to souls. But advantage has been taken of this very charity of silence to mislead the minds of the faithful, and persuade them that, as long as the voice of authority had not spoken on the subject, they might frequent with impunity meetings in which the Holy See is habitually reviled, and sacred persons and things exposed to ridicule. It is almost past belief that at this late day any well-instructed Catholic layman should need to be taught the sin and scandal of attending such meetings ; and still more painful that any priest should countenance such ignorance or misapprehension.

In the first place, the successor of St. Peter, addressing and teaching the Universal Church, has affirmed that "the right of property is sanctioned by the law of nature." The founder of the Anti-Poverty Society proclaims the opposite. The Holy Father has branded the doctrines of this unhappy leader as "false and pernicious." The Holy Father, through his organ, the supreme tribunal of the Holy Office, of which he himself is President, has declared attendance at these reunions an "open and public sin." The rejoinder of the excommunicate I will not repeat.

It would be so easy to quote from the files of the public press specimens of the vile and abusive language habitually employed in those weekly assemblages against the authority of the Holy See, and its accredited representative. But such expressions are, unfortunately, too notorious to need repetition; and no unprejudiced mind can doubt their reality or their grossly offensive and scandalous character.

In order, therefore, to safeguard the interests of souls for whom I must render an account on the day of judgment, I hereby make and declare attendance at meetings of the Anti-Poverty Society *a reserved case.* I need not exhort you, reverend dear sir, should occasion require, to use all your gentleness and patience in bringing back to the fold those who may have strayed from the path of duty. "Be instant in season, out of season; reprove, entreat, rebuke in all patience and doctrine." Teach obedience to the Vicar of Christ ; from obedience will spring forth peace and true happiness. Remember the warning of the Holy Spirit : "O that thou hadst harkened to my commandments ; thy peace had been as a river, and thy justice as the waves of the sea."

Wishing you, reverend dear sir, and the souls committed to your care, the abundance of this holy peace, I am, very faithfully, your devoted servant in Christ. MICHAEL AUGUSTINE, *Archbishop of New York.*

P. S. — Please read this circular at all the Masses on Sunday.

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"YES, father," he said to old Mr. Hayseed, "I've graduated, and my education is complete. I s'pose I know about everything. Now I must choose a field where my abilities can be used to the best advantage. I want a large field, where I will have plenty of room."— "Son," replied the old man, "there is the ten-acre cornfield, and you kin have it all to yourself."

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THERE are two things whose drawing powers have never been excelled, — the circus and the porous plaster.

# JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

## The Girl from Under the Lake.

A Fairy Tale.

### CHAPTER II.

WHEN Nira wakened the next morning she had completely forgotten all her former life. She remembered nothing but coming limping down the mountain with her feet sore and her heart fluttering with fright. With the magic necklace all clear recollection of her past had gone away; and the little that remained had now vanished, gradually fading out of her mind. Last night she could still recall imperfectly that she had lived under the water and came up to see the sky; but this morning her memory was a blank.

Daireen and Maeve, Granny's two little girls, came to her bedside in their nightgowns, with their rosy cheeks dimpling with smiles, and their bright hair standing up in wild curls all over their heads, and they clapped their hands with delight to see their dear new playfellow looking at them from between the curtains with her large, deep gray eyes, which were so full of a strange, beautiful light. Who or what she herself was Nira knew not, except that she was a poor little stray girl whom these dear, kind companions had taken into their home. A dreadful fear and loneliness came over her when she found that she could not remember her own past, and she sat up in her little bed and wept bitterly, while Maeve and Daireen climbed into her bed and put their arms round her neck and mopped up her tears as fast as they fell.

After she was dressed Goody Nurse took her by the hand and led her away to Granny's chamber. The "ould mistress" was lying in her chair, which had been wheeled over to the window, that she might watch the half-famished birds eating their breakfast on her window-sill. One long, pale ray of wintry sunlight came slanting across a bend of the mountains, pierced the woods, and shone upon Granny's wrinkled face.

The old mistress looked at the child as nurse led her in, and her heart was stirred with a strange feeling of wonder and love. She had never seen any one like Nira before, with her pale, spiritual little face, her large, bright eyes burning like stars under her grave, pure brow, and her dark hair, which seemed almost too much for so young a head to carry, and hung down in lustrous folds to her very feet. Granny drew the child towards her, and held her two hands in her own while she looked long and earnestly into the wonderful little face. Nira returned her gaze with a frank, steady glance, and then her eyes wandered away to the break in the clouds beyond the hill, to the depths of the heaven which had attracted her young soul while under the water, and drawn it, in spite of all difficulties, up to the higher world, where she could live with its light upon her face.

"What are you looking at there, my dear?" asked Granny, forget-

ting the questions she had been going to ask, so struck was she by the child's extraordinary gaze at the sky.

Nira raised her little finger and pointed at the bright opening among the clouds.

"Do you ever go — can I ever go there?" she whispered, with her solemn eyes turned on Granny. "That is where I want to go."

Tears came into Granny's eyes. She was hoping and waiting patiently to go there herself, and her heart thrilled at the child's eager question.

"We shall all go there some day, my child," she said; and Goody Nurse, the only witness of this scene, turned away and wiped off a tear with her apron from her pleasant apple-colored cheek.

"And this is the child that came over the mountain in the snow last night," said Granny, rousing herself and turning to nurse.

"Yes, madam."

"All alone, with bare feet and hardly any clothing! The child must have some strange history to tell us. My dear, will you tell me where you came from, and who are your parents?"

"I don't know," said Nira, sadly.

"Oh, my dear, think. Do not be afraid to speak. Where did you live before you came here?"

"Indeed, I do not know," said Nira, hanging her head.

Granny looked completely puzzled, and turned to Goody Nurse, who shook her head and made a sign to the old lady.

"Well, my dear," said Granny, "you may go and have your breakfast, and perhaps by-and-by you will be able to remember."

When she had left the room, nurse said, "Misthress, it 's my belief the child's got her head *moithered** with the cold and fright, and that she hasn't come to her proper senses yet. Last night she said something about living in Lough Neagh, and I guessed she was light-headed with the hunger and terror."

"I dare say you are right," said Granny; "she looks so truthful, I can't believe she is deceiving us. Besides, what motive could a child have? Perhaps her friends will come to look for her."

But no one came to look for Nira; and time went on, and she did not know anything more about her past life than she had known on the first morning when she stood at Granny's chair. Granny and nurse were completely puzzled about her. Sometimes they thought her sufferings must have injured her memory permanently; but then she learned everything she was taught very quickly, and remembered her lessons better than any of the other children. Sometimes a heavy fear filled their hearts lest she should be cleverly deceitful in spite of her seemingly truthful nature, and be hiding something from them which it would greatly have shocked them to know. The thought that such obstinacy in falsehood could lurk beneath Nira's clear eyes, that were always turning towards heaven, hurt poor Granny so dreadfully that she could not bear it, and she wrote to a great London physician asking his opinion upon Nira's case. The learned man admitted that cases had been known in which a great shock had blotted out the past from a mind which was not otherwise injured.

*Bewildered.

He advised that the child should be treated with great care and gentleness, and should not be allowed to study too much.

Quite satisfied now, Granny banished all doubts of her foundling, and announced to the delighted Goody Nurse that she intended to keep Nira with her, and bring her up as a companion for her own little girls.

"We must not spoil her," said she, "but we can teach her all sorts of usefulness, so that no matter what happens she may not be the worse of having met with us."

So Nira was taught to sew, and to knit, and to cook, and to make herself generally useful, and, according to the physician's advice, she was not allowed to study much. Nevertheless, she picked up everything so quickly that she was always far before the other children, even at their books. She could, in a few minutes, learn a lesson which kept the others a considerable time. She was very industrious, and a great assistance to Nurse, quite understanding that she had no right to remain in this happy home unless she could make some return for the kindness she received.

Visitors who came from a distance to Granny always asked to see the strange child who did not know where she had come from; and many people who were considered very wise told the old lady that it was very wrong of her to make the little girl so completely one of the family. "How do you know what she may be when she grows up?" they said. And very few believed that she could have forgotten all about her own past life.

Nira herself wondered more than any one else at her own strange ignorance; but, think as she would, she could not remember anything that ever had happened to her before the night of her arrival at Granny's home. When she strove hard to recall the past it seemed as if a great black cloud rose up and filled her mind, and her head began to ache, and the effort generally ended in a passionate burst of crying. Two or three times nurse found her alone gazing out of the open window at the mountain she had crossed in the snow, and the bright bit of heaven that opened above it. The tears were rolling fast down her face.

"I am crying because I cannot remember," she said, in answer to nurse's question.

"Poor dear!" muttered nurse. "How dare they blame her for what is none of her fault?"

Except at these times, however, Nira was always gay and happy, and nothing ever put her out of temper. If the other children quarrelled she was called on to settle the matter. If any one was vexed or hurt Nira was the person to fly to for comfort. Alick, Owen, and Fergus, Granny's three boys, always went to look for her in their troubles, and she was generally able to make everything straight for them. She was their friend, their little queen, their more than sister. Maeve and Daireen were not jealous of her influence over the boys, because they felt the same delightful confidence in her themselves. Even Granny looked on in wonder, and

noticed how the child's pure, gentle, and intelligent spirit seemed to rule unconsciously over all the rest, quelling storms, dispersing clouds, and keeping sunshine and laughter alive in the house.

Sometimes the three lads would quarrel as to which should be Nira's particular friend.

"I am," said Alick, the eldest; "because some day I shall be master of all this place, and I shall marry Nira, and she shall be mistress."

"No," said Fergus, "*I* will marry her; for I am to be a great soldier, and Nira likes brave people."

"But I intend to go into Parliament, and have all the world listening to my speeches," cried Owen; "and I shall marry Nira, and take her to see the Queen."

Then there arose a loud clamor among the brothers, and they all rushed off and laid their proposals before Nira, who was called upon to declare which of them she preferred.

"I like you all the same," said Nira, smiling; "but if you begin to quarrel about it, I shall not like any of you."

"But it is not fair," grumbled the boys. "Will you never like any of us the best?"

"Perhaps," said Nira, "if any of you were to get crippled or blind, or dumb, or if some other dreadful thing should happen to one of you, then I might like him the best; but while you are all well and merry and strong, I cannot see any difference between you."

"Well, you are queer!" said Fergus, stretching out his strong limbs, and thinking how terrible it would be to get crippled. Not even Nira's particular friendship could make up for such a dreadful misfortune. "Who could think Nira would be such a silly after all?" he said to his two brothers afterwards, when they were talking the matter over. But Alick and Owen pulled his ears for calling Nira a silly; although Owen was all the while not at all sure whether he could endure to be dumb and unable to speak in Parliament, even for Nira's sake; and Alick could not bear to imagine himself blind, unable to see the mountains and valleys of his beloved estate, even if he were to be led about and cared for by Nira's own delicate little hands.

A great complaint was made to Granny, who only smiled, and looked more than ever lovingly on Nira.

Maeve and Daireen, however, sympathized with their brothers. Wise as they believed Nira to be, and much as they loved her, they could not understand some of her views.

"Do you really mean," said Daireen, "that you love *best* broken and bruised and miserable people? I should pity them, and be kind to them; but the person I love best ought to be strong and brave, and able to fight and conquer every one else in the world."

"And I," said Maeve, "shall always love best people who look beautiful, and speak beautifully, and make everybody look at them and listen to them. Of course they ought to be good. But, oh, Nira, do you really like wretched people the best?"

"Yes; if I could help them, and be of use to them," said Nira. "The beautiful, strong people can always find many to love them; and what could one do for them, after all, but join with the rest? But un-

happy people want a little love. It would make all the difference in the great wide world to them."

"I see," said Daireen, slowly; "but then you are not thinking of yourself at all; only of them."

"That is what I understand by loving the best," said Nira, softly.

"And would that make you happy?" asked Maeve.

"I am always happiest when I am able to forget myself," said Nira, and her eyes wandered away, as they often did, and fixed themselves on the bright bit of sky that always shone like an open window of heaven above the dark shoulder of the hill.

Granny, lying with closed eyes in her chair, overheard this conversation, and when Maeve and Daireen had gone away she called Nira towards her and said:

"My child, why have you such solemn thoughts?" Nira looked at her wistfully.

"You are not like other children, Nira."

"I feel that, madam."

"Have you never been able to recall anything of what happened to you before you came here?"

"Never."

"And is that what makes you different from the others?"

"I think so."

"You have long thoughts about yourself. Tell me a little of them."

"I can scarcely tell them; but I will try. I feel as if I had come, of my own will, out of a great darkness; that I had left it, and escaped from it, and struggled into the light. And I have a feeling that if I am not good, and do not get nearer and nearer to the light, I may fall back into the darkness. Maeve and Daireen were born in the light, and they do not feel as I do."

Granny looked wonderingly at her eager face that sparkled with animation as she spoke of the light.

"And what has that to do with the things you talked of just now; about loving best the people who are unhappy?"

"I feel," said Nira, "that when I am comforting any one the light falls on my face and gets down into my heart."

"You can go now, my dear," said Granny, "and put these grave thoughts out of your mind for a time. Be gay and happy like the other children."

Musing long over the child's words, the old mistress lay in her chair, listening to the merry voices ringing up to the window from the garden below.

"There is nothing morbid about the girl, at all events," she thought, as she heard Nira's clear laugh pealing oftener than any other. "Except when in her most earnest moods, she is the blithest of the blithe."

Time passed on, and the children were growing up into tall young people, handsome and strong, and full of life and good humor. But Nira was the most beautiful of them all; for the strange, pure light that had always been noticeable in her face had strengthened and brightened as she grew older.

One day they were all rambling over the heather on the side of the mountain across which Nira had come travelling that snowy night long ago, "out of darkness," as she described it, and suddenly a large, red fox came from among the bushes and placed himself right in Nira's path. He fixed his bright eyes upon her, and looked at her so persistently that all the young people laughed.

"It is well for you, sir," said Alick, "that I have not my gun with me."

"Oh, you would not shoot a tame creature like that!" cried Maeve.

"Especially as he has taken such a fancy to Nira," said Fergus.

"Such a gentle fellow!" said Daireen.

"I don't believe in foxes being gentle," said Owen, laughing. "Believe me, he is up to some mischief. But, Nira, are you ill? Surely you are not afraid of the creature?"

Nira had turned quite pale, and was gazing at the fox with a look of extraordinary trouble in her face. The glance of his bright eyes seemed to pierce her brains as with some ray of light from the past. She did not, indeed, remember the necklace, or Runa, or the water-fairies, but she felt that she had known the fox before, had met with him somewhere in that darkness out of which she had come seeking for the light. And she felt instinctively that he was an enemy. Her heart became faint and her head giddy.

"Oh, Nira!" cried Maeve, "why do you look so tragically at the saucy beast? He is very audacious and funny, I think; but he is not a wild beast to eat you up."

Nira did not answer. She was lost in a maze of trouble and wonder, and continued gazing silently on the fox, till presently he whisked up his tail and scoured away back to his hole. Then Nira drew a long breath and passed her hand across her eyes.

"You look as if you were coming out of a swoon," said Alick, anxiously.

"Cheer up, Nira," cried Fergus. "I declare I did not think you were such a coward!"

"It is not that," said Nira, shuddering; but, try as she would, she could not tell her companions what it was that had been the matter with her.

That night she had a strange dream, in which she dreamed over all the story of her past life, the truth hovering near her mind in her sleep, and causing her deep trouble and anxiety. In the dream she doubted the honesty of the fox, and feared that he had not been a trusty messenger, and that Runa had never got the necklace. The dread that Runa would come back and force her to leave her beautiful life in the light of heaven, and go back to dwell forevermore under the dark waters, where people scarcely saw the light, and were contented to swim about like fishes, swelled up in her heart, and almost suffocated her while she slept. The six o'clock chime from the stable-yard clock awakened her suddenly, and she sat up in bed striving to recall the terrible dream which had so oppressed her. Just at first a shadowy recollection of some parts of it hovered about her mind,

but the more she tried to grasp it the faster it melted away, and in a few seconds not a vestige was left to her of this strange and fleeting memory reflected from the past.

After a time the excitement caused by these curious incidents passed away, leaving Nira as tranquil as ever; but the startling experience had left its mark upon her mind.

It was soon after this that one day news reached Granny's household of the arrival of a strange resident in the country, a youth who had come all the way from Spain, with his tutor and guardian to make his home in a half-ruined old castle, which he had inherited from his mother, who had been an Irishwoman of a noble but impoverished family.

"How strangely things come to pass," said Granny. "I knew his mother, a lovely, but wilful girl, who married a Spaniard against the wishes of her friends. She died early, and so did her husband; and now to think of the poor boy leaving his sunny native land to live in the mists and damps on the green shores of Lough Neagh!"

"I rode past that old castle lately," said Alick, "and it seemed fit for no other inhabitants than the bats and the owls."

"I hope he is a spirited fellow," said Fergus; "a good shot and a good rider."

"His kinsfolk on his mother's side, at least, were all brave, manly men," said Granny; "but the race has strangely died out. He is the last representative of it."

"Then we must teach him to support the honor of it gloriously," cried Fergus.

"Perhaps he will be able to teach us," said Owen. "I can imagine a half-Spanish, half-Irish fellow a splendid kind of a chap; up to everything that is clever and brave."

"I dare say he has brought heaps of Spanish gold to rebuild the old castle, improve the estate, and lay the foundations of a new family of the old stock," said Alick, who was one day to be a large proprietor in the country himself, and was pleased to think of having such a neighbor and friend.

"It is quite a romance," said Daireen, opening her large, blue eyes, and feeling a great interest in the Spanish hero, whom she imagined an inch taller than Fergus, who was tall, and very much stronger and more commanding in appearance than any of her brothers.

"The Spanish are all beautiful, are they not, Granny?" said Maeve. "I suppose he will ride a coal-black charger, and have a musical voice, and use the most charming and poetic language."

Nira said nothing. She was not thinking of the noble Spanish youth who was to delight, outshine, and dazzle every one. She was wondering why it was that her heart always beat so fast, and her breath came so thick, when any one mentioned Lough Neagh.

"You must go and visit him, my boys," said Granny, folding up the letter which she had received from a good old priest in Spain, who had been the friend of the Spanish youth's gentle Irish mother.

"At once," said Alick. "We will start early in the morning."

Lough Neagh was sparkling in the spring noon-tide when, after a long ride, the three youths arrived at its shores, having crossed the beautiful but neglected park belonging to the Spaniard they were coming to see. Here the trees closed in together, and one could hardly make one's way through the tangled thickets; there the wilderness suddenly opened into green lawns, where golden daffodils tossed their gay heads among the green spears that guarded them, making whirling wreaths of living sunshine against the colder brightness of the water.

The old castle, with its battlements above the lake, looked, as Alick had said, fit only for owls and bats to live in. One part of it was quite a ruin, and the rest only just barely habitable. A foreign servant, who could not speak more than a word or two of English, let them in at the small quaint portal, which opened into a great, desolate-looking hall, with stains of damp on the once handsome ceiling, cobwebs on the walls, and only a few articles of faded furniture here and there to show that it was the home of human beings. The three brothers gazed around in dismay, and when the servant had gone to tell his master of their arrival, they gave vent to their feelings in low-toned exclamations.

"I say," said Fergus, "this must be a dreary place to live in!"

"He hasn't begun yet to spend that Spanish gold you spoke of, Alick, on embellishing the place," said Owen.

"He has not been here long enough," said Alick. "This will be a noble place when it is restored."

Just then a door at the more distant end of the hall opened and a figure appeared, so different from what the brothers expected to see, that they did not imagine at first that this could be the owner of the castle, the Spanish-Irish youth whom they had pictured to themselves as the very ideal of all that was manly, handsome, and strong. The figure was slight, weakly, and decidedly crooked, the face pale, thin, hollow-eyed and melancholy; and only for the sweet smile that for a moment lit up the countenance, as the stranger youth held out his thin hand and welcomed his visitors, they would have been ready to declare him altogether disagreeable to behold.

He shook the hands of one after another of the strong, healthy-looking young fellows who stood before him, trying with all their might not to let their surprise appear in their faces. They could not quite succeed, and the sickly lad was quick to observe expressions of countenance. He saw their embarrassment, and, in a voice quivering with pain, exclaimed:

"Ah, you are disappointed in me! You thought I should be like yourselves, able to share your rides and walks and amusements. You will wish you had not come near me."

"No, indeed," stammered Fergus; "we are very glad to see you. I am sure you are an extremely kind fellow."

"You will have plenty to do in this fine old place," said Alick, "without riding or gadding about as we do."

"Shall I?" said the stranger, looking round with a wistful, hopeless expression, which somehow suggested to Alick that the owner of the castle was poor, and had come to it rather as a refuge than as an

ancestral ruin to be renovated and beautified. He felt his heart sink, and he longed to get away, not because he was unkind, but because he was so dismally disappointed, and did not know how to comfort any one so unfortunate as this.

"I am sure, however," said Owen, "that you are very fond of reading. That is a pleasure one can always enjoy."

The strange youth's face brightened a little. "Yes," said he, "I have a few books; but I have read them so often I know them off by heart. But, as you say, they are always some comfort."

"We have plenty, and we can lend you some," said Owen.

"You will come to see us, won't you?" said Fergus; "our grandmother and sisters will be so glad to know you."

The strange youth shrank back. "Oh, no," he said, "I could not go where there are ladies. They would not like me. They could not be pleased with me."

"How do you know that?" said Alick; but he blushed as he spoke, remembering the romantic anticipations of Maeve and Daireen, and feeling dreadfully afraid that the stranger was right.

"No one ever loves me," said the young owner of the ruin, sadly; "and it is best for me to live by myself."

"No, no, no!" said Fergus stoutly; but the three brothers felt very uncomfortable because they did not know what they could honestly say to give pleasure. Of course this poor fellow could not expect to be a favorite; but still it was a great pity he had not some one to be fond of him, a sister or mother, or old nurse, some one who had known him from childhood, as, of course, strangers could not be expected to take a fancy to him. They were all full of pity for him, and would have done anything in their power to make him happier, but they thought his a very hopeless case.

As they rode home they were silent and thoughtful. They had never seen any one of their own age and sex so hopeless and unfortunate as this young fellow whom they had come out prepared to greet as a hero of whom they might one day, perhaps, have cause to be jealous.

"At all events," they each reflected, "there is no fear of Nira's liking him better than the rest of us. No girl would care for a poor, downhearted fellow like that!" and though this thought was rather a relief to their feelings, yet they were all saddened and could not forget the lonely, melancholy face they had left behind them in the ruin.

"Well, what is he like?" cried Maeve and Daireen, springing to meet their brothers.

"A poor, sick, crooked chap," said Alick, half-pityingly and half-contemptuously.

"Never was such a disappointment," said Owen; "he hasn't even anything to say for himself."

"Just as fit for the ruin as the bats and the owls," said Fergus; "but it certainly is an awful pity of him."

"Oh!" said Maeve, "do you really mean it? This is too hard. Where has our Spanish hero gone to?"

"Provoking creature!" cried Daireen, who never thought of being unkind, but could not all at once forgive the person who had spoiled their romantic expectations.

But Nira said nothing; only looked from one face to the other; gathering her own idea of the stranger youth who had disappointed her friends so greatly.

"Poor, sick, and crooked," she murmured; "silent and lonely in that dreary ruin!" And the strange, beautiful light brightened on her face, while shadows of tenderness and pity grew and deepened under her eyes.

To be continued.

## What English and American Working Boys and Girls Read.

THAT which the working class lads read is generally of the lowest and most vicious character; that which their sisters read is in no way superior. The boy takes in the penny novelette, which is equally deserving of the adjective. Because the influence of these love and murder concoctions among girls is not so apparent to the public eye as the influence of the burglar and bush-ranging fiction among boys, it must not be supposed that that influence is less real. It is, in fact, in many ways not only more real, but more painful. Boys may be driven to sea, or to break into houses, by the stories they read; their actions are at once recorded in the columns of the daily papers. With girls the injury is more invidious and subtle. It is almost inclusively domestic. We do not often see an account of a girl committing any very serious fault through her reading. But let us go into the houses of the poor, and try to discover what is the effect on the maiden mind of the trash which maidens buy. If we were to trace the matter to its source we should probably find that the high-flown conceit and pretensions of the poorer girls of the period, their dislike of manual work, and love of freedom, spring largely from notions imbibed in the course of a perusal of their penny fictions. Their conduct towards their friends, their parents, their husbands, their employers, is colored by what they then gather. They obtain distorted views of life, and the bad influence of these works on themselves is handed down to their children and scattered broadcast throughout the family. There is hardly a magazine read by them which it would not be a moral benefit to have swept off the face of the earth. It would be well for philanthropists to bear this fact in mind. There is a wide and splendid field for the display of a humanizing and elevating literature among girls. Such a literature ought not to be beyond our reach. Girls can hardly be much blamed for reading the hideous nonsense they do, when so little that is interesting and stirring in plot, and bright and suggestive in character, is to be had.

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CUSTOMER. — "Will this wash?" Clerk. — "No, I don't think it will. I never knew it to." Customer. — "If it would wash I would take fifteen yards." Clerk. — "Oh, the material can be washed, if that is what you mean. You simply confuse the transitive and intransitive verbs. Servant girls wash; cloth can be washed. Do you catch my meaning?" Customer. — "I think I do. And you are an insolent idiot. Is that plain?" Clerk. — "Quite plain. Quite forcible, and, grammatically, absolutely correct. No confusion of verbs there. Ca-s-h!"

# BRING UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered to France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THERE are three powers in a child's mind, and they are called the powers of knowing, feeling, and willing. By some they are called the intellectual and the moral powers. Each of these powers is trained by Catholic education, so that no one of them is neglected to the detriment of the others. In doing this, Catholic education goes beyond all kinds of education, which aim at the education of some, but not of all, these mental powers.

That Catholic education is true education, can be seen from the fact that if the mental powers are not uniformly educated, the child is only partly educated, and also from the fact that these powers, although they can be separated, and can be viewed as distinct departments of the mind, they are, nevertheless, intimately connected with each other, and act together in such a way that if one be deficient in strength from lack of education, the others will not be able to fulfil their functions satisfactorily. If you receive a cut on the body the mind will know that, feel the pain, and, through the will, will strive to allay it; and a want of moral education will let the power of knowing range through the bad as well as the good, will give free vent to sinful emotions, and will weaken the will in the doing of right actions.

Educators do see that there is a necessity for moral education as well as for secular education, in training the child's mind properly; but they all refuse the assistance of religion in doing that; they claim that it can be done without it. They have text-books and teachers for the education of the intellectual powers; but for the most important part of a child's being, his moral nature, they are mostly satisfied with what education it may receive from the observation of the morals of those around it, without any positive teaching of morality. In such a serious matter as the welfare of a child's soul, the Catholic Church will not trust to experiments; but will demand that the law of God, like the knowledge of other things, be taught children from day to day, and that it shall be considered, at all times, the first and foremost study of a child.

The secular books, papers, and magazines everywhere so plentiful for children, while they may not offend the Catholic reader by the introduction of the teachings of false religions or any immorality, do not, nevertheless, give the Catholic child true pictures of the boys and girls, or the men and women he is to take as models for his own life. The heroes and heroines have no religion, and their deeds are done more from sentiment which is natural to all humanity than to Christian virtue. The Catholic child cannot learn to be a Catholic from observing non-Catholic characters, any more than a carpenter can learn his trade from looking at the work of a blacksmith. Besides all this, there is always a danger of something being said in secular publications, which may be contrary to Catholic history and traditions, and if it does not weaken Catholic faith, it will not at least strengthen it. All the dangers of such reading could not be briefly told; but we have mentioned enough to warn parents and guardians against them, and to convince them, if they can be convinced, of the necessity of Catholic reading alone for Catholic children.

# DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1889.


## NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

AT the Colored Congress, Rev. Father Scully, of Massachusetts, requested Mr. White, a delegate to the congress, to pick out a colored boy to be educated at his (Father Scully's) expense for the priesthood. The congress was delighted to listen to the announcement that a lad living on Capitol Hill had volunteered to try and prepare for the holy calling.

### A Great Offer!

THE Pictorial Lives of the Saints is a very handsome book. The beautiful records of saintly souls are prettily told in English by the editor, John Gilmary Shea. It forms a volume of 538 large pages. Every page is illustrated by some eminent saint. To any person getting up a club of three subscribers at two dollars each, we will send this splendid book free by mail.

### Drunkenness.

THE C. T. A. News, Philadelphia, in noticing Father Cotter's lecture on Drunkenness, which appeared in our last issue, says: "Father Cotter denounces drunkenness after the old manner of temperance lecturers; but when he announces as the real cure for it, the mere taking of the pledge, he acknowledges that he is not abreast of the times. Something more than the mere pledge is needed in these days, and that is organized effort on the part of both drinking and non-drinking Catholics, especially the latter, to combat the evil of intemperance. To get the drunkard to take the pledge and keep it, you must have a combined effort on the part of the Catholic clergy and laity, to aid in the extension of Catholic total abstinence societies, through which the church in America is endeavoring to stamp out drunkenness."

Do you read the Boston Daily and Sunday Globe? If you do not, you ought to do so.

### The Cardinal Gained his Point.

A GOOD deal of friction has arisen between Cardinal Taschereau and the Canadian Government in reference to the position offered him at the opening of the Quebec Legislature. Invitations having been sent to him and his clergy, he wrote to Mr. Hatt, gentleman usher of the Black Rod, asking him what place was to be given him. Mr. Hatt replied, the first seat on the floor of the House. The Cardinal replied, that his position as a prince of the church ought to be on an equality with the representative of the Queen, and he and his clergy indignantly returned the invitation. The matter was reported to the Speaker, the Hon. Mr. Braere, who, after consultation with Mr. Mercier, the Premier, and the Lieutenant-Governor, ordered that the Cardinal should get the position he desired. Carpenters were set to work at once and a throne was erected on the dais by the side of Judge Bosse, who officiated in the absence of Lieutenant-Governor Angers, owing to illness.


THE Knitted Mattress is, without doubt, the very best article in that line that can be had for money. They are particularly adapted for hospitals, asylums, and institutions. They are now in use in the soldiers' homes and government hospitals, where they are receiving unbounded praise. Gen. Franklin, in connection with the Soldiers' Home, writes the company that he is more than pleased with them. They are made with the highest workmanship, of the best material, and will never harden. The samples we have seen are marvels of ingenuity. See advertisement in another page.

### Death of a Centenarian Patriarch.

On Jan. 2, Maurice Carroll, of Coolagown, county Cork, died at the ripe old age of one hundred and nine years He was a wonderful old man, firmly built, and possessed extraordinary vital powers; only a few days before his death, he walked to Fermoy and back, a distance of eight miles, without feeling the least fatigued. He was very fond of old games, and took a great interest in hurling and foot-ball, and seemed at his best when relating incidents which occurred during the many rebellions and agitations since historic '98. On Dec. 31, he sat up in bed, and sang several songs in the grand old mother tongue. His memory will long be cherished in the district, as his house was always at the disposal of any party wishing to further the National cause; meetings of the suppressed branches of the National League were often held there, although, on all occasions, the police were in the neighborhood. Mr. J. R. Kent, of this city, prizes a blackthorn stick, which he received from the old gentleman, previous to his departure for Boston, last November. He died deeply regretted by old and young, as the large number that attended his funeral testified.

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The demise of Michael Joseph Barry one of the noted writers and poets of the old Repeal era, occurred last January at his residence in Cork.

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### Fashionable Wedding.

A fashionable wedding took place at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, on the morning of Jan. 16, when Miss Marguerite Greely Ryan, daughter of the late Dr. John Ryan, and Mr. J. J. O'Callaghan, of the firm of Day, Callaghan & Co., of Boston, were married. The Rev. L. J. O'Toole, Rector of St. Bernard's Church, West Newton, performed the ceremony, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. The vast Cathedral was well filled with the relatives and friends of the contracting parties, and a Nuptial Mass was celebrated. The bride and her attendant maids wore very quaint and beautiful costumes, while the toilets of the ladies present were rich and elegant. The bride was given away by her grandfather, Mr. Patrick Greely, and the wedding reception and breakfast took place at his home, 110 West Canton street. Among those in attendance were ex-Governor and Mrs. Rice, Hon. and Mrs. Patrick Maguire, Patrick Donahoe and daughter, John Miller and wife, and other prominent citizens. The wedding presents were costly and numerous. The happy couple started for the South to enjoy the honeymoon.

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### Montgomery Veterans' Ball.

The annual ball of the Montgomery Light Guard Veteran Association took place in Music Hall, Boston, on the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 16, and was another of the brilliant successes which have marked the social history of the organization. More than three hundred couples occupied the floor. Col. Doherty and wife led the grand march. The hall had been beautifully decorated by Col. Beals. At the rear of the stage was a large painting of Gen. Sheridan at Winchester, draped in the national colors, while the name of the organization, in large gold letters, appeared well in the background. The balconies were handsomely dressed in colors, and hundreds of streamers banging from the centrepiece gave the body of the hall the appearance of a mammoth military tent. There was an excellent representation of the prominent officers of the state troops, and other prominent people. Col. T. F. Doherty was chief marshal, with assistant marshals, Lieut.-Col. Daniel G. Macnamara, Major Jeremiah G. Fennessey, and a multitude of efficient aids.

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### In Favor of Home Rule.

The election of Mr. Wilson, the Gladstonian candidate, in the Govan Division of Lamarkshire, Scotland, to fill the seat in the House of Commons made vacant by the death of Sir William Pearce, has caused the greatest rejoicing among the members of the Gladstonian party. The Freeman's Journal of Dublin, says: "The victory is complete, crushing, and conclusive. It is a veritable electoral Sedan. The Gladstonians now want only a general election to complete their triumph."

### The Story of the Irish Race in Boston.

THIS book enters a wide and inviting field, and one not hitherto explored. The idea of the book is novel and unique. It was conceived about two years ago by Mr. James B. Cullen, who has been constantly at work gathering material for publication since that time. It comes opportunely, at a time when the citizens of Boston of Irish birth and Irish extraction have attained a degree of prominence in political, social, and business walks unsurpassed by those of any other nationality.

The plan of the book contemplates the presentation of the subject in two parts — Historical and Biographical. The entire work is edited by Mr. James B. Cullen. The historical chapters have been prepared by Mr. William Talyor, Jr., night editor of the Boston Daily Globe, and the researches in this direction reveal a fund of interesting material heretofore untouched by the local historian, but not likely ever to be lost sight of hereafter. The biographical department, which comprises sketches of distinguished men of early times, representative men of our own times, noted women, the Irish clergy, and many other interesting features, have been carefully edited by Mr. Cullen, and will bring together a remarkable list of well-known names, with sketches and portraits. Either the historical or biographical sections of the work would be sufficient to make the book notable, and secure for it a warm welcome; but the two taken together, in a single volume, attractively issued, will make a book of rare interest and importance. The book will contain over 300 pages, octavo size, and will be sold in two bindings; in cloth at three (3) dollars, and half seal, at five (5) dollars. JAMES B. CULLEN & Co., Publishers, 506 Washington st., Boston.

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THE gifts recently presented by the Pope to the Irish churches are valued at fifty thousand dollars. Among the gifts is the stole which was worn by the Pope on the occasion of the services in celebration of his jubilee.

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MICHAEL CARNEY, said to have been the oldest Irishman in New Haven county, Conn., died on Jan. 2, in his one hundred and fifth year. He was born in Cork, Ireland. He had lived for years in Elmira, N. Y.

### France and Canada Represented in New England.

WHO, then, need wonder at the prediction of an able New-England statistician, that before the end of the first quarter of the next century that the French Canadians in the New England states will outnumber the Anglo-Saxon [*sic*] population? Why, we have in them already considerably more than England conquered in Canada, with thousands coming yearly from Quebec to join them. With such extraordinary progress achieved under so many disadvantages, the above prediction is far from improbable. The social philosopher and American patriot can find abundant food for speculation in the fact that against the Yankee family of one or two children, and often none, the French Canadian will count his flock of from half a dozen to a dozen and a half. And the Anglo-Saxon will continue to "go west" to a large extent, while the French Canadian will probably maintain and increase the movement to the south-east. So we shall have history repeating itself. We shall see the Normans over-running and taking possession of another England by the worthy and beneficent arts of peace, and the judicious employment of manners and powers which have enabled this people, from insignificant beginnings, under most unfavorable and discouraging circumstances, to build one vigorous state in North America within a century, and then undertake the rapid formation of another.

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AT the General Chapter of the Paulist Fathers, No. 415 West Fifty-ninth street, N. Y., on Jan. 2, the Rev. Father A. F. Hewitt was elected Superior to fill the place of the late Father Hecker. Father Hewitt was born at Fairfield, Conn., in 1820, and was graduated at Amherst College in 1839. He was ordained an Episcopalian minister in 1842, and for three years was stationed in Baltimore. In 1845, he seceded from Protestantism, was received into the Catholic church, and, in 1847, took orders of priesthood. In 1858, the community of the Paulist Fathers was founded, Father Hewitt being among the originators of the movement.

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THE population of Germany,—46,855,704.

# Kind Words of the Press.

WE select from our Protestant and Catholic contemporaries a few of the numerous notices given of our January issue, and hope to merit a continuance of the kind words in future.

From the Republic, Boston, Mass.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for January is rich in timely articles. That excellent series, Pen Sketches of Irish Litterateurs, is continued, the subject for the month being Rev. Charles P. Meehan, M. R. I. A. The frontispiece is an excellent portrait of the reverend gentleman. The other notable articles are From Dawn to Revolution, by Thomas Hamilton Murray; Sheridan, an excellent study of the general's early life, by R. F. Farrell; The Past and the Future of the Celt, by Right Rev. Bishop Keane; The Papacy, by Cardinal Newman; The Church and the Knights of Labor, and The Mass, by Right Rev. Bishop Vaughan; William J. Donovan concludes his series of talks about a Bostonian in New York, and an interesting tale of the south of Ireland by Victor O'D. Powers, entitled Nano's Treachery, is begun. The juvenile department and the current notes are fully up to the standard. The poems in the number are by William Collins, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Aubrey De Vere and Rev. John Costello.

From the New York Freeman's Journal.

THIS excellent monthly for January, 1889, is handsomely gotten up for the first month of the New Year. The writers in the current number are Rev. John H. Gavin. Wm. Collins, Thomas Hamilton Murray, R. F. Farrell, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Rev. W. P. Treacy, W. J. Donovan, and Rev. J. Costello. The Papacy, by Cardinal Newman; Past and Future of the Celt, by Right Rev. Bishop Keane; and Union with the Perpetual Sacrifice, by Right Rev. Bishop Vaughan, are three articles that will deeply interest the readers of this prominent Irish-American magazine. The juvenile department this month is also well attended to. The supplement contains a sermon on Thanksgiving in Boston, by Archbishop Williams, and Father Conaty's Reply to an Attack on the Irish.

From the Boston Sunday Globe.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for January, 1889, has a very notable table of contents. It includes articles from the pens of Cardinals Manning and Newman, Rt. Rev. Bishops Vaughan and Keane, and many other distinguished Catholic writers. An interesting illustrated account of St. Joseph's Seminary for colored youth in Baltimore, Md., also appears in this number. In the supplement Rev. Father Conaty replies to some criticisms of Rev. Dr. Mears of Worcester on the Irish race. The veteran, Patrick Donahoe, has evidently lost none of the editorial vigor and enterprise of his earlier years, and the Globe wishes both him and his MAGAZINE a Merry Christmas.

From the Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Ind.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for January, 1889, is full of good articles on a variety of subjects: Irish Litterateurs, Danger of Drink, Gen. Sheridan, The Seminary for Colored Missions, The Church and the Knights of Labor, etc. It is a good specimen of an eclectic magazine, and any eclectic magazine which contains articles from the pens of Cardinals Newman and Manning, Bishop Keane and Bishop Vaughan, cannot fail to be of interest to Catholics. We congratulate the venerable editor on the excellent taste and judgment which he displays in his selection of articles, and hope that the MAGAZINE will continue to be favored with the support it has been receiving, and to which it is so well entitled. The manner in which it is gotten up and printed is very creditable.

From the New Record, Indianapolis, Ind.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for January, 1889, is fully up to its standard of usual excellence. A glance at its table of contents shows a series of interesting articles by well-known and eminent writers. Its juvenile department is complete. The supplement contains a sermon by Archbishop Williams; and Rev. Father Conaty's reply to an attack on the Irish.

Cath. Jour. of the New South, Memphis, Tenn.

THE January number of that sterling Catholic magazine edited by the veteran journalist, Patrick Donahoe, is the best and brightest issue that has yet reached us. Those who do not read this magazine can form no opinion of the lofty merits of the same, of the loss they sustain by non-familiarity with the purest Catholic literature of the day. The most brilliant ideas emanating from the ablest minds, and fashioned by the pens of graceful writers, can always be found in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

From the Boston Daily Journal.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is a worthy expounder of the principles of the Irish race and the tenets of the Catholic religion. Its extracts from addresses and religious literature are short and pointed, and its original matter illustrative of its purpose. A series of articles entitled Pen Sketches of Irish Litterateurs is accompanied with portrait, and gives much biographical material that is not generally known. A juvenile department remembers the children.

From the Catholic Review, New York, Jan. 12.

WE also desire to recommend to our readers DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, issued by the veteran Catholic publisher, Patrick Donahoe. In the height of his prosperity he was an untiring worker in the good cause, and in later days has not faltered in his Catholic loyalty, nor has his hand lost any of its old-time cunning in making up a choice publication that will be appreciated the world over.

From the Boston Daily Herald.

THE original articles in this periodical are one of its special features, and among them the series entitled A Bostonian in New York, by Mr. W. F. Donovan of the Herald, of which the last number is now published, claims attention. These articles have run through perhaps a dozen numbers of the magazine, and have attracted attention because they have contained views of New York life which are commonly overlooked. Mr. Donovan writes from personal observation, and has told in a clear and forcible style what one ought not to miss seeing in a visit to the American metropolis. It would not be a bad idea if these articles should be reproduced. Their fresh, pointed views, and their happy treatment and choice of subject, would command attention in book form. Another article of interest is an account of Rev. Charles P. Meehan, one of the well-known Irish litterateurs, by Rev. John H. Gavin. There is a characteristic paper on Gen. Sheridan by Mr. R. F. Farrell. The usual entertaining miscellany of this magazine is found in the present number.

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**Massachusetts Savings Banks.**

THE Savings Bank Commissioners have the supervision of 176 savings banks, with assets of $331,206,866; 66 co-operative banks, with assets of $5,505,072; 13 trust companies, with assets of $62,681,635; 2 mortgage loan companies, with assets of $1,083,730; 2 collateral loan companies, with assets of $305,712, and 2 savings banks in the hands of receivers, with assets of $563,405. The deposits in savings banks are now $315,185,070, an increase during the year of $2,236,446. The average rate of dividends paid was 4.14 per cent. Last year the average was 4.06.

THE time has gone by when a piano was considered a luxury; it is now a necessity, and when you get one, let it be a good one, and before doing so you should call and see the beautiful Calenberg and Vaupel upright pianos, established thirty years, and sold only by Mr. F. A. Pelton, 171 Tremont street, corner Mason street, Boston. These pianos are made in three sizes; the tone is full and rich, and cases of elegant design; are sold at moderate prices, and on easy terms of payment, if desired. Write for prices and terms. Mr. Pelton has pianos to rent and takes old ones in exchange for new.

### The Grand Old Man Ahead.

WHO are the twelve greatest men in the United Kingdom? This was the interesting prize question which Answers — an English penny weekly newspaper, that undertakes to supply answers to correspondents "on every subject under the sun" — prescribed to its readers during the Christmas holidays. It seems that no less than forty-two thousand post-cards were forwarded to Answers' office by persons in the hope of winning one of the prizes, which ranged, as it is stated, from one hundred pounds in cash to a five-shilling postal order. The result of the competition was the placing of Mr. Gladstone's name at the top of the list, Lord Salisbury being next, and then following, in the order given, the names of Mr. Bright, Lord Tennyson, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Irving, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Wolseley, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Ruskin. The total marks recorded for Mr. Gladstone were 327,143; the next on the list, Lord Salisbury, having 191,374. The list is by no means a bad one, although many will miss a couple of names that ought fairly to be placed in the sacred twelve. It is certainly suggestive of the great hold Mr. Gladstone has upon the English mind that in a competition of this kind, — harmless in its way, but, in some respects, a fairly good test of popular opinion, — he should head the list by so large a majority. Nor is it without significance that Mr. Parnell's name should come sixth in a list in which Mr. Chamberlain's ranks only ninth, Lord Wolseley's tenth, and Lord Hartington's eleventh.

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THE CUNARD LINE steamer Umbria, which left New York on Jan. 5, passed Brow Head at 5 P. M., Jan. 10, making the passage in six days two hours and forty-five minutes, and beating the best previous eastern record, which was six days four hours and forty minutes, and was made by the Etruria in April, 1888.

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ANYTHING in the way of nice printing, in large or small jobs, can be had at A. G. Daniels' place, 751 Washington street, Boston. He guarantees low prices and good work.

### The New York Protectory.

THE Rev. Father Hugh Kelly's successor in Castle Garden has been appointed by His Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, in the person of Rev. Michael Callaghan, pastor of the Church of the Assumption, Peekskill. Father Callaghan is about forty-five years old. He was born in Ireland, but his preliminary studies for the priesthood were made at St. Francis Xavier's College, New York. He was ordained at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, twenty years ago, and his first mission was assistant priest at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York, where he remained until 1876, when he was made pastor of the Church of the Assumption, Peekskill. Father Kelly was obliged to resign on account of ill health. We are sorry for it.

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MOST REV MICHAEL COMERFORD, D.D., was consecrated coadjutor bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, in Carlow Cathedral, on the feast of the circumcision. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin was the consecrating prelate, and the Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, preached on the occasion.

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THE assessed valuation of the real estate of the city of New York, according to the table just completed by the Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments, is $1,334,785,866. Placing the population of the city at 1,500,000 it would give as the average wealth of every man, woman, and child in the metropolis $900. New York city is certainly not poor in this respect.

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JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, M. P., has met with a severe affliction and has broken down in health. He was engaged to be married to a lovely girl, the daughter of Mr. Toole, the famous comedian. A short time ago Miss Toole contracted typhoid fever, and after a short illness died. The shock was so terrible to young Justin McCarthy that he was prostrated, and his health seems completely shattered. His sister has taken him to Algeria, where their father will soon join them.

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THE Carney Hospital Festival, held in Mechanics' Building, on Sept. 3, netted $3,336.96.

### The Christian Brothers.

BISHOP O'FARRELL, of Trenton, N. J., like Bishop Keane, rector of the American Catholic University, was once a pupil of the Christian Brothers, and like him takes occasion of one of the public celebrations in honor of the beatification of the founder of the Brotherhood, blessed John Baptist de la Salle, to pay merited honor to his early teachers. At the recent Triduum in Baltimore, Bishop O'Farrell, said: "Whatever I am to-day, I owe, in its beginning, to the admirable training received from the Christian Brothers. . . . Next to the priesthood of the altar, I know of nothing so noble as the priesthood of intelligence. This is the priesthood of the Brothers of the Christian School."

### Holy Cross Alumni.

THE Alumni of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., gathered in force at the Parker House on the 17th of January, it being the occasion of the annual dinner of the Alumni Association. Representatives were present from all parts of New England, and a most happy time was had. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, of Worcester, presided, and the guests were Right Rev. Bishop Healy, of Portland; Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., president of Boston College; Rev. Father E. I. Devitt, S. J., of Woodstock College; Hon. Patrick Maguire, Stephen O'Meara, Mr. Patrick Donahoe. After the banquet, Father Conaty stated that the speeches were to be of an informal character, and called on Bishop Healy to respond to the toast, "The Pope." The bishop made a happy response. Mr. Patrick Donahoe followed with a song. After speeches had been made by Rev's Robert Fulton, S.J., and E. I. Devitt, Hon. Patrick Maguire, Gen. M. T. Donohoe, Hon. John H. Corcoran, Rev. P. A. McKenna, and others. "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, and the company adjourned to meet again in 1890.

THE CATHOLIC, Pittsburgh, Pa., has entered upon its forty-seventh year. It is a fearless advocate of Mother Church, and as such we wish it continued success. We direct attention to an article from its pages in another place in our MAGAZINE.

### Centennial Medal.

THE Georgetown College Centennial Medal is designed. This is distinct from the Alumni Medal. It will be two and a half inches in diameter, of bronze, showing the college building on the obverse side, and on the reverse a symbolical group representing Georgetown as the mother of Catholic colleges, in the midst of her children. Only five in number of this medal will be struck. Of the Alumni Medal there will be four struck in gold — one each for His Holiness Leo XIII., His Eminence the Cardinal, the General of the Society of Jesus, and the Governor of Maryland.

### Father Fulton's Grand Project.

IN answer to the appeal of the Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., on Sunday, Jan. 6, in behalf of the proposed addition to Boston College, and the new building for the Y. M. C. A., meetings were held at the Church of the Immaculate Conception the following Sunday. At the first, which took place after the High Mass, nearly sixteen thousand dollars were subscribed, Mr. John Lamb donating five thousand dollars. At the evening meeting three thousand dollars were pledged. The Y. M. C. A. has a balance of three thousand dollars in its treasury and expects to make at least three thousand dollars out of its festival in Mechanic's Hall on Monday evening, March 4, so that twenty-five thousand dollars, or one-fifth of the estimated cost of the new buildings, is secured. The college itself will be enlarged by the addition of new lecture and study rooms, and the college hall will be extended to a seating capacity for two thousand. Accommodations will also be provided for a Catholic High School. The building for the Young Men's Association will be of brick, with brown-stone trimmings. It will have a frontage on James street of sixty feet and a depth of ninety-six feet. It will be four stories in height, and will contain a first-class gymnasium, fitted with all modern improvements and apparatus, a large entertainment hall, several lecture rooms, a reading room, committee rooms, etc. The estimated aggregate cost of the improvement of the College building,

and the erection of the structure for the new association, is placed at one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, fifty thousand dollars of which will be devoted to the former project and seventy-five thousand dollars to the latter. Mr. C. J. Bateman, a member of the Y. M. C. A., will be the architect of the new buildings, and ground will be broken for them early in the spring.

### In Favor of Home Rule.

GEN. HARRISON AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS INDORSE IT.

AN address to Hon. William E. Gladstone is contained in a testimonial album prepared by Exile John J. McBride of Buffalo, N. Y., in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, to which president-elect Harrison has affixed his signature. Inasmuch as it places the President-elect on record as favoring Home Rule for Ireland, the matter is likely to be the subject of considerable comment. Gen. Harrison signed the address on Dec. 7, 1888, after his election. Among other names in the Album are those of Gov. Foraker, Roswell P. Flower, Allen G. Thurman, Henry Watterson, T. C. Platt, Col. Fred Grant, Archbishop Corrigan, Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, and others.

### Catarrh Cured.

THE leading, and by far the best, specialist in the treatment of chronic nasal catarrh in this city is Mrs. C. A. Noble, who is permanently located at 10 Hollis street. Catarrh has baffled the skill of the best physicians for years. She treats catarrh as a local affliction, which all who are afflicted will acknowledge it to be. She has cured the most hopeless cases, and if you are suffering she will successfully treat you. Office hours 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. and 6 P. M. to 9 P. M.

LAWRENCE READE, Jr., only son of Postmaster Lawrence Reade, of Woburn, Mass., died of Bright's disease, after an illness of only one week. The young man was but sixteen years of age, and was of excellent character, and well thought of by all who knew him. His death will be a severe blow to his father, who has the sympathy of the whole community.

GET a new subscriber and save fifty cents. Any person getting a new subscriber for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, and sending $3, will receive two copies for one year, sent separately.

THE Queen loves bonnie Scotland most, and smoky London least — we (Dubin Freeman) arrive at this conclusion by the length of time spent in each place during the past year. A gentleman, interested in the Royal movements, gives the following figures to show how the Queen spent the year:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| In Scotland . . | 117 | days. |
| " Windsor . . | 112 | " |
| " Osborne . . | 93 | " |
| " Italy . . . . | 37 | " |
| " London . . . | 6 | " |

And in Ireland — let me see, where is Ireland?

THE ANNUAL BALL of the Charitable Irish Society, on the evening of the 28th of January, was a great success. The Managers are to be congratulated.

### The Catholic Protectory.

IN the twenty-sixth annual report of the New York Catholic Protectory for the year ending Sept. 30, 1888, which was also sent to the Board of Aldermen, it appears that the total number of inmates during the year was 3,391, and that the total expenses of the year were $292,368.76. The institution received from the city of New York and from the Superintendent of the Poor of Westchester county, $232,301.14. The balance of about $60,000 was made up of the earnings of the children, and by voluntary contributions. Among the sources of income were the chair factory, $4,756.77; knitting shop, $9,568-.27; glove shop, $1,151.72; sewing-room, $5,794.89, and embroidery-room, $1,693. The institution had but eleven deaths during the year, five boys and six girls.

CARDINAL MORAN, in an interview at Melbourne with a representative of the Melbourne Daily Telegraph, stated that the letters alleged by the Times to have been written by Mr. Parnell, inciting to crime, were offered for sale to the Archbishop of Dublin before they were sold to the Times. His Eminence added that there is no question that they are impudent forgeries.

### Tom Moore's Testimony to the Catholic Faith.

HAIL! then to thee! thou one and only true church, which art alone the way of life, and in whose tabernacles alone there is shelter from all this confusion of tongues. In the shadow of thy sacred mysteries let my soul henceforth repose, remote alike from the infidel who scoffs at their darkness, and the rash believer who vainly would pry into their recesses, saying to both, in the language of St. Augustine, "Do you reason, while I wonder; do you dispute, while I shall believe; and beholding the heights of divine power forbear to approach its depths!"

### Children of Alien Parents.

THE question has been so often asked of late, that we give the following information that all may know what is the law on this subject:

1. If the parents are duly naturalized after they get here, their minor children are at once placed upon the same basis as those native-born, and can vote whenever they are of age. This is true, however old the child may be on his arrival here, if only he is just short of twenty-one.

2. If the parents should not be naturalized, or if there should be no parents, then the person who comes here as a minor may, if he has resided here three years before the age of twenty-one, and five years in all, claim his second and final papers at once, without the formality of what is known as the "first papers."

3. Any children of parents who are citizens of the United States, who happen to be born in foreign countries while their parents are travelling there, are treated by our laws exactly as if they had been born on our own soil.

### Irish Memories of Father Curley.

REV. JAMES CURLEY, S. J., the famous astronomer of the Jesuit university of Georgetown, Md., now in his ninety-third year, and the oldest priest, probably, in the United States, was born over ninety-two years ago, in the village of Athleague, county of Roscommon, in the diocese of Elphin, and gave early indications of his love of science, particularly mathematics. His sister, Mrs. Cray, died at an advanced age, a few years ago. Hi cousin, Mr. Timothy Tiernan, of Athleague, owns the Athleague mills an landed property in the parish. His nephew, Mr. James Moran, lives at Corcel, near Roscommon. On leaving the old land, he cut the initials of his name on a stone, and the date of his leaving the green isle,—namely, the 8th of July, 1817. Poor Ireland ought to cherish the memory of such children, and so she does.

### The Church Upheld.

JUDGE BEACH, of the supreme court of New York, refused to interfere with the trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in declining to permit the body of old John McGuire to be buried in Calvary cemetery. He practically upheld the action of the church authorities, deciding that the complaint in the action must be dismissed, with costs, inasmuch as the question is not one for judicial interference, but for appeal to the church authorities. The trustees of the cemetery refused burial to the body of McGuire because he had been a follower of Dr. McGlynn.

### We Want More Such Letters as the Following.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Jan. 1, 1889.
PATRICK DONAHOE, Esq., Dear sir. With pleasure, I renew my subscription for your excellent MAGAZINE. It certainly improves with age. Please find inclosed post-office money order, in your favor, for two dollars and twenty-five cents. The twenty-five cents is for the Catholic Family Annual, which you will please forward as soon as possible. Wishing you a happy and prosperous new year,

I am yours respectfully,
PATRICK GALLAGHER,
*Ordnance Sergt., U. S. A., retired.*

A PAINFUL accident befell John Gilmary Shea. Dr. Shea came from Elizabeth, N. J., to New York, to attend a historical meeting. While attempting to enter an elevator, he fell, injuring his knee cap,—rupturing one of the ligaments. The distinguished author of the History of the Catholic Church in America is sixty-four years old. All should pray for his speedy recovery.

### A Valiant Woman.

WE print elsewhere a sketch of MARGARET, a valiant woman, in the humbler walks of life, whose works have gone before her and will live after her during all time.

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THE next Colored Catholic Congress will meet in Richmond, Va. Before departure from Washington, the delegates called at the White House and were introduced to the President, who made a pleasant little address, telling them how much good they could do by being religious, and how much they could add, by their conduct, to the welfare of the nation. A resolution of sympathy with the struggling patriots of Ireland was passed. A cablegram from Cardinal Rampolla, saying that "the Sovereign Pontiff gladly and proudly blesses you with all his heart." An address on the necessity of higher education for the negro race, and pledging the delegates to establish Catholic schools in colored communities was adopted.

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### Father Cleary a Bishop.

NORTH-WESTERN CHRONICLE : The latest report concerning the Richmond See, which Bishop Keane resigned a few months ago, in order to apply himself wholly to the direction of the affairs of the Catholic University, is, that the Pope has requested the Very Rev. Dr. O'Connell, president of the American College, Rome, whose name was first on the lists sent to Rome from Baltimore, to remain longer in the Eternal City ; that the doctor has consented to do this, and that, in consequence, Rev. James M. Cleary, pastor of St. James' Church, Kenosha, Wis., and well known throughout the country as a temperance lecturer, who was named as *dignior* on the Baltimore lists, will be appointed to the See of Richmond. If the report be correct, Richmond is to be congratulated on her new prelate. Father Cleary is a young man, his years not yet being forty, and he has shown himself capable of great things ; he is lacking in none of the acquirements which a bishop should possess. Father Cleary is a New Englander by birth, Dedham, in Massachusetts, having the honor of being his native town, so that, if he succeeds to Richmond now, Massachusetts will have a right to rejoice in his promotion as well as Wisconsin, where his priestly labors have been chiefly performed.

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### A Tribute to the Blessed Virgin.

I HAVE always envied the Catholics their faith in the sweet, sacred Virgin Mother, who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting something of His awful splendor, but permitting His love to stream upon the worshippers more intelligibly to human comprehension through the medium of a woman's tenderness. — HAWTHORNE.

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### Those 'Orrid Jesu-ites.

A PARTY of Jesuit Missionaries will soon leave Mexico for a land almost hitherto unknown. The states of Jabesco, Campeachy, and Yucatan have never been thoroughly explored. It is said that in the very heart of the forests of Jabesco, a tribe of Indians, called the Lacadros, have a city as gorgeous as those found by the Spaniards amongst Aztecs, but no white man has ever returned to tell the tale of their magnificence. A few adventurous explorers are said to have reached the city ; but so jealously is it guarded that death seems to have been, up to this, the penalty of their bold efforts. The Lacadros were of the few tribes the Spaniards could never conquer, they seem to be the Mohawks of Mexico; all efforts at subjugation were unavailing. What man could not do, the church is now attempting. The archbishops and bishops of Mexico have determined on at least attempting the conversion of this fierce and jealous people. The Propaganda has taken up the work, and to the Jesuits the perilous charge has been confided. The enterprise is looked upon as very dangerous; but "the blood of martyrs has ever been the seed of the church." The scientific as well as the Catholic world will look forward with interest to the result of the missionaries' attempt.

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FLOREEN'S GOLDEN HAIR, a very pretty story which appeared in juvenile department, in January issue, should be credited to Rosa Mulholland in place of Clara. They are sisters, and do credit to the Old Land.

# CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

## Why it asks for a Grant of $300,000 from the State.

**Interview with Dr. Eben Tourjee, the Founder and Director — Great Work of the Institution in Musical Education and Literary Culture — Benefit to Boston and the State.**

"WHAT do you want three hundred thousand dollars for?"

This was the question a Herald representative recently put to Dr. Eben Tourjee, director of the New England Conservatory of Music, in behalf of which institution a petition has just been presented to the Legislature, asking for a grant for that amount. The reply was:

"To pay our debts."

"Will that sum be sufficient to free the institution from all its pecuniary obligations?"

"No, not quite," replied the doctor; "but I am confident I can raise the remainder without much trouble if we can get this assistance from the state."

"Isn't the school self-supporting at present?"

"Well, by one way of figuring we fell short last year $1,375, and by another we came out $22 ahead."

"What do you mean?"

"To explain: Last year we put in electric lights. If these are reckoned as repairs, there was a deficiency of the larger amount I have stated; but if they are counted as an addition to the plant — and I think they should be — the year ended with $22 to its credit."

"How many pupils have you in the conservatory?"

"The average number registered for the past six years has been 2,065, or about 500 more than any other institution in America, and every state and territory is represented by students in the school."

"What proportion of them come from Massachusetts?"

"More than one-half."

"On what do you base your request for aid from the state?"

"There are numerous reasons why the petition should be granted. This institution has, in the past twenty years, brought from other states into this commonwealth over twenty million dollars, which has been expended among its citizens. Further, this is a great normal school for music, and with more pupils than there are in all the other normal schools put together. The state pays the salaries of teachers in the latter, but we do not ask this. Aid has been granted to other educational institutions. Tufts College, for instance, and the Institute of Technology. Altogether the assistance given to the latter school has been calculated to be over one million dollars. The New England Conservatory of Music is, as we state in our memorial to the Legislature, a cluster of schools for the education and culture of women no less than of men. In this commonwealth women outnumber men by seventy thousand, and it is by education in music, tuning, drawing, painting, and sculpture that many of these look for the

OPPORTUNITY OF SELF-SUPPORT,

and the women of this commonwealth feel themselves especially entitled to the just and generous regard of those in authority. The graduates of this institution may be found doing a noble work as teachers throughout the state and the country. It speaks well for the reputation of the school when the fact is that we have not been able to supply one-third of the demand for full graduates of the conservatory as teachers in other places, and it is a rare thing that a young lady cannot command eight hundred dollars' salary the first year after she leaves here."

"What branches of education do you teach beside music?"

"Modern languages, elocution, painting, drawing, and other fine arts, English literature, physical culture, and piano and organ tuning, the latter a department of industrial education for both women and men. While the best native teachers are employed in the conservatory, no pains are spared to secure the best foreign talent, and, whereas, Americans have in years past had to send their sons and daughters abroad for culture, they can now receive equally good instruction here. A splendid musical library

of five thousand volumes furnishes opportunity to pupils for converse with the greatest masters of the art, and a museum of rare instruments encourages comparative study. We do not graduate any one in music who does not at least come up to the standard of high-school education, and this is one reason there is such a call for our graduates as teachers. In pursuing musical and literary courses together, one is a relief from the other, and the student makes rapid progress in both. There is no school like this in that respect, and we hope to make the conservatory superior to every other musical institution in the world; but we are crippled now by debt, notwithstanding a long and determined effort to free ourselves from it, and hence we ask help from the state. The steady growth of the school has called for constant improvements in the building, and additions to its capacity. The Davis estate adjoining was bought, and an annex constructed. The original cost of the whole property was eight hundred thousand dollars, and no small item of expenditure has been the purchase of between two and three hundred pianos, which are now here."

"Who owns or

CONTROLS THIS LARGE PROPERTY?"

"The New England Conservatory of Music is a corporation created by a special act of the Legislature, without stock, and without the power to issue stock. It was at one time a stock concern, the larger part of which was held by myself and a small portion by five other shareholders; but all was donated to the conservatory and cancelled, and no person or body of persons is or can be enriched by the institution. Its fifty trustees representing various religious denominations, are so elected as to make the board perpetual, and the institution is under their control. All its income must be expended for the improvement of the institution, and the benefit of its students. This disposition of funds is secured by most careful provisions in its charter. There are some seventy-five teachers in this school, and only these and the other necessary employes in the building receive pay for their services. The trustees and the director receive no salary."

"Do you mean to say that you give your time and services as director freely?"

"I founded the institution and have made this my life work, and all that I get, aside from the great satisfaction I feel in its growth and success, is the board of my family. That you may not ask where our clothes come from, I will say that I have a very small income outside of any connection with the school. The trustees have on several occasions proposed paying a salary to the director; but I have always said that every dollar of income should go to the institution, and I would receive no pay till it was out of debt."

"As the conservatory is not a money-making scheme, it possibly gives some assistance to poor and needy students?"

"Through a branch organization called the 'Beneficient Society,' much has been done to help poor girls to gain an education that would give them the means of support and make them independent. But our terms are so low that it is possible for a girl to come here and board for five dollars per week, and have all the privileges of the library, lectures, and concerts. We received one hundred and seventy-five letters last fall from applicants for five-dollar rooms that had to be refused; but the names of the applicants were put on a list, and they were encouraged to persevere in their musical studies, until a place could be found for them here. Other schools, as a rule, merely teach their pupils; but we provide a home for a large number, over four hundred and fifty, and such great care is exercised in watching over them that parents need feel no anxiety concerning their children while here. Meals are partaken of regularly, and exercise in the open air or gymnasium is required daily, and it has not been our misfortune to have a death in the institution during the seven years we have occupied this building."

"Has not the conservatory met with considerable opposition from music-teachers outside of it in Boston?"

"Some; but it has not amounted to much. The fact is, that, instead of being an injury to them, the conservatory has been a help to music-teachers. It has

ENCOURAGED THE STUDY OF MUSIC, and these outside teachers have more pupils than ever, notwithstanding the fact that there are two thousand of them, which is twice as many as there were when the conservatory was started."

"Do you not expect some antagonism to aid being granted from the educational fund?"

"We do not desire to antagonize any one, and help may be provided outside of the regular educational fund. Massachusetts has always been foremost in educational enterprises, and has, by the excellence of its schools, drawn from other states and countries extensive patronage, which has given to it large income and great financial prosperity. Boston is the great musical metropolis of the country. This proud distinction is, in large degree, due to the excellence and amplitude of the Conservatory of Music, and our faith is firm that the Legislature will give it the assistance requested. It has long been the custom of European governments to foster music by similar grants, and the English government has recently freely granted to the College of Music in London a valuable tract of land in the heart of the city. As soon as the conservatory is out of debt, and a large interest charge is thus stopped, it will be in position to make needed improvements, and widen its scope and influence. It is also hoped that the time may come when the institution may be rich in endowments, as are many colleges. A gift of ten thousand dollars, from Hon. Jacob Sleeper, made possible the erection of our beautiful lecture hall, seating five hundred and fifty, which is in constant use for lectures and concerts, and of immense service. Hon. Rufus S. Frost equipped a fine gymnasium for the school, and Hon. William O. Grover purchased for the conservatory the great organ formerly in Music Hall; while Mr. Georg Henschel, formerly conductor of the Symphony orchestra, founded an annual prize medal, to be given to the best tenor singer."

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**A Convenient Calendar and Stand.]**

THE most convenient, valuable, and novel business, table, or desk calendar, for 1889, is the Columbia Bicycle Calendar issued by the Pope Mfg. Co., of Boston, Mass. It is in the form of a pad of 365 leaves, five and one eighth by two and three quarters inches, with blanks for memoranda. The leaves are sewed at the ends so that any entire leaf can be exposed whenever desired. The pad so rests upon a portable stand that the entire surface of each leaf is brought directly before the eye. The upper portion of the stand is made of pressed pulp, with "Columbia" in raised letters at the top, the whole handsomely gilded, and practically indestructible. Besides the date and ample room for memoranda, the quotations are fresh and new, and the information would, if placed in book type, make a fair sized volume.

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**The Tongue of the Gael.**

THERE is a rainbow of hope for the worshippers of the ancient Irish tongue. In the fact that the University of London has decided to put Celtic on its list of subjects for the M. A. examination, we find a tardy awakening to a truth which foreign scholars had long since descried. The Celtic tongue is not dead, but a great factor still in the problem of human speech, and its strength and beauty have come to be recognized at last, after long centuries of neglect. To our Cymric brethren is due the credit of having stirred the London University to this encouragement of Celtic study. A combined memorial from the University College of North Wales and the Senate of Cardiff College was the immediate prompting upon which the Metropolitan University acted.

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**Archbishop Croke Denounces Eviction.**

ARCHBISHOP CROKE has donated fifty pounds to the fund for the relief of evicted tenants. In his letter accompanying the donation, the Archbishop says: "There is no other land, savage or civilized, where such scandalous and unchristian-like scenes could be enacted without a fierce contest and even bloodshed. The sending of crown forces to demolish the dwellings of the poor, for the benefit of the pampered few, is a crime that cries to heaven for vengeance."

### Old Mount St. Mary's College.

THE first annual dinner of the Alumni Association of Mt. St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, Md., was held on the evening of Jan. 16, in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York city. Mr. A. V. D. Watterson presided. Among the distinguished people present were Archbishop Corrigan, of New York; Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, Ohio; the Very Rev. Wm. Byrne, V. G., of Boston, former president of Mt. St. Mary's; the Rev. Edward A. Allen, president of Mt. St. Mary's; the Rev. Father Tierney, vice-president of Mt. St. Mary's; Rev. John J. Lane, of Boston; Rev. Fathers Cunningham, Duffy, Keefe, Murray, Morris, and William Towle, of New York; Kelley, of Providence, etc. An address was presented to Archbishop Corrigan, in commemoration of his silver jubilee, by the Rev. C. McCready on behalf of the Alumni of Mt. St. Mary's. The Archbishop, it will be remembered, is the fourth Bishop, and that too in succession, whom Mt. St. Mary's has had the honor of sending to preside over the destinies of the important See of New York.

### High License in Minnesota.

ST. PAUL, Jan. 12.—During the year 1888, 361 liquor licenses were issued in St. Paul at $1,000 each. During the year 1887, 763 licenses were issued at $100 each. The amount received into the city treasury during the first year of the high license law in excess of the preceding year was $284,700, and the number of saloons diminished by 402. The St. Paul saloon keepers maintain that the high license has rendered a great deal of property of less value. It was fitted up for saloon purposes, and the occupants being thrown out by the one-thousand-dollar license, the places have become untenanted and have greatly depreciated in value. However, the men now engaged in saloon business do not want anything said about the license law as it exists. The fact is, they are fairly well satisfied with the law, which, while it is perhaps somewhat costly to them, might be replaced with something worse. For this reason they are submitting with all the grace possible to its cast-iron conditions. The prohibitionists growl about the law, and are secretly chagrined at the partial success it appears to have achieved by ridding the liquor traffic of some objectionable features, and many low-class dealers and saloons. The general public feels fairly well satisfied with the present state of affairs, and is not at all inclined to kick against high license. As for the alleged increase in the consumption of beer, it is regarded with as much complacency as the reported increase in the consumption of tea.

### New Hampshire Constitution.

AT the Constitutional Convention, consideration was given to the special order, an amendment to strike out the word "Protestant" from Article VI. of the Bill of Rights; also, to strike out the article entire, and substitute one reported by the committee on the Bill of Rights, inserting the following for that article:

"Every religious sect or denomination, demeaning themselves quietly and as good subjects of the state, shall be equally under the protection of the law, and no subordination of any one sect or denomination to another shall ever be established by law."

An amendment was offered to the substitute, reported by inserting a provision that the Legislature shall have power to grant all religious societies within the state, the privilege of re-electing and contracting with their own teachers of religion, morality, and piety, and no one sect shall ever be compelled to pay towards the support of teachers of any other sect or denomination. This amendment was adopted. The report of the committee, as amended, was also adopted. The special committee on the prohibitory amendment recommended that the prohibitory amendment as passed by the convention, be made a separate article of the Constitution.

**BOSTON AMUSEMENT BUREAU, 9 Hayward Place.** Headquarters for **Reliable and first-Class ATTRACTIONS.** For Opera Houses, Large or Small Halls or Parlor Entertainments, we have booked with us a complete list of the best artists in the field, and can promptly furnish *Instrumentalists, Opera Companies, Readers, Concert Companies, Vocalists, Orchestras, Humorists, Lecturers, Musical Companies, Dramatic Companies, Musical Specialties, Etc.* **New Novelties Constantly Being Added.** We can furnish artists for whole or parts of Entertainments. Pastors and committees always welcome at our parlors, **9 Hayward Place.** Special attractions for Church Fairs, A. O. H., C. T. A. U. of A., and Sunday-School entertainments furnished promptly and at very reasonable prices. **J. W. GORMAN, Manager.**

# Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

## BOOKS.

*Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.*

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED MARTIN DE-PORRES (a negro saint), of the third order of St. Dominic in the Province of St. John Baptist of Peru. Translated from the Italian by Lady Herbert.

At this time when so much is being said and done for the colored man, this book is opportune, and should be circulated among our colored brethren. There is an introduction to the book by the bishop of Salford. The price is sixty cents.

*D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.*

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO, for the Year of Our Lord, 1889, with full Official Reports of all Dioceses, Vicariates, Prefectures, etc., in the United States, Canada, British West Indies, Ireland, England, Scotland, and Australia, the Hierarchy in Germany and Austria-Hungary. Price, 50 cents and $1.

This is the fifty-seventh annual publication of this useful publication. It should be in every Catholic family.

## MUSIC.

*White, Smith & Co.*

*Vocal:* "Jacqueminot," words by John Boyle O'Reilly, music by Max Eliot. "A White Rose," words and music by same authors. "A Lark's Flight," by Arthur C. Andrews. "Hallelujah, Christ is Born," by C. A. White. "There were Shepherds," Christmas Anthem, by Carl Pflueger. "Calm on the Listening Ear of Night," by C. C. Stearns. "Veni Creator," by same author. "Home of My Childhood," "The Actor's Lonely Grave," and "Mother is an Angel Now;" Songs, all by J. P. Skelly.

*Instrumental:* "Dreaming of Flowers Waltz," for four hands, by Chas. D. Blake. "Chanson des Alpes," by T. P. Ryder; arranged for four hands, by Chas. D. Blake. "Souvenir," by Stephen Heller. "St. Valentine's March Brillante," for four hands, by Charles D. Blake. "June 17, 1776, Grand March," by same. "Cujus Animam," Transcription, by F. Liszt. "Santiago," Valse Espagnole, by A. Corbin. "Bride's Song," by A. Jensen; arranged for Violin and Piano, by A. Davenport.

The Folio, for December and January. Both excellent numbers.

Perkin's Christmas Carols. A good collection of Christmas music.

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THE new American navy, when completed, will consist of 22 vessels, ranging from the armored cruiser Maine, carrying 444 men, down to a first-class torpedo boat, carrying 4 officers and 18 men. There will be 5,786 men on board the 22 vessels—500 officers and 5,286 sailors and marines.

OUR HOLY FATHER THE POPE issued a lengthy Encyclical letter on the Feast of the Nativity in which he exhorts mankind to cast aside the pleasures and corruption of the world, and betake itself to the service of Him who shed His blood to redeem the world. The Encyclical concludes with the touching prayer in which all Catholics will unite. "You see, O Lord, that the winds have burst forth on all sides, and that the sea is agitated, and its billows roll with a mighty fury. Command, we beseech Thee, who alone has the power, the winds and the sea. Restore to the human race that tranquil order and peace, whichcan be rightly so called, that peace which the world cannot give. By Thy aid and impulse may men bring themselves back to the proper order, in which will be restored, as it should, piety towards God, justice and charity towards our neighbor, temperance in regard to ourselves, and passions will be controlled by reason. May Thy kingdom come; and may those who now seek with vain labor and truth and salvation without Thee, understand that they ought to obey and serve Thee. There is equity and paternal clemency in Thy laws, and to keep them You, spontaneously, will supply us with the capacity rendered ready by Your grace. The life of man on earth is a warfare; but You Yourself look down on the battle, You help him to conquer, You raise him up when he falls, and You crown him when he conquers."

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MR. BURNAND, in his article in The Fortnightly Review on Acting as a Profession, gives a description of the morals of the stage, which ought to frighten every careful father from the idea of having his daughter enter the profession. Mr. Burnand says that any well brought-up girl who goes on the stage in a minor capacity will be disgusted and leave it, or have her moral perceptions blunted. Mr. Burnand, the editor of London Punch, who writes this, is a friend of Cardinal Manning, a convert and a devout Catholic.

# OBITUARY.

## CLERGYMEN.

THE Very Rev. Patrick Healy, Vicar-General of the Springfield Diocese, died of apoplexy at his home in Chicopee, Mass., on the evening of the 22d of January. He was born at Dunngoorley, Ireland, sixty-four years ago; was educated at Waterford University and St. John's College, being ordained at the latter place in 1854. He then moved to America, and was assigned as assistant at the old St. James Church on Albany street, Boston. He was then transferred to East Boston, as assistant to the late Fr. Fitton. He went from there to Ware, and was transferred in 1864 to Chicopee, as successor to Rev. William Blenkinsop, now of South Boston. For a short time he presided over the Sacred Heart Church in Springfield, and was appointed vicar-general, on the consecration of Bishop O'Reilly. He introduced the order of Christian Brothers in Massachusetts. He was a zealous priest, and did as much as any one in strengthening the material as well as spiritual prosperity of the organization in Western Massachusetts. His church was the first to be consecrated in the diocese. A tragic incident of the vicar's death was the fact that the venerable Dr. Breck, called to attend him, was also stricken and died a few hours before his patient. The funeral took place on the 25th, and was largely attended. Among those present were Archbishop Williams of Boston, Bishop O'Reilly, Vicar-General Hughes of Hartford, Vicar-General Power of Worcester, and other church dignitaries from New York and other cities. The body was interred in the yard in front of the church, and a suitable monument will be erected.

Father Healy leaves three nephews, all of whom are priests. May he rest in peace!

THE Rev. James Croke, of San Francisco, and a member of Archbishop Riordan's Council, died at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, recently. Father Croke was a brother of the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, the patriotic Archbishop of Cashel, and had been a priest of the Archdiocese of San Francisco for many years. He had been in poor health for some time.

REV. CHARLES F. KANE, rector of St. Bridget's Church, Glassboro, N. J., died in the pastoral residence there on Jan. 12. He had been a priest only a little over three years, having been ordained at Vineland, by Bishop O'Farrell, on Dec. 16, 1885.

REV. WILLIAM M. MORAN, rector of St. Stephen's Church, Port Carbon, Pa., died of pneumonia, on Jan. 12, at St. Agnes' Hospital, Philadelphia. Father Moran was a native of West Chester, Pa., an alumnus of St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., and in the ninth year of his priesthood.

## BROTHER.

BROTHER PETER TEEVAN, who died recently at the monastery of the Franciscan brothers Loretta, Pa., was eighty-seven years old, and a native of Ireland. He was a friend of the great Irish statesman, O'Connell.

## LAY PEOPLE.

MARY ELIZABETH, wife of Patrick W. Doherty, died at her late residence, 18 Magazine street, Boston, Jan. 7, 1889, at the age of forty-six years three months and three days. She was educated at the public school in Charlestown, completing her studies at the Sisters' Academy (Notre Dame) in this city. Her married life, of quarter of a century, was marred by the five years of sickness and suffering which preceded her decease. Her husband and two daughters survive to mourn her loss. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church, Boston Highlands, for the repose of her soul.

Wife and mother: higher titles these
Than aught the world in homage may confer:
For these twain are most holy mysteries,
Soul-greetings from the heavenly messenger.
Earth is forgotten in this higher love,
Which light the paths and points the upward way,
A gleam of the diviner flame above,
Where clouds nor darkness dim the endless day.

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THE Holy Season of Lent commences on the 6th of March.

# DONAHOE'S

# MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI. BOSTON, APRIL, 1889. No. 4.


"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

## St. Paul as an Editor.

THE illustrious Bishop von Ketteler once remarked, that if St. Paul were living at the present time, he would be the editor of a newspaper.

Possibly the great Apostle would, were he with us to-day, be at the helm of some brilliant journal; for, two thousand years ago, he used the written, as well as the spoken, word in his ministry, and his clear mind would comprehend, at a glance, the almost infinite possibilities for instruction possessed by an ably conducted and widely circulated press. But if he were to start a Catholic periodical in America, he would receive no regular, systematic, and material aid from the church. Individual clergymen would encourage him, but he would have no organized assistance. He might obtain a letter of approbation from one or two bishops, he might receive one article a year from one or another of the priests of the province in which his paper would be published, and some of the pastors of parishes there would recommend it to their respective congregations, when his canvasser called to drum up subscribers.

This is the extent of the help which he might confidently expect to get. On the other hand, he would have to shove aside or to surmount obstacles that would surely be in his way to success.

News that ought legitimately to be his, and could safely be reserved for his paper in the very province and diocese and city in which it would be struggling for existence, would persistently be given away to the daily secular journals, with which his would have to compete for support from the Catholic public, and to prevent or nullify the evils of which his would have been founded. Therefore, he would habitually have to confront the dilemma of either printing reports of Catholic events days after the announcement was stale in the community, or of omitting, from his church publication, the record of important ecclesi-

astical happenings. Of course, the ubiquitous reporter will harvest many Catholic items, if the Morning Times, as we'll call it, that employs him, wants them, and no blame is placed on him for gleaning all the information he can from any source. But what St. Paul might object to, is the unnecessary, steady, and injurious communication of Catholic news to non-Catholic papers where Catholic journals exist, so that the wind of popularity is taken from the sails of the latter to such an extent, that a member of the church — whether lay or cleric, what matters? — could say that a certain great pagan paper was a good-enough Catholic newspaper for him.

The second difficulty that would confront St. Paul at the opening of his career as a Catholic journalist, would be that the circulation of papers published outside of his bailiwick, would sometimes be promoted in the territory to which he would look for support. Of course, some families like to take more than one publication, and they are to be praised; but can the action of any person in authority be commended, who, where there is a paper issued with the approval of the Ordinary, or at the desire of the prelates of a province, turns away readers from it, and, neglecting the home institution, introduces into its field a distant rival?

The third drawback to St. Paul's peace of mind as a Catholic publisher, would be the "unremitting kindness" of delinquent subscribers. But he would most likely expect to give away hundreds of copies of his paper, and, therefore, he would, after making some investigation, place the names of some of his non-paying readers on his charity-list; next, he would keep hammering away at a project for the organization of a Catholic Truth Society, the members of which would contribute a dollar annually to a fund for the supply of Catholic literature to poor homes; and then, he would adopt the "pay as you go" rule, and stop sending his paper to those who could, but would not, promptly meet their bills.

The epistle-writing apostle, however, would doubtless be surprised that the church in America, as an organization, does not utilize the press. It has no publications that are officially owned by it, that are directly managed by it, that authoritatively speak for it. In these days, when everybody reads; when every trade has its organ; when every political, social, and economic idea has its mouth-piece,— the teachers of the true religion, as a body, control no avenue of print to the public mind; and of the ten thousand clergymen in North America, it is a fair guess that not one hundred write regularly for the weekly papers, or contribute frequently to the magazines.

The children of darkness are wiser, in this respect, than the children of light. The Methodists, for instance, use the press as an indispensable part of their church work. They have an official Christian Advocate in every important news centre throughout the country. Their denomination, as an organization, founded these papers, conducts them, subsidizes them, utilizes them, and demands support for them. They are a part of its plan of campaign. They are supplied with funds out of its treasury, and with the pecuniary means it fur-

nishes, the literary assistance it provides, and the readers it procures, they are placed and kept on a paying basis. Its brightest doctors of divinity are selected to edit them; its members proudly contribute articles to their columns; and its ministers regard as a *quasi* recognized duty, the work of increasing the number of their subscribers. They have, therefore, ample capital, abundant matter, and an army of friendly agents, who do not appropriate its profits by exacting a commission. The preachers of that denomination need no prophet to predict that the Methodist family that reads a Methodist paper is certain to look at the world through Methodist spectacles, is sure to cling to Methodist doctrines, will follow Methodist practices, will promote Methodist enterprises, will add to Methodist influence, and will rear Methodist children.

The Catholic church in North America, not only does not, as an organization, utilize the press itself, but also it does not systematically support the competent laymen who have established religious newspapers.

Here and there a bishop has materially helped to found, or to maintain a paper, having granted to it his episcopal approbation, having, on his visitations, urged pastors and people to sustain it, having given it news items, having made it the channel of communication with the faithful of his diocese, etc.; and, here and there, a priest has advised and persuaded almost every family in his care to take a Catholic journal. All honor to them. But they are individuals, and their action, in behalf of the Catholic editor, has been sporadic, spontaneous, and sometimes transitory. There has been no concerted, regular, definite, and permanent backing, on the part of the church, extended to any layman to induce him to consecrate his life to the work of Catholic journalism. It is the most precarious, unremunerative, and troublesome of pursuits. Given the same preliminary studies, the same ability, the same capital, and the same labor, and every other calling, open to an honest man, will produce a more comfortable living, a less harassing occupation, and a more assured competency for his old age. So true is this, that from the time of Bishop England to the days of Orestes A. Brownson and James A. MacMaster, every Catholic publication has had a perennial struggle for existence, and every Catholic publicist has had one long fight with poverty; and, though they were cramped and crippled in their work for the want of funds, the church had no resources for them.

But not only does the church not give to competent laymen the mission and the means to utilize the press in its behalf, but it does not safeguard them from the competition of unfit and untrustworthy publishers.

Certainly the church has the right to control the number of Catholic religious newspapers that may be published in any one city or state, and most assuredly it has the power to forbid the starting of new publications in places where they are not needed, especially by men who have no vocation for the work. Yet of the sixty odd papers printed in the English language in North America, that claim to be

Catholic journals, are there not a few that, though they use the trade-mark of the church, are no credit to it? Some of them are conducted evidently by men of little or no education: their appearance is poor; their style is decrepid; their logic lame; their articles windy; their argument abuse. Others of them are often offensive in tone, objectionable in matter, and a detriment to the cause they are supposed to advocate. From editorial page to advertising column, they are an eye-sore and a reproach.

The Fathers of the late Plenary Council of Baltimore appreciated the expediency of bringing the Catholic press more directly under the control of the church, and they agreed to combine in supporting one journal in every ecclesiastical province. As yet they have not consolidated the conflicting interests of the publishers of papers; but if this could be accomplished, and every province have its own official organ, conducted under the immediate supervision of clerical censors by laymen of approved ability, and read by every Catholic family in the region assigned to it as the field of its activity, what a blessing this would be for the papers and the people! If the church were to take hold of the press in this way as a powerful means to fulfil its mission of teaching the world, the papers would not suffer the pangs of impecuniosity, and the people, no longer regarding them as the private property, speculation, or business of lay individuals, would support them more willingly, read them more carefully, and be more than ever helped by them. And some of the millions of non-Catholics, who will not come to our churches, and do not now read our papers, would then turn to the authorized publications of the church for information concerning its teachings.

To sum up: is not the work of the religious press strictly speaking church work, exclusively for ecclesiastics, to whom the mission has been confided of instructing men in doctrines and morals, and of training them to consider current events according to the standards of Christian ethics?

If that work is to be shared with laymen, ought not the coadjutors be only competent persons, and should not the unfit be prevented from intruding in it?

Finally, as it is a most necessary work, — "The University of the People" it has been felicitously termed by the foremost Catholic lay editor in America, — should not its support be the concern of the church? As it is now, some priests refuse to have anything to do with getting subscribers for Catholic papers. They say: "The church is no place to advertise any man's business," and "I'm not going to mention a newspaper from the pulpit or the altar," and, "it is not becoming for a priest to act as agent for a layman and abuse his official authority to help on a private enterprise," etc., whereas, if the maintenance of the Catholic press were undertaken as a church work, and every Catholic family in fair circumstances were taxed two cents a week, could objection be made on any ground by anybody to the collection of the money? An adequate sum would be contributed to make, say, twelve first-class papers for the United States. This number

would allow sufficient space for the local news of the various dioceses of the twelve provinces.

With the support that is now frittered away on sixty go-as-you-please papers, concentrated for the up-building of twelve great journals; with the addition of twelve able theologians, and the elimination of all unedifying writers; with the immensely increased circulation, influence, and authority of the proposed authorized publications, would not a mighty force be raised up for the advancement of the Catholic church?

The office of editing any one of those twelve papers would be worthy of St. Paul. And were he alive to-day, who will doubt that he would favor their establishment?

L. W. REILLY.

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# To the Mayflower.

To thee, primordial flower of Spring!
My heart's devotion fondly turns;
And though in humble verse I sing,
My soul with loving passion burns.

For, who can gaze upon thy face,—
Sweet emblem of my native land!
And fail, in thy soft blush, to trace
The greatness of the Master Hand?

Who can thee see and not confess
The One who dwells in yonder sphere,
That made such charming loveliness
To dwell in silent meekness here?

Oh! I have seen full many a flower,
Blooming afar in warmer climes,—
By Ganges' waves, in Persian bower,
But fairer thou a thousand times!

I would not give thy maiden blush
For all the charms of earth I've seen;
For song of sky-lark, chant of thrush,
I would not cede thee, woodland queen!

The nightingale may court his rose,
And France may boast her *fleur-de-lis*,
But they can never e'en disclose
One half the charms that cover thee.

Nay, let the golden orange glow
On a sunlit Southern strand,
For I a dearer treasure know,
In the fair Acadian land.

It is that modest blooming flower,—
Tribute of the waking Spring,
That, far removed from garden bower,
In local fame is blossoming.

JOHN A. LANIGAN, M. D.,
Hyde Park, Mass.

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## Ingratitude Punished.

ONE time a blind girl went with her mother to visit the Madonna of Montenero — a miraculous Madonna. The blind girl wore a very beautiful necklace; and she promised, if her sight were restored, that she would give the necklace to the Madonna. As she knelt in the church, suddenly the light came to her eyes, and she saw as well any one. So she hung up her necklace in the church and came away very happy. But on the road she grew thoughtful, and when her mother said to her, "Clementina, this is a great mercy that you have received," she answered, "Yes, mamma; but I am without my lovely necklace!" When suddenly she felt the necklace about her neck, and, at the same moment, the light went out from her eyes. She took the necklace back to the Madonna afterwards, but she never saw again.

# "A Bas Les Gueux!"

Rev. W. P. Treacy.

"LIBERTY" has often been the war-cry of tyrant-mobs. It is often emblazoned on banners that wave above scenes of carnage, where every right, human and divine, is trampled out by bloody feet. "Liberalism,"—a word that wins our human sympathies,— is, on the Continent of Europe, the mere synonyme of outrage, rabble-oppression, plunder, impiety, demonism. Belgium, the most Catholic nation on the Old Continent, and one of the bravest and kindest, too, was the prostrate prey of this monster, when I arrived there. It is not so, thank God, any longer. Elsewhere I have paid tribute to the faith and virtues of the Belgians,—among whom are many dear friends,— and so, I know, that what I now write will not be ill received. The truth of what I write can be testified to, at the present moment, by many distinguished gentlemen who were under the same roof with me when our college was attacked by the *Belgian Liberals*.

I arrived in Louvain on a bright Sunday afternoon, shortly after the fall of M. Jules Malou's government. I went to Belgium for the purpose of study. I was at peace with all the world, and felt quite pleased with the reception I received from some friends that I met in the famous old University town. The prospect of many peaceful and happy days rose before me. For *Catholic Belgium*, I had, from childhood, and I have to this day, a great love and veneration. The thought of living for years among *les braves Belges* filled my heart with consolation. But, alas! how short-lived is man's peace on earth. I had not been many hours in my little room,—the room in which Cardinal Franzelin had lived, for years,—when I received a visit from one of the students of our college, that changed greatly the state of my feelings. The polite visitor bowed and smiled, and thus began, in French:

"Father, if you hear any noise in the street to-night, please put your light out!"

I must confess that this request puzzled me. I was not, as yet, initiated into the ways of European continental life, and understood but very imperfectly the state of Belgian affairs.

"May I be permitted to ask," I said to my monitor, "for an explanation of your instructions? What kind of noise do you mean? Do you mean the shouting of boys, or the rumbling of wagons?"

"No, Father; I do not mean either of these things. I mean something more serious. The shouting and terrible cries of the city mob. *Les gueux*, we have been informed, have resolved to attack our college to-night."

"But, in case of an attack," I ventured to say, "I consider it better to keep my lamp burning. I would not care much for fighting in the dark, supposing I have to fight in self-defence. But, if I am forced to run, I would like to have light to see where I am going. You know I am a stranger here, and do not yet know the place. It

would be vain for me to try and make my escape, if I was beset with darkness."

"All very true, Father," replied my kind visitor; "but I hope you will not have to fight or fly. Things will not be so desperate as that. Here, in Belgium, we are frequently attacked by the *Liberals*. Not in Louvain, it is true, but in Brussels, Ghent, and other *liberal cities*. If the rabble come, and they see light in your window, they will be sure to throw stones at it. If they see no light, it is probable that they will not trouble you. We will put lamps in some of the unoccupied chambers in order to mislead them."

Having understood how things stood, I said that I would be careful to extinguish my lamp, if the rabble came near. With a bow and a smile, the student retired.

Though I had a heavy tome of theology opened on the table before me, and turned over its leaves now and then, the reader will easily believe that I did not learn much that evening. I thought of many things not treated of in the *Summa*, but my chief cogitations were about the absurdity of calling the tyranny of the dregs of society by the grand name of *liberalism*.

My room,—certainly, in itself, a comfortable one,—was over the main entrance to the college, and was thus more exposed to an attack than any other room in the house, as *les gueux* were likely to stop in front of it. Every car that rumbled along the street, caused me to raise my head from my book and listen. something after the fashion of a hunter, or an Indian scout, in the depths of some great forest. For some time, all was silence in the street. I fancied that it was like the dull, dead calm that often precedes the storm. All at once, I heard several voices singing on the sidewalk. This, I thought, was the beginning of trouble. I listened with the utmost attention, and caught the words:

"A bas Malou,
A bas Malou,
Il faut le pendre
La corde au cou."

At the sound of the Belgian *liberal song*, I immediately rushed to the conclusion that the rabble had begun to assemble in front of our ponderous iron gate. My first impulse was to extinguish my lamp; but, on second thought, I considered it better to look out of my window, and see if there were any real danger. I quickly arose from my seat, and looked out upon the street. For some minutes I could not perceive any one; however, on looking towards a dim-lit lamp, a little from our gate, I saw a group of small boys who were amusing themselves singing the song that had caused me no little fright. I went back to my chair and began once more to turn over the leaves of my book. Soon the college-bell rang for night prayers, and I proceeded to the beautiful little chapel to thank God that we were not so far troubled by the city mob. After prayers, I returned to my room, and, in a short time, the bell again tolled. This was a signal for retiring to rest. I had travelled that day from Ostend to Louvain,

and had on my way stopped for some hours at Brussels, whose churches and cathedrals I visited. I was weary, and so I soon fell fast asleep. At four o'clock I was awakened by the matin bell of the college. This I knew was the signal for rising. I arose. Peacefully the day passed on.

For the sake of preserving unity in this article I will pass over six months, though many things of interest happened in the meantime. About six months, then, after my arrival in Louvain, when I was no longer annoyed by the thought of enemies, at the sound of the bell,—the voice of God, as students call it,—I retired to rest with a tranquil and happy mind.

A little before midnight I was rudely awakened by the crashing of glass, by terrible shouts in the street, and by the glare of a lurid light in the street. "The college is on fire!" I cried to myself, as I leaped up from my bed. At that moment I heard something whizzing by, about half an inch from my forehead, and the door of my room sounded as if it had been struck by a sledge-hammer. In the morning I found that what had passed so near my temple was a good-sized stone, of about one pound and a half weight. "Death to the priests!" "Away with them!" "Away with them!" now rang in my ears. I knew that the rabble was at our gate. I had not time to make much reflection, but immediately pulled my chair, on which I had laid my clothes, and began to dress as quickly as possible. The wild cries in the street continued: "Death to the priests!" "Away with them!" "Away with them!" Stone after stone, with great force and rapidity, came tearing into my room. I heard the crashing in of windows all along the front rooms of the college. As the rabble soon found it hard to find missiles enough in front of the college, they tried, but in vain, to break in the thick iron gate under my window. It would, fortunately, take more than sticks and stones to dash in that noble barrier, that seemed to have been made for a fortress, or feudal castle, rather than for a seat of learning and piety in the heart of a polished city. All this time I was anxious to catch a glimpse of our assailants. While they had stones to throw, it would be highly imprudent for me to run the risk of placing my head near the window. But as soon as I found that their ammunition had given out, I ventured to look at these heroes of *Liberalism*. What a sight met my eyes! A mass of infuriated men, that looked more like savages than civilized beings, rushed madly to and fro, with lanterns, torches, and clubs in their hands. Madness seemed to possess them. Yelling, blaspheming, cursing, shouting, stamping the earth in hatred, they seemed like so many furies. How terrible is a mob that is angry even with God Himself! And hatred of God, and of His Divine Son, was certainly in the hearts of these men, who that night shouted in the street before me. For, after leaving the college, they attacked the University Students' Chapel, and our church, broke in the windows of these sacred edifices, and, oh, horror! threw stones even at the Tabernacles, these Holies of Holies, in which reposed the Lamb that was slain for the redemption of mankind! One miscreant flung a stone at a picture of the *Ecce Homo*, near the church altar, and tore it to pieces.

It was a sad and terrible night, — a night never to be forgotten by me. It revealed so much malice, so much wickedness, so much *demonism*, that I blush for human nature.

The morning dawned at last. The news that our college had been attacked during the night flew like fire through the city. The University students heard it, and began to assemble together in the court attached to one of their colleges. "What shall we do?" "What shall we do?" was whispered among them. Tears rolled down the cheek of many a noble face when it was fully known what a wreck our college had become. But words cannot picture the feelings of those generous Catholic youths when they learned how *Les Gueux* had even dared to desecrate God's holy sanctuaries. "What shall we do?" "What shall we do?" they cried as if in despair. "What shall we do when our priests, when our God, when all we hold sacred, are attacked and insulted by the scum of the earth?" cried a young Irish student stepping to the front. "What shall we do but fling out our Papal Banners, and armed to the teeth, seek to avenge the wrongs of God and His priests." "To arms!" "to arms!" was now the universal cry. The Papal Banners were soon flying above a thousand students well armed, and wild with enthusiasm and indignation.

Once in the history of Louvain, when that city was attacked by the Prince of Orange, the University students fought like heroes for the defence of their classic town. They were led on by young Preston, afterwards a companion in arms with Owen Roe O'Neill. By their sides on the ramparts could be seen valiantly fighting young clerics, Franciscans, Dominicans, and Jesuits. But the reader must not think that the students, of whom I am now writing, were clerical students; no, most of them from different parts of Europe, and from North and South America, were students of law or medicine.

I was in my room gathering up the stones and pieces of glass that covered the floor when the students arrived in front of our stanch old iron gate. A band of musicians was at their head, and I knew from the air that was played, before I saw them, that they were friends. I approached the window, or rather where a window had been the night before, and my heart beat with joy as I muttered to myself, "Thank God for this sight; this makes amends, in some way, for the horrors of last night. We have friends after all; we have young, noble, enthusiastic friends."

Something over a thousand young men, swaying with intense excitement, thronged the street. The Papal Banner waved proudly in their midst. The music ceased. There was a dead silence for a moment; and then a shout, — "Long live the Jesuits!" "Long live the Jesuits," — filled the air, and seemed to shake every foundation for the whole length of the street. Caps and hands were waved in wild excitement. "Long live the Jesuits," "*A bas les gueux*," "*A bas les gueux*," continued to fill the air like the voice of artillery. Caps were flung almost as high as the roof of our college. I turned away from the window, with tears in my eyes, and the cry, "Long live the Jesuits," resounding in my ears.

## The Tombs of the Apostles.

OUR readers will be glad to learn where the remains of the Twelve Apostles now are.

Of the body of St. John the Evangelist there are no tidings. Not a bone of the body of this holy Apostle and beloved Disciple of our Lord can be found.

St. James the Greater is at St. Jago de Compostello, in Spain. That is the far-famed pilgrimage that takes its name from this Apostle. The ten remaining Apostles are in Italy, without counting St. Paul, who was not one of the twelve.

As most of the Apostles are in Rome, we shall dispose of the others first. There are in the Kingdom of Naples, St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist, at Salerno; St. Andrew, at Amalfi, near Naples; and St. Thomas, at Ortons.

Rome has seven of the Apostles, viz.: SS. Peter, Philip, James the Lesser, Simon, Jude, Bartholomew, and Matthias, who filled up the place left vacant by the Apostacy of Judas.

St. Peter is, of course, in the church that is called after him, precisely on account of his tomb being there. In St. Peter's, also, are Sts. Simon and Jude. St. Jude is sometimes called St. Thaddeus — for instance, in the Church of St. John of Lateran, where you see the statues of all the Apostles, with the names of each carved beneath. In the Church of the Holy Apostles, are James the Lesser, and St. Philip.

In the Island of St. Bartholomew, in the Tiber, is the saint of that name, in the church dedicated to the same holy Apostle.

St. Matthias is in St. Mary Major. The body of this Apostle is under the great altar of the basilica.

So one Apostle is in Spain, and all the rest in Italy, except St. John the Evangelist.

Rome possesses no less than seven Apostles. Besides these, the two Evangelists, not Apostles, are also in Italy; St. Mark at Venice, and St. Luke, at Padua.

May all these holy Apostles and Evangelists pray that the church in Italy may be delivered from the tribulations that now afflict her; and may the myriads of saints whose relics are in that beautiful peninsula, unite, also, their prayers for Italy, and especially for Rome, the hallowed metropolis of the Catholic world.

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## A High Tribute.

A TEXAS gentleman, travelling in a Pullman palace car in Pennsylvania, happened to say that he was from the Lone Star state. "Do you live in the western portion of the state?" asked a man opposite. "I do." — "In Tom Green county?" — "That's my county." — "Live near Carson?" — "That's my town." — "Perhaps you know my brother, William Henry Jones?" — "Know him? Gimme your hand, stranger. I helped hang William Henry the night before I left. He was a horse-thief, but a good one."

# The Hercules Stone and the Amber Spirit.

## PART I.

From Plato to Parnell is a far cry, and, at first sight, a rather extraordinary conjunction; but, when we eagerly open the daily paper, and hastily scan its contents, in order to learn the latest phase of the battle for Ireland's liberty, we cannot but think with gratitude of the patient researches and experiments of the philosophers whose unparalleled labors have given us that marvellous discovery known as the Electric Telegraph. And our thoughts unbidden wander to and fro, — hither and thither,— from the wise old pagan, who journeyed and suffered in the interests of scientific knowledge, to that younger and grander philosopher, whose science is, despite slander and persecution, to obtain for his people the right to exist; and, in pursuit of that object,— not suffering declination or inclination, — is truer and more faithful than the needle to its pole.

Gazing down the vista of years, through the dim aisles of antiquity, we behold, looming up through the mists of the ages, the spectral figures of the wisdom-seekers, and regard, with reverential admiration and interest, those who, under difficulties and disadvantages, patiently searched into the hidden mysteries of the physical creation.

In the far-off days before the birth of Christ, we see (about six centuries B. C.) the Etruscans (or Tuscans) devoting themselves, in an especial manner, to the study of atmospheric phenomena. They divided the lightnings into two classes: (1), those that came from the earth, and (2), those that came from the sky. They are also said to have drawn down the lightning from the sky, an achievement whose performance many centuries later gained much celebrity for Benjamin Franklin. We see Thales of Miletus, and Plato, and Theophrastus; and, in the early centuries of the Christian era, we find the now stagnant and isolated Mongolians represented in the person of Kuopho.

Coming nearer our own times, we find the continuity of experiment and research illustrated in the persons of Gilbert and Strada.

From the beginning of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, we find a steady increase in the number of seekers after this philosopher's stone, and we to-day are inheritors and beneficiaries of the labors of Lesage, in 1774; Lomond and Betancourt, in 1787; Reizen, in 1794; Cavallo, in 1795; Soemmering, in 1809; and Coxe, in 1810. After this we come to the early stages of that magical *Far-Writer*, which is now at every man's command for the purpose of communication with distant friends or business correspondents.

The loadstone was known to the ancients, and is supposed to have received its name from *Magnesia*, in Asia Minor, the country in which it was found. Plato and Euripides called it the *Hercules stone*, from its power of governing iron, which was supposed to conquer everything else; but, in our more matter-of-fact days, it is designated by chemists, *magnetic oxide of iron.*

Not only does the loadstone possess the power of attracting iron

and steel, but it can also communicate its virtues to steel. If a bar of well-tempered steel be repeatedly rubbed by it, the virtue of attraction is imparted to the steel, which is then designated an *artificial* magnet, the loadstone being a natural magnet. The artificial magnets are far superior, in strength and power, to the natural loadstone, and are, therefore, more commonly used. When we take a bar-magnet, and scatter iron filings around it, they will gather in groups about both ends, but will shun the centre of the bar. Thus it appears that the chief power of the bar lies at the two ends. These centres of magnetic force are designated *poles*, and have this peculiar quality, that, when the magnet-bar, or needle, is suspended or poised with free pivotal motion, it will not rest until it has settled in a direction pointing nearly north and south; and, if the position of the bar be changed, as soon as the coercive force is removed, it returns again to the *axial* position, the same end always turning towards the north. That end which points to the north is commonly (though erroneously) called the north pole, and, the opposite end, the south pole.

This polar dualism is a permanent force in magnetic science. We cannot have a magnet without this bi-polar property. If we break in two a magnetic bar, we do not get a magnet of north polarity and another of south polarity; but, on the contrary, we get two complete magnets; and this effect is repeated, no matter how many times we sub-divide the bar. Also, if we bring two magnetic bars together, we find that their north poles are mutually repulsive, and the same result is obtained if we cause the south poles to approach each other. But, if we invert this process, and bring a south and a north pole together, we instantly discern the presence of a powerful attraction between them. Hence we deduce two general magnetic laws of action: *Like poles repel each other; unlike poles attract each other.*

A bar of iron is, in itself, powerless to attract other particles of iron. But the contact, or even neighborhood, of a magnet, instantly imparts to the iron this attractive power. If we suspend from (say) the south pole of a magnet, an iron nail, this nail instantly becomes, for the time, endowed with perfect magnetic power, and is, in every respect, a magnet similar to that to which it is attached, except that it develops the opposite polarity. The same effect is produced, though in a lesser degree, by simply bringing the magnet near to the nail, or other iron fragment. But, in these two cases, the magnetization of the bar, though perfect, is but temporary, and is termed magnetization by *induction.*

All bodies are more or less magnetic; but it is only in iron, or its varieties, that bi-polar magnetism is excited by the inductive effects of a permanent magnet. There is a very decided difference between this inductive effect upon soft iron, and that which is shown by well-tempered steel. The iron is saturated almost instantaneously by the contact of the magnet; and, when the inducing magnet is removed, the magnetic effect vanishes with equal celerity. Steel, on the contrary, will not readily assume the magnetic state, but only after repeated friction; but once magnetized, it retains its polarity with equal stubbornness.

Magnets are generally constructed in the shape of a horse-shoe, in order that the power of both poles may be brought to bear upon the same object. To all such magnets is attached an *armature*, or keeper, of soft iron, which is held by attraction across the open end of the magnet. Without this keeper, the horse-shoe magnet is liable to have its polarity weakened, and ultimately destroyed, by the action of the earth, itself an enormous magnet. The soft iron under induction becomes exactly similar to the magnet, and the power of the permanent poles is, in this way, greatly enhanced, and a much greater weight can be held up by the armature than the poles are of themselves capable of sustaining. Magnetism is generally communicated to steel bars by friction with a permanent magnet. A very powerful magnet may be obtained by inserting (for a few moments) a steel bar, into a spiral coil of wire, through which an electric current is passing. Horse-shoe magnets are generally formed by placing the horse-shoe and its keeper in a horizontal position, and then placing the inducing magnet perpendicularly, and moving it from the ends to the bend, and back again to the starting-point. Magnets, when freshly saturated, have often more magnetism than they can retain, in which case their power gradually decreases until a stationary point is reached, when they are said to be *saturated*.

The best-known theory of magnetism supposes that there are two magnetic fluids existing in the substance of the magnet and adhering to it. Each kind of fluid repels itself, but attracts the other kind. The more recent theory of M. Ampere, is that magnetism is due to currents circulating round the particles of a magnet, and *all in the same direction*. The want of magnetism in a steel bar, is simply owing to the currents all flowing in different directions, and thus nullifying each other. This theory is more generally adopted among recent scientists.

Since the beginning of the present century, it has been known that the metals cobalt and nickel were feebly magnetic, and could be attracted by a strong steel magnet. But the effect of magnetism upon other bodies was not recognized till the discovery of an unlimited magnetic power in the galvanic current. The experiments of Faraday, with the electro-magnet, resulted in the knowledge that all bodies are more or less magnetic; though the magnetism is generally so feeble as to be imperceptible, even when the most powerful steel magnet is used. In 1845, he first proved that all the metals, such as gold, silver, copper, etc., as well as the liquids and gases, are influenced by the powerful effects of the electro-magnet. He also established, by a series of experiments, that there is a remarkable difference in the effect it exercises upon different bodies. He found that when a small piece of iron was suspended, by a silk fibre, between the poles of an electro-magnet, that it settled at rest in the line of the poles; whereas, if bismuth be substituted for iron, it will set its length across the line of the poles. The former position Faraday termed *axial*, and the substance, *paramagnetic;* the latter position *equatorial*, and its material *diamagnetic*. The following substances have been found to be paramagnetic:

*Iron*, *nickel*, *cobalt*, *manganese*, *paper*, *sealing-wax*, *plumbago*, *red lead*, *zinc-sulphate*, *shellac*, *charcoal*. And, among the diamagnetics, are classed: *Bismuth*, *antimony*, *zinc*, *tin*, *mercury*, *lead*, *silver*, *copper*, *gold*, *alum*, *glass*, *nitre*, *sulphur*, *resin*, *water*, *wood*, *leather*, *caoutchouc*. The reason why the magnet causes these contradictory dispositions is, that iron and its kindred substances are attracted by both poles, while bismuth, and analogous bodies, are repelled by both poles.

The best-known and most elementary application of the magnet is the *mariner's compass*. It is generally attributed to Flavio Gioza, of Amalfi (a city near Salerno, in Italy), at the commencement of the fourteenth century, though something of the kind was known in France, during the twelfth century. Eight hundred years before the Christian era, the Chinese applied the magnet's directive force to guide them in journeying over the great Asiatic plains. This astonishing revelation of scientific knowledge among the almond-eyed compatriots of Confucius, might well lend an apparent plausibility to the claim of the modern Chinese, that their ancestors knew, utilized, and eventually discarded the Speaking Telephone, centuries previous to Professor Bell's production of that wonderful instrument. Instead of a ship's compass card and needle poised and *boxed*, as we recognize that invaluable instrument, the Chinese caravans used a magnetic car, on the front of which a floating needle carried a small figure, whose outstretched arm pointed *southward*. China, being the country of contradictions, it is not to be wondered at that their standard or index pole should be the reverse of that used by the Western nations.

Something of the sensation of awe felt by the first discoverer of the magic power which lay hidden in the magnetic stone, we may perhaps imagine from the feelings of two German explorers, who recently were made cognizant of the presence of an *electrical tree*, while travelling in New Guinea. Their account of the circumstance is as follows: When they reached a spot twelve miles from the coast they found their compass useless, owing to the presence of a tree which so completely possessed all the properties of a highly charged electric battery, that one of the travellers was knocked down when he touched it. Analysis showed the tree to consist of almost pure amorphous carbon, and it has been named *Elsassia Electrica*.

The action of the compass needle, in setting itself north and south, is due to the influence of the earth, which is an enormously large and strong magnet. All magnets attract the unlike poles and repel the like poles of other magnets, so that the north magnetic pole of the earth, attracts the south pole of the needle, and thus causes the needle to assume its position nearly parallel to the axis of the earth.

It is not always remembered when we speak of the north pole of the magnetic needle, that the expression is scientifically inaccurate, and that the pole which points to the north, is actually, the *south* pole of the needle, and is always so denominated by the French scientists. We might, as a matter of accuracy, designate it the *north-looking pole*. But the needle does not point due north and south, for the reason that the magnetic poles of the earth do not coincide with its geo-

graphical or axial poles. The amount of this deviation from the astronomical north is termed the *declination* of the needle. The reliability of the mariner's compass as a guide is slightly affected by reason of this deviation, which is not of equal quantity in all places, nor of regular declination in the same locality at different times.

The needle points west of north in Europe and Africa, in the eastern part of the two Americas, and in the western part of Asia and Australia. This section of the earth is termed the hemisphere of *western declination*, while the other half of the earth's surface forms the hemisphere of *eastern declination*. These hemispheres are separated by an irregular line of *no declination*, which at present runs through the eastern part of North America, a corner of South America, through Australia, the West of Asia, and the east of Russia. But it is not a fixed line, for it is slowly changing its position, and advancing from Asia towards Europe.

The magnetic declination not only varies with the geographical position of the observer, but, in every place, it is subject to modification with the *year*, the *season of the year*, and even with the *hour*. For example, in England the needle had suffered a progressive westerly declination for one hundred and seventy years, till, in 1815, it was $24\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ west of the true north. Since then it has slowly receded and is now about $19\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ west. It is estimated that the present annual rate of retrogression for a century and a half will bring it back to the direction of due north. The direction of the needle is also subject to regular daily fluctuations which arise from a slight but definite tendency to turn towards the sun. The movement is very minute, and can only be detected by the most delicate instruments and penetrating observers.

There are also sudden and unexpected derangements which proceed from *magnetic storms*. These disturbances are very strongly marked during earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

Magnet-needles are also subject to dip or *inclination*, which tends to displace them from a horizontal position, and proceeds from the position of the earth's magnetic poles deep in the interior of the globe. This inclination also varies with our geographical position. Over the north magnetic pole the needle stands perpendicular, with its north pole downwards. Near the equator there is no dip, and the needle retains its horizontal position. A line drawn through all such places of no dip, is called the *magnetic equator*. It is a somewhat irregular line, approximating to, but not coincident with, the geographical equator. The dip, like the declination, is subject to periodical and irregular vibrations, which appear to synchronize with the affections of the declination needle. The third indication of the *magnetic elements* (viz: declination, inclination, and *intensity*), is perceived and estimated by the relative rapidity with which the needle oscillates upon various parts of the earth's surface. The speed of the oscillations increases as we go north; but at the equator the swing is very sluggish. Proceeding south we find a progressive increase in the rate of oscillation.

One of the most remarkable revelations of magnetic effect, is that shown by the needle during the presence of the aurora whether

of *boreal* or *austral* origin. Prof. Arago devoted himself, in a special manner, at the Paris Observatory, to the study of the continuous vibrations of the magnetic needle. Patiently watching the tiny index, day by day, from year to year, he traced the slow progress of the needle, through its regular variations, and while thus employed, had occasion to observe attentively, the sudden irregularities which occasionally irrupted themselves upon the diurnal vibrations of the needle. In January, 1819, he published a statement of his observations, and his deduction of an intimate connection between the causes of auroras and of terrestrial magnetism. Scientific men did not take kindly to this hypothesis, and it was pointed out that magnetic disturbances, of a most remarkable character, have frequently occurred when no aurora was visible. Later on it was found, that the magnetic needle was not only a submissive slave to the auroras within the vision of the observer, but that the auroras in progress, hundreds or even thousands of miles away, governed it in a manner quite as despotic. And, as inquiry progressed still further, it was ascertained that the needles of northern observatories were not exempt from the disturbing influences of the auroras which take place in the southern polar regions. It has further been developed that the bond of sympathy existing between the auroras and the magnetic needle is much more intimate than even Arago had supposed. It is not merely the case, that during the presence of an aurora that the needle is disturbed; but still more wonderful, its movements are said to be *synchronous* with the waving motion of the magic streamers. Let the auroral display be present in the north of Europe, or even in Asia, or America, and the tiny needle under observation in Paris or Greenwich will vibrate in unison with the distant aurora. It has also been established that the magnetic needle is directly subject to the influence of the sun, and, in its daily vibrations, makes an effort to follow his diurnal revolutions. The action of opposing forces greatly retards this movement; but wherever the sun may be, either in the visible heavens or below the horizon, the end of the needle which is nearest the sun is impelled to point more directly towards that great orb. Gen. Sabine also discovered that the moon exercises a very distinct influence upon the magnetic needle. This influence is believed to proceed from the great bulk of the moon, combined with its proximity to the earth. It is also accepted as correct, that the other planets are not without contributing their share to the influences which disturb the axial line of the magnetic needle.

The intimate and constant connection between the phenomena of the auroras and that of terrestrial magnetism led Humboldt to class, under the head of *magnetic storms*, all distances of the equilibrium of the earth's magnetic forces. The presence of such storms is indicated by the oscillations of the magnetized needle, by the disturbance of voltaic currents upon telegraph wires, by the derangement of telegraphic apparatus, and by the appearance of the aurora, of which these oscillations and disturbances are, as it were, the forerunner, and which itself puts an end to the storm,— as, in electric storms, the phenomenon of lightning announces that the electrical equilibrium, temporarily

disturbed, is now restored. It is scarcely necessary to add here, that the effect upon telegraph wires, of a magnetic storm, is totally unlike that of common or free electricity, with which the atmosphere is charged during a thunder-storm. The high-tension electricity, whose discharge is the cause of the lightning flashes, quickly dissipates with a visible explosion, sometimes utterly destroying the signalling apparatus, and occasionally dealing death to clerks whose duty it is to attend these instruments. The magnetic currents which flow from the earth are, on the contrary, of low tension, and frequently of measurable duration, and exhibit many of the qualities of galvanic electricity. They produce the ordinary effects upon an electro-magnet, decompose chemicals, deflect a magnetic needle, and, though irregular in presence, fluctuating in strength, and of alternate polarity, have sometimes been utilized for purposes of communication upon telegraphic circuits, from which the voltaic batteries have been removed. But this, of course, could only be a temporary, though interesting, expedient, as these earth currents come and go, wax and wane, as they list, and the essential requirement of the electric telegraph is a constant and reliable motive-force.

Magnetic storms last for several hours, and, sometimes, for days together. It has been suggested that the sun is the great inducing cause to which these storms may be traced. Mr. Proctor, of Cambridge University, mentions an occasion when the observers at Oxford and London were dazzled by an intense brightness, which suddenly appeared upon the sun's face, accompanied by a cluster of spots which travelled at the rate of *seven thousand miles per minute.* Subsequent comparison with the records of the self-registering magnetic instruments at the Kew Observatory, showed that, at the self-same moment, when this unusual activity became visible on the solar surface, the magnetic instruments were subjected to rapid, jerky movements, which always indicate a magnetic storm. It soon became known that the whole earth had been thrilled, at the same moment, by a mysterious magnetic influence. At the West Indies, in South America, in Australia, wherever the magnetic elements are made a matter of systematic observations, the same testimony was given, on the evidence of the magnetic needle itself. In Washington and Philadelphia, the telegraph clerks received strong electric shocks. In Norway, the telegraph machinery was set on fire. And wherever the telegraph wires were in use, all the effects of intense magnetic disturbance were manifested. The storm lasted all day, and far into the night, and then came forth the aurora, with almost unprecedented magnificence. Northern and southern hemispheres alike were weirdly illuminated by the waving streamers, and, as they flashed to and fro, the magnetic needles vibrated in sympathy with their motion.

From an article in the Gentleman's Magazine, the following interesting description is taken of the apparatus required for a magnetic observatory:

"There was a time when the observations of magnetic disturbances in the earth, as exhibited on magnets prepared for the purpose for the magnetic observatories of Europe, was a tediously laborious task. In a magnetic observatory

there are employed three needles, for the purpose of ascertaining the varying magnitude of the terrestrial magnetic forces in all directions. These needles are steel bars, some two feet in length, and thick and broad. One is suspended by a silken skein in the magnetic meridian, and shows, by its gentle oscillation, the changes in the *declination*, or compass-bearing. Another is partially restrained by two silken suspending cords, in a position at right-angles to the former, and its movements, in opposition to the ties, show the continual changes in the earth's *horizontal* magnetic force. A third is nicely balanced on knife edges, like a scale beam; its stately vibrations exhibit the varying intensity of the earth's force in a vertical direction. Usually these needles, although in constant motion, do not twist more than about half a degree per day. Thunders may roll, and lightnings may flash above them, yet they take no heed, but let an auroral glimmer show itself; let the 'merry maidens' disport themselves, even out of sight of the magnet watcher, and then will the needles run wild. Like frightened things, they quiver and shake, and wander fitfully and far beyond their usual bounds of oscillation.

"These magnets carried small mirrors attached to suspension fibres, and graduated scales were fixed at a distance, and observed as mirrors by telescopes. Hour after hour the eye of the watcher was enslaved alternately reading the scale indications of the three needles. It was hard work, counting clock-beats, through the long night, and, minute by minute, peering at, and jotting down, the reflected oscillations of a compass-needle.

"But we have changed all that. Photography is now the observer. By fixing a concave mirror to the magnet, a spot of light from a neighboring gas-flame is formed at a short distance from the reflector, and every tiny twist of the bar is rendered visible by a displacement of the light spot. If, then, a sensitive sheet of paper be placed to receive the spot, and made, by clock-work, to travel slowly in a direction traverse to that of the magnet's swing, it will be impressed at every instant with the shifting beam, and there will be produced a wavy or zigzag line, which will be, in effect, the *trail* of the magnet.

"Thus do the three needles of a modern observatory perpetually observe themselves. Every day sheets of paper are set before them, and removed on the mirror bearing the unerring record of their twenty-four hours' watch. When the great Aurora has shown itself, the traces are very beautiful. Now, the line will bend into a gentle curve; then, it will be jagged as a saw; anon it will fly away to the right or left for a few minutes, forming the outline of a graceful spur; presently it will make an excursion beyond the limits of the sheet, and not return for an hour or more. The three needles keep step, to some extent, with one another, each showing the action in that particular direction in which it is constrained to move."

A very beautiful exhibition of these erratic currents may at times be observed at the terminal offices of all the great submarine cables. When there are no communications being transmitted, the apparatus is always "set to receive," and, in that condition, both ends of the cable are connected, through the reflecting galvanometer, to the earth, without the intervention of the signalling battery. Now, let us take our seat at the desk of the receiving clerk, and note the fitful play of the spot of light upon the scale from which the signals are interpreted. We see the quivering motion imparted to the needle by the currents emanating from the natural forces of the earth. First, we see a steady and equable swing towards either side of zero, as if the mysterious *genius* in the depths of the earth were "sending reversals,"—the technical expression for sending currents of alternate polarity in rapid and regular succession. Then, we see irregular deflections of greater or lesser angle, continued at one side, and more or less slowly decreasing towards zero, which is presently passed, and all the occult power is

exerted in the opposite direction. Again, we have a succession of vibrations from side to side, moving with such rapidity, that their movements can scarcely be followed.

At other times the spot stands still, with nothing to denote its susceptibility to terrestrial interference, save an occasional tremor, which scarcely takes the spot a hair's breadth from its place of rest.

Part II. next month.

## History of the Hat.

How few of us ever traced the history of the hat! The felt hat is as old as Homer. The Greeks made them in skull-caps, conical, truncated, narrow, or broad-brimmed. The Phrygian bonnet has an elevated cap without a brim, the apex turned over in front. It is known as the cap of liberty. An ancient figure of Liberty, in the times of Anthonius Livy, A. D. 115, holds the cap in the right hand. The Persians wore soft caps; plumed hats were the head-dress of the Syrian corps of Xerxes; the broad brim was worn by the Macedonian kings. Castor means a beaver. The Armenian captive wore a plug hat. The merchants of the fourteenth century wore a Flanders beaver. Charles VII., in 1469, wore a felt hat, lined with red and plumed. The English men and women, in 1510, wore close woollen or knitted caps; two centuries ago, hats were worn in the house. Pepys, in his diary, in 1664, wrote: "September, 1664, got a severe cold because he took off his hat at dinner;" and again, in 1665, he got a cold by sitting too long with his head bare, to allow his wife's maid to comb his hair and wash his ears; and Lord Clarendon, in his essay, speaking of the decay of respect due to the aged, says: "That in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those older than himself, except at dinner." In the thirteenth century, Pope Innocent IV. allowed the cardinals the use of the scarlet cloth hat. The hats now in use are the cloth hat, leather hat, paper hat, silk hat, opera hat, spring-brim hat, and straw hat.

## Might Have Answered Worse.

A CATHOLIC bishop, in the north of England, visited the numerous mission stations in his diocese, a short time ago. At one place, where he visited, the priest was very anxious that his lordship should examine a class of little girls upon religious subjects. The bishop consented, and forthwith commenced to question the little girls upon the seven sacraments. Everything went on very well, and the bishop was very much edified by the ready and intelligent answers given by the little girls, whose ages ranged from six to nine years. The good parish priest being close by, was, of course, very proud of his little flock, till it came to the sacrament of matrimony. A bright-eyed little girl of eight years, in answer to a question put to her by the bishop, said that matrimony was a state of torment in this life. The priest, in an instant, said, "Go to the bottom of the class, you naughty girl." His lordship replied, "No, no, my dear Father, let the little girl alone; for aught you or I know, she may be right."

# St. Patrick's Birth and Baptism.

THE date, as well as the place of our Saint's birth, is disputed by historians. As it is a matter of mere chronology, which, we fear, will never be set at rest, we shall not occupy our space with a dissertation on the subject. The learned have at their disposal volumes to satisfy their doubts or curiosity, and for the multitude it is not a matter of the greatest moment.

The only important point in this controversy is, that the date of our Saint's birth once fixed, establishes the date of his captivity, studies, mission, and death.

According to Father Colgan, the great Franciscan historian, and beyond doubt, the greatest Irish hagiographer, St. Patrick was born in the year 373.* St. Fiace, Bishop of Sletty, who wrote the Life of St. Patrick in verse, in the sixth century, tells us that at his baptism he was called Succat. The name Patricius or Patrick, was given to him by Pope St. Celestine.

St. Fiace writes: "Patrick was born at Emptur; that is what history relates to us. . . .

"Succat was his name." . . .

Before his birth, the mother of St. Dominic dreamt that she brought forth a whelp, which carried in his mouth a burning torch, with which he set the whole world on fire; thereby signifying the light of faith and charity which this great saint was destined by God to shed upon the world. Angels were heard singing hymns of love round the mother of St. Francis of Assisium before his birth; and by the command of an unknown pilgrim the mother gave birth to her son upon a bed of straw; God thereby foreshadowing the burning charity and awful austerity of the future Seraphic Saint. A swarm of bees clustering round the mouth of St. John, a babe in the cradle, presaged the future eloquence of the great Chrysostom. It is of faith, for we find it narrated in the Sacred Text, that the unborn Baptist leaped for joy in his mother's womb.

With these and similar facts before our mind, we are prepared for some manifestation on the part of God at the birth or baptism of the future Apostle of Ireland. And so it happened.

"Many miracles and prodigies," writes St. Evin, author of the Tripartite Life, "were wrought through Patrick in his youth; but we shall relate only a few out of the many."

The priest, whose name was Gormias, to whom the child was brought for baptism, was blind; and no water was at hand. By a heavenly inspiration the priest made the sign of the cross on the ground with the hand of the infant; forthwith a fountain gushed forth, in which the child was baptized, and the blind priest washing his eyes

*Morris Villanueva agrees with the above date, 373. Ussher writes 372; Jocelyn and Pills, 370; The Bollandists, 377; Lanigan, Moore, Tillemont, Brennan, Wills, O'Farrel, Walsh, 387.

in the miraculous stream, received his sight; * God thereby foreshadowing the light of faith which this infant was destined to shed upon a heathen nation, sitting in darkness and the shades of death.

Many miracles are recorded as wrought by our Saint in his youth. An inundation threatened the house in which he was living; the child dipped his fingers in the torrent, and making the sign of the cross in the name of the Holy Trinity over the waters, the flood receded, and the house and all were saved. At one time, playing in the fields with his little sister, Lupita, she fell heavily upon a stone, and appeared upon the point of death. Patrick wept aloud over his sister, and raising her from the ground, made the sign of the cross over the wound, which at once healed, and a white seam alone remained to bear evidence to the miracle.

We give one miracle more in the words of the Tripartite Life, which we have taken the above.

"There was a great assembly held by the Britons. He went to the assembly with his nurse and his guardian. It happened that his guardian died in the assembly. All were hushed into silence thereat; and his relatives cried and his friends wept, and they said: 'Why, thou *gilla*, didst thou let the man who was carrying thee die?' As regards the *gilla*, moreover, he ran to his guardian and placed his hands about his neck, and said to him: 'Arise, and let us go home.' He arose forthwith at St. Patrick's word, and they went home safe afterwards."

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"DOES your wife ever pay you any compliment?" asked Frederick Jimson, of his friend Benderly. "Never," replied Benderly. "Well, mine does. She flatters me."—"Often?"—"Oh, yes, frequently, particularly in winter," replied Frederick. "Why does she taffy you so much, in winter?"—"Whenever the coal-fire needs replenishing she points to the fire-place, and says, 'Frederick, the grate.'"

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* "'How can the Babe baptized be
When font is none and water none?'
Thus wept the nurse on bended knee,
And swayed the infant in the sun.

The blind priest took that infant's hand:
With that small hand, above the ground,
He signed the Cross. At God's command
A fountain rose with brimming bound.

In that pure wave from Adam's sin
The blind priest cleansed the babe with awe
Then, reverently, he washed therein
His old, unseeing face, and saw.

He saw the earth, he saw the skies,
And that all-wondrous child, decreed
A Pagan nation to baptize,
And give the Gentiles light indeed."

AUBREY DE VERE.

# The Monita Secreta of the Jesuits.

THERE are Protestants and Protestants. In other words, there are honest Protestants and Protestant bigots. Honest Protestants desire to know the truth, and are willing to be convinced. Protestant bigots do not care to know the truth, and are determined not to be convinced. They have made up their minds beforehand that the Catholic Church is the "mother of harlots," and it is impossible to convince them to the contrary. They will not only not read a Catholic book, but they, apparently, esteem it a great merit to say, and even boast, that they never have read one, and they would as soon think of taking a dose of poison as of reading a Catholic book of any kind. They hate the church, they hate the priests, they hate the religious orders; but, above all and before all, they hate the Jesuits, and their hatred sometimes seems Satanic. They don't know anything about the Jesuits personally, but they have read about them, they have received the Protestant traditions in regard to them, and they repeat those traditions, and ring the changes on them, and are ready to swear by them, as if they were gospel truths. In fact, they never tire of reproducing and publishing to the world, and scattering broadcast, the most absurd and ridiculous stories,—lies made out of whole cloth,—involving charges of immorality and vice, nothing short of devilish, against an order whose founder was a saint, whose motto is "For the greater glory of God," and who are sworn in the most solemn manner to a supreme devotion to the salvation of souls and the general good of mankind.

The recent outburst of anti-Catholic, anti-Jesuit fanaticism, in Boston, is a fair specimen of the periodical crazes with which society has been cursed for the last three hundred years. Any one at all familiar with the history of these strange, unnatural developments might have predicted, with absolute certainty, the revival of the bogus Jesuit oath and the spurious *Monita Secreta*, which have so often and so constantly done duty on similar occasions in the past.

Accordingly, we are not at all surprised to have laid upon our desk a sightly book, with the following startling title, in black and red: "A Warning to America. 'Forewarned is Forearmed.' The Secret Instructions of the Jesuits. The Jesuits are the Sworn Enemies of American Liberty. Read this Wonderful Book and be instructed." This is on the outside cover. The inner title reads: "The Secret Instructions of the Jesuits, in Latin and English, with an Historical Sketch, by Rev. W. C. Brownlee, D.D. Published by Thomas E. Leyden, Evangelist. Boston, Mass., U.S.A. 1888." Pp. 145. In a notice to the public, the writer says: "This work is presented to the American people in the hope that it will aid in the good work of enlightenment, and help in preserving and purifying our republican institutions from the blighting influence of foreign ecclesiasticism, which, under the guise of religion, has corrupted and polluted every country and people, wherever permitted to establish itself;" and he calls upon Americans to "heed the warning, ere it be too late." He

declares that "Romanism and Jesuitism are inseparable. Where one is, the other may be found secretly working to subvert and enslave;" and, to encourage efforts to spread the book throughout the land, he gives notice that the proceeds of the work will be devoted to the spread of the gospel among Roman Catholics and unmasking the *true* aims and purposes of the Roman hierarchy,—the destruction of our public school system, and the establishment of Romanism as a state religion in America to the exclusion of all others." As he, Brother Leyden, the "Evangelist," is the man who is to "spread the gospel among the Roman Catholics," of course the money received from the sale of the books is to go into his own pocket, and he is, therefore, very solicitous that the sales should be as large as possible. Is Brother Leyden, after all, "on the make?"

Then comes a "Historical Sketch of the Jesuits," which, it is, perhaps, enough to say, was written by that intensely anti-Catholic writer and lecturer, the notorious Dr. Brownlee, who, many years ago, figured extensively in that role, and whose conspicuous and undoubted fanaticism rendered him entirely unworthy of credit as a historian. This "Sketch," as might be expected, is full of the most absurd and bare-faced mendacious statements. The principal point made is, that upon which the changes are so often rung by anti-Catholic writers, that the Jesuits were expelled from several European countries, and finally suppressed by Clement XIV., in 1773. But as we have, in our February number, published an article in this MAGAZINE, on that subject, showing the real reason for the terrible crusade which, during the last century, was waged against the Jesuits, it is unnecessary to allude to the subject any further, at this time.

The body of the book is composed of the old forgery called the *Monita Secreta*, which, notwithstanding its frequent exposure by Protestants as well as Catholics, will probably survive the wreck of time, and be made to do duty in every anti-Popery raid until the end of the world.

What then, are the *Monita Secreta*? They are, professedly, the secret instructions which the General of the Order is said to have issued to certain superiors to be communicated only to a few of the trusted professors, for their guidance in their intercourse with the world and in all the various relations of society. They are printed in Latin on one page, with a translation on the other. They are said to imitate the style of the Jesuit "Constitutions," in some places pretty cleverly, in others with indifferent success. In the *præfatio* this absurd and puerile direction is given: "The greatest care imaginable must be taken that these instructions do not fall into the hands of strangers, for fear, out of envy to our order, they should give them a sinister interpretation. But if this (which God forbid!) should happen, let it be positively denied that these are the principles of the Society, and such denial be confirmed by those of our members who we are sure know nothing of them." Think of a shrewd, long-headed body of men, such as the Jesuits have credit of being, enjoining the denial of their obnoxious principles in the very book which they contemplate the

possibility of falling into the hands of strangers. We cannot pause to analyze the body of these instructions; we can only say that the very reading of them is enough to convince any one not blinded by invincible fanaticism of their utterly spurious and unreliable character. It is enough to say, as has been said over and over again, from their appearance in 1612, that they are a simple forgery—a lie from beginning to end. The history of the forgery and its detection can be traced with a clearness and precision uncommon in cases of this kind of deception.

The *Monita Secreta* were first published in Cracow, in 1612, without any author's name; but Gretser, the distinguished German writer, informs us that they had previously been circulated in MS. far and wide. A priest named Jerome Zahorowski, curé of Gozdrice, who had been dismissed from the Society in 1611, was suspected of being the author of the fabrication. The pamphlet had no sooner issued from the press than it was repudiated on every side. It was rejected and denounced by bishops, by clergy, and laity, as full of calumnies and defamatory inculpations.

Of course the *Monita Secreta* have given rise to endless discussion, the enemies of the Jesuits insisting on their genuineness in spite of the overwhelming evidence against them. One of the most striking and satisfactory discussions of the subject that we have seen is a very learned, able, and candid article written by a Protestant, and one by no means friendly to the Jesuits, in the twenty-eighth volume of the New Englander, 1869, p. 539, entitled "Forgery in Polemics. The Secret Instructions of the Jesuits." In that article the testimony *pro* and *con* is summed up with a candor and impartiality as uncommon as it is commendable, and we cannot do better than refer all our readers, who wish to understand the subject thoroughly, to that admirable article. Our space will not allow more than a partial reference and quotation.

Arthur Dinaux, a bibliographer of Valenciennes, cites the story of the finding of the *Monita Secreta* at the College of Paderborn and says: "This anecdote is a fabrication, the work is apocryphal." After noting the date of different editions he adds: "You see, then, that wherever there has been a contest with the company of Jesus, this unmanly weapon has been used and abused, has been multiplied in very great numbers, and scattered in popular editions."

The Penny Cyclopedia of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in London (a Protestant Society) testifies "that the famous *Monita Secreta*—secret or pretended private instructions, given to the higher and most tried members of the order, are now generally acknowledged to be spurious."

Chambers' Encyclopedia, 1863, Vol. V., p. 704, says: "The accounts of the time and circumstances of its discovery are suspicious and contradictory, and its apocryphal character is now commonly admitted."

Isaac Taylor, in the Encyclopedia Britannica, 8th edition, 1856, Vol XII., p. 752: "At a later time was brought to light, unadvisedly as it seems, the *Monita Secreta*, believed, however, to be a spurious production." Herzog's "Real Encyklopädie fur Protestantische Theologie

und Kirche," a very high authority on all questions relating to Protestantism, in an article from the pen of Dr. G. E. Steitz, Vol. VI., p. 531, note (Stutgardt, 1856), says that the *Monita Secreta* "are no production of the Jesuit order but a satire."

Fourteen different encyclopedias, dictionaries, bibliothecas, etc., are quoted to the same purport.

Of Protestant historians and writers, Giesler, Hase, Schr"cke, Dr. Murdock, translator of Mosheim, Niedner, Rither, and Von Lang are all quoted, as bearing testimony to the spurious character of the *Monita Secreta*. But perhaps the most remarkable testimony is that of the anti-Jesuit controversialist, Henricus de S. Ignatio (Liberius Candidus). In his celebrated *Tuba Magna*, written against the Jesuits, he first published the *Monita Secreta* as genuine. But he afterwards changed his mind, and, in his second edition, which he entitled *Tuba Altera*, he recognized their spuriousness, and rejected them from his book, declaring justly, on p. 188, that, "However natural it may be for men to give themselves to flagitious courses, we cannot suppose they will be so foolish and obtuse in mind as to wish to prescribe rules for the commission of wicked actions by others. For, even if a man desires to be wicked, he wishes to seem to be good."

Even the celebrated Arnauld, the life-long enemy of the Jesuits, and one of the ablest writers against them, said he could not agree to the genuineness of the *Monita Secreta*, but believed the work was fastened on them by a trick, and that they are not the authors of it at all. Dr. James Murdock, of New Haven, in Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, which he translated, Vol. III., p. 90, second edition, New York, 1847, says: "The Jesuits have always and constantly denied their genuineness: nor has the world the means of substantiating their authenticity, except by their coincidence with the visible conduct of the Jesuits." In reference to this very disingenuous and flimsy argument, another writer remarks: "It is reasonable to doubt the value of a book which has to be authenticated by means of the very facts which the book itself is intended to prove." This is arguing in a circle, with a vengeance.

In connection with this controversy, a remarkable fact is mentioned by the writer of the article in the New Englander, which is a striking case in point, as illustrating the true spirit of anti-Catholic bigots. The Rev. Edward F. Hatfield, D. D., one of the leading opponents of the Jesuits, being fully aware of the importance of the testimony of the anti-Jesuit controversialist, Henricus de S. Ignatio, heretofore mentioned, as having at first published the *Monita Secreta*, with approbation, in his *Tuba Magna*, and afterwards having left them out of his *Tuba Altera*, as spurious, withdrew from the Union Theological Library, in New York, the only copy of the *Tuba Magna* and *Tuba Altera* known to the writer, and absolutely refused to allow any one to consult it; so that the quotation could not be verified. On this characteristic specimen of journalistic justice, the writer very properly remarks: "We have observed that the consciences most torpid to any sense of wrong perpetrated *against* the Jesuits, belong often to the very

men who are in a continual squirm of virtuous indignation at the frauds and concealments committed *by* Jesuits;" and he continues: "This is curiously illustrated by the gentle comment of an eminent scholar, who remarks, in calling attention to Dr. Hatfield's stratagem, that it would seem as if *he* had practised a little Jesuitism in the suppression of important facts." The writer also acknowledges that such facts as this give color to the saying of Dr. O. A. Brownson, in one of his essays, that "the Jesuits with whom he had been acquainted, were men of the most guileless simplicity, and that if you are seeking the ideal Jesuit of the popular mind, you will find him in a Presbyterian minister." It is quite probable that the good Doctor, in thus instancing a single denomination, in this connection, had some particular member of that denomination in view; but if the general question had been put to him, we cannot doubt that he would have disclaimed all intention of detracting from the merits of other denominations.

The fact is, the race of bigots never dies out, and is found in greater or less strength in every Protestant denomination, and it is about as unreasoning, obstinate, and impracticable an element as the world has ever produced. It is more infallible than the Pope, and while railing at his presumption and tyranny, displays a temper and a disposition which, if they had full swing, might well make its opponents tremble for liberty and life. It is not for this element that we have taken the trouble to write this criticism; but for the honest Protestants, of whom, thank God, there are many in the community who will be glad of an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the real facts in reference to the famous *Monita Secreta.* H. L. R.

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## Fattening the Goose's Liver.

LITTLE does the overfed sybarite know what cruelty is often practised so that his dainty palate may be sufficiently tickled. Harper's Bazar has this to say concerning *pate de foie gras:* "Everybody knows that the *pate de foie gras* of Strasburg is the best in the world; but very few of us have more than a vague idea of the methods employed for enlarging the livers of the geese from which it is made. Now the liver of the goose so 'trained,' if we may use the expression, is twelve times as large as nature intended it to be. In order to obtain this result, the unfortunate geese are subjected to torments unknown even to the early Christians. The first thing done is to nail the feet of the geese fast to planks, so that they may not arrest the desired tumefaction of the liver by even the slightest movement. Secondly, their eyes are put out, that no glimpse of the world they have left may disturb them. Finally, they are crammed with nuts, a delicacy of which they are extremely fond; but they are not allowed to drink a drop of water, although they suffer such tortures from thirst, that they utter piercing cries of agony."

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EDWARD YOUNG tells us "Death loves a shining mark" and "A fool at forty is a fool indeed."

# Daniel O'Connell.*

For the large majority of persons, now living in Great Britain, O'Connell has come to be nothing but a name. A name, it is true, with some vesture of awe and suspicion hanging round it, like a ghost: a name with some lingering capacity to make us feel uncomfortable; yet, in the main, a name only,—like Chatham, or like Strafford. But, for the small proportion of those now inhabiting the island, and for all who were breathing and moving upon it,

ὅσσ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐπιπνείει τε καὶ ἕρπει,

forty and fifty years ago, from the highest to the lowest, O'Connell was, and was felt to be, not a name only but a power. He had, in 1828–9, encountered the victor of the Peninsula and of Waterloo on the battle-ground of the higher politics, of those politics which lie truly *inter apices*, and had defeated him, and had obtained from his own lips the avowal of his defeat.

Moreover, O'Connell was a champion of whom it might emphatically be said that alone he did it. True, he had a people behind him; but a people in the narrower rather than in the wider sense, the masses only, not the masses with the classes. The Irish aristocracy were not, indeed, then banded together, as they are now, in the cause that he thought the the wrong one. Many of them supported Roman Catholic emancipation; but none of them comprehended that, in the long reckoning of international affairs, that support would have to be carried onwards and outwards to ail its consequences. He saw at the epoch of the Clare election, what they did not see, that the time had come when, to save the nation, a victim must be dedicated even from among the nation's friends, like the great king's daughter at Aulis, to preserve the host commanded by her own father. O'Connell was the commander-in-chief, although as yet they hardly knew it; and even the most illustrious supporters of Roman Catholic emancipation, on whichever side of the Channel, were but the rank and file behind him. His were the genius and the tact, the energy and the fire, that won the bloodless battle. By the force of his own personality he led Ireland to St. Stephen's, almost as much as Moses led the children of Israel to Mount Sinai; and he accomplished the promise of Pitt, which Pitt himself had labored, and labored not in vain, to frustrate.

I assume, then, that this remarkable man, whom, before reaching the end of these remarks, I shall call a great man, has passed out of the mill-stream of politics into the domain of history. There, it is to be hoped, we may contemplate and examine his career in something of the solemn stillness of Glasnevin, where his remains repose beneath the soaring tower, the pre-eminently national symbol of his country.

We have now supplied to us, for the first time, through the enterprise of my old friend, Mr. Murray, the material necessary for this examination. The preceding biographers of O'Connell have not had access to the stores of the singularly characteristic correspondence in which, while his whole heart was set upon the purpose of the time, he

* Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator. Edited, with notices of his life and times, by W. J. Fitzpatrick, F. S. A. London, Murray, 1888. 2 vols. 8vo.

has unconsciously limned himself for posterity. The small but very interesting volume* of the Rev. Mr. O'Rourke is of too limited a scope, and was written with too partial an access to sources, for the exhibition of the entire man. The Life and Times of the Liberator,† containing, as might be expected from its title, much extraneous matter, does not fill the void. The Select Speeches were published by his son, Mr. John O'Connell, with "historical notices" of indispensable facts and dates, but with an express disclaimer of any attempt at biography.‡ From the expressions used by Mr. Fitzpatrick, in his Preface, I gather that the present work is substituted for the more formal biography, which was, at one time, meditated by his family.§

Unless I am much mistaken, the history of Ireland, especially for the last two hundred years, is not only a narrative replete in itself with the most singular interests, but is also a normal exercise for instruction in the basis of modern history at large. If this be so, then neither the timely and most dispassionately written volume of Mr. Lefevre,‖ nor even the comprehensive collection now before me, will supply the last word that is to be posthumously spoken of O'Connell, as to whom Mr. Greville,** most dispassionate of judges, has stated that "his position was unique; there never was before, and there never will be again, anything at all resembling it." And once more, he was "the most important and most conspicuous man of his time and country." If he has now passed away from the clatter and the rowdyism of every-day politics,

"To where, beyond these voices, there is peace,"

our time will surely not be lost in an endeavor to ascertain what manner of man it is that stands figured on the canvas before us. For Mr. Fitzpatrick, while presenting to us a collection of moderate extent, selected, without doubt, from a far larger mass of papers, has not only woven them into a web of fair average continuity, but has, as a sculptor would, presented to us his hero "in the round," so that we may consider each of his qualities in each varied light, and judge of their combination into a whole, whether it is mean or noble, consistent or inconsistent, natural or forced.

It is with something of a sense of special duty, and likewise with a peculiar satisfaction, that I make this small effort at historical justice in the case of the Irish Liberator, as he is most justly called. In early life I shared the prejudices against him, which were established in me, not by conviction, but by tradition and education. As a young and insignificant member of Parliament, I never (so far as my memory goes) indulged in the safe impertinence of attacks, which it would have been beneath him to notice. I was fortunate, from an occurrence which, on his account, I must mention further on in some detail, in being brought slightly, yet sensibly, into personal contact with him (now nearly fifty-five years ago), and thus having experience of his kindly and winning manners. But those who know only the hearty good-will of millions upon millions of the English people towards Ireland at this moment, can have but a faint conception of the fearfully wide range of mere

* The Centenary Life of O'Connell. By the Rev. John O'Rourke, P. P., M. R. I. A. Dublin, 1878.
† The Liberator, his Life and Times. Kenmare Publications. 2 vols. 8vo. (1873?).
‡ See Preface to Select Speeches. 2 vols. 12mo. Duffy, Dublin (without date).
§ Ibid. ‖ Peel and O'Connell. 8vo. London, 1877.
** Greville Memoirs, Second Series, iii., 86.

prejudice against O'Connell half a century ago. Even Liberal candidates were sometimes compelled, by popular opinion, publicly to renounce him and all his works. A very small part of this aversion may have been due to faults of his own; but, in the main, I fear that, taking him as the symbol of his country, it exhibited the hatred which nations, or the governing and representative parts of nations, are apt to feel towards those whom they have injured. My own delinquences, in this sphere, I think cannot be stated more strongly than in these words: I voted steadily with the Opposition on Irish questions in the Melbourne period, and I had entered the cabinet of Sir Robert Peel, in 1843, when the prosecution of the Liberator, in connection with the monster-meetings, was undertaken. One very slight plea only can I offer for myself. I was not blind to his greatness. Almost from the opening of my Parliamentary life, I felt that he was the greatest popular leader whom the world had ever seen. Nevertheless, I desire to purge myself, by this public act, of any residue of old and unjust prepossession, to

> "Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart." *

There cannot but be many, in whose eyes O'Connell stands as clearly the greatest Irishman that ever lived. Neither Swift nor Grattan (each how great in their several capacities!) can be placed in the scale against him. If there were to be a competition among the dead heroes of Irish history, I suppose that Burke and the Duke of Wellington would be the two most formidable competitors. But the great Duke is truly, in mathematical phrase, incommensurable with O'Connell. There are no known terms, which will enable us fairly to pit the military faculty against the genius of civil affairs. It can hardly be doubted that, if we take that genius alone into view, O'Connell is the greater man; and I will not so much as broach the question, in itself insoluble, whether and up to what point of superiority the exploits of the great Duke in the field establish an excess in his favor. With respect to Burke as against O'Connell, it seems safe to say that he was far greater in the world of thought, but also far inferior in the world of action.

There is another kind of comparison which this powerful figure obviously challenges: a comparison with the great demagogues or popular leaders of history. It is, however, a misnomer to call him a demagogue. If I may coin a word for the occasion, he was an ethnagogue. He was not the leader, either of *plebs* or *populus*, against optimates: he was the leader of a nation; and this nation, weak, outnumbered, and despised, he led, not always unsuccessfully, in its controversy with another nation, the strongest, perhaps, and the proudest in Europe. If we pass down the line of history (but upwards on the moral scale), from Cleon to Gracchus, to Rienzi, and even to Savonarola, none of these, I believe, displayed equal powers; but they all differed in this vital point, that they led one part of the community against another, while he led a nation, though a nation *minus* its dissentients, against conquerors, who were never expelled, but never domesticated. For a parallel we cannot take Kossuth or Mazzini, who are small beside him: we must ascend more nearly to the level of the great Cavour, and there

* Macbeth, v. 3.

still remains this wide difference between them, that the work of Cavour was work in the Cabinet and Parliament alone, while O'Connell not only devised and regulated all interior counsels, but had also the actual handling, all along, of his own raw material, that is to say, of the people; and so handled them, by direct personal agency, that he brought them to a state of discipline unequalled in the history of the world.

The dates and epochs in O'Connell's life are simple. He was born in the county of Kerry, on the 6th of August, 1775. He received his college education at St. Omer and Douay, during the years of the French Revolution. At this period, there are sufficient indications that, in character, though not in mere opinion, "the boy was father of the man." It came to a close in January, 1793, when he wrote to his uncle Maurice, whose property he was to inherit, that "the conduct the English have pursued in regard to the French, in England, makes us dread to be turned off every day" (vol. i., p. 7). He set out, however, under a summons from Ireland; and, as I remember his telling me, in 1834, he crossed the Channel homewards in the boat which brought the tidings of the execution of Louis XVI. The excesses of the time drove him in the opposite direction; and, when the boat got under way, he flung into the sea his tri-color cockade, which was reverently picked up by some French fishermen rowing past, with a curse upon him for his pains. He studied law in London; and it appears that the state trials of the day, aimed against freedom, disenchanted his politics, and brought him to Liberalism, by which he held, steadily and warmly, to his dying day. He was called to the bar in 1798; and, in 1802, despite the protestations of his friends, and the unrelenting opposition of his uncle, he married a penniless but devoted wife. He did it, expecting disinheritance; and Darrynane was not his, in fact, until 1825.

The first quarter of the century was spent in achieving, at the Irish bar, not prominence only, but supremacy: such a supremacy as, probably, never had, and never has, been held by any other member of that highly distinguished body. From the first, he earned something; and, in 1813, his receipts already approached four thousand *per annum*. In the last year of his stuff gown, as he told me himself, in 1834, he made seven thousand pounds. In his letter of 1842, to Lord Shrewsbury (ii., 284), he states that in the year before emancipation, while he belonged to the outer Bar, his "professional emoluments exceeded eight thousand pounds;" and that soon, on his obtaining a silk gown, they must have been "considerably increased." Even Lord Shrewsbury, the leader of his co-religionists in England, had joined in the vulgar cry against his receiving the contributions of the Irish people. How far loftier and more discerning, how wise and true, are the words of Mr. Greville, on his death, in 1847: "It was an income nobly given, and nobly earned."

Yet, even during this quarter of a century, while he was earning a position which became an essential condition of his influence, he was (from 1805 onwards, according to Mr. Fitzpatrick, i., 15) the life and soul of that small and continually dwindling residue of nationality, which the Union, and the accompaniments and consequences of the Union, had left to Ireland. His first, as I believe, and not his least, memorable public utterance, had been made in January, 1800, when

he was twenty-four years old. In writing to Lord Shrewsbury, he says:

"For more than twenty years before emancipation, the burden of the cause was thrown upon me. I had to arrange the meetings, to prepare the resolutions, to furnish replies to the correspondence, to examine the case of each person complaining of practical grievances, to rouse the torpid, to animate the lukewarm, to control the violent and inflammatory, to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law, to guard against multiplied treachery, and, at all times, to oppose, at every peril, the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause."

This was, without doubt, what may be called the opulent period of his life; but hear him as to even this period (*ibid.*):

"For four years I bore the entire expenses of Catholic agitation, without receiving the contributions of others to a greater amount than seventy-four pounds in the whole. Who shall repay me for the years of my buoyant youth and cheerful manhood? Who shall repay me for the lost opportunities of acquiring professional celebrity, or for the wealth which such distinction would insure?"

From, or shortly before, the epoch of the Clare election, in 1828, dates the commencement of his absorption in public affairs. He was now *totus in illis*. He remained at his zenith until 1843, when the Peel Administration instituted the great prosecution against him. It can hardly be said that this prosecution was directly the cause of a decline in his power over the people. But thus much appears to be certain. If his imprisonment in Richmond Bridewell did not break his spirit, it added heavily to that drain upon his nerve power, which had for so many years been excessive, and almost unparalleled. The loss of a grandchild, we are told, almost crushed the great and profoundly susceptible heart (ii., 331). His handwriting, formerly so bold, became tremulous and indistinct.

He was released in September, 1844, under the judgment of the House of Lords. During the time for which his action had been paralyzed, the mind of Ireland, under the influence of disappointment, had been moving in the direction of counsels alien from his. O'Connell's were always the counsels of legality; the new counsels were counsels of force,—of force, the offspring of despair, and adopted as the sole remaining alternative after the failure of O'Connell's policy, based on bloodless effort. On the back of all this came the terrible prospect of the famine. He could not bear it; or he could not bear his own heart-rending sense of incapacity to relieve it. The powerful frame, the brain yet more powerful, gradually yielded to a pressure which defied all resistance. He set out for a continental tour devised by way of remedy, and recommended by the knowledge of his fervent faith, and the hope that arrival at the *limina Apostolorum* might operate as a charm upon him. But the journey was one of manifest, though intermitted, stages of decline. He was mercifully spared, both acute agony of body, and obscuration of mind; and, having received devoutly all the consolations of his church, he passed into the world of spirits on the 15th of May, 1847. His age was no more than seventy-one; but it may safely be said that these years included, in labor, in experience, in emotion, in anxiety, in suffering, and in elastic and masculine reaction against it, ten times what is allotted, in the same space of time, to more ordinary men.

And here I part from simple narrative, to attempt an estimate of the character and action of O'Connell.

The domestic relations of O'Connell cannot escape the notice of the most careless reader of this book. They were broadly distinguished from those of common men, by the vehement and ever-flowing tide of emotion that coursed through them. They are illuminated by every occasion that comes up, and we find him acting the part of a spiritual adviser in detail to a daughter in a grave and anxious crisis of the soul, the particular nature of which is reverently veiled. Their verbal expression is concentrated in his letters to his wife. From these it appears that his whole married life, from its commencement, in 1802, to its close, in 1836, was one continued course, not of ardent affection only, but of courtship. Unless for the purpose of satire, no such gushing vocabulary of love has ever, as far as I know, been laid open to the public eye. O'Connell speaks of Charles Phillips, the author of Curran and his Contemporaries, as "insane with love" (i., 24). Some might be inclined to retort the phrase upon him. After eleven years of married life, in a letter of no more than sixteen lines, his wife is "my darling heart," "heart's treasure," "my sweetheart love," "my own Mary," "my own darling love," "my own dearest, dearest darling;" and "I wish to God you knew how fervently I dote on you." This is from him when on circuit, to whom the expenditure of a minute was the expenditure of a drop of professional life's blood. In other ways we shall see that he was a man who never could withhold, never could contract, his sympathies. In this very letter, there is one, and but one, morsel of pure prose, — his business "is increasing almost beyond endurance" (i., 20). In later years, the catalogue of endearing phrases is scarcely shortened (see i., 99, 100), and he truly describes his case, when he says (in 1825), "Darling, will you smile at the *love-letters* of your old husband?" If Mr. Fitzpatrick has at all deviated from the common use in printing these letters, he has not done it without sufficient cause. For they exhibit a side of human nature that, besides being genuine, and being in its substance beautiful, was also necessary for the completion of the rich polychrome exhibited by a man in whom exacting business and overwhelming care never arrested, never could even restrict, the lively, and even redundant, play of the affections.

The degree in which his business was exacting, his cares overwhelming, I for one have never fully understood, except upon the perusal of these really important and historical volumes. Upon no sovereign, upon no Imperial chancellor, were the anxieties of empire ever more fully charged, than O'Connell was laden with the thought of Ireland, and with the supreme direction of its concerns. He was all along the missionary of an idea. The idea was the restoration of the public life of his country; which he believed, and too truly believed, to have been not only enfeebled, but exhausted and paralyzed, by the Act of Union. It lay in his heart's core from the dawn of his opening manhood; from the commencement of his full political career it became the mainspring of his acts, his words, his movements; the absolute mistress of his time, of his purse, and of whatever additions his credit could make to his pecuniary resources. He loved his country with all his heart, and with all his mind, and with all his soul, and with all his strength. In his eye, Dublin Castle, commonly considered as

embodying the government of Ireland, had no substantive existence except as a machinery for repressing the national life through the careful fostering of alien powers, in an omnipotent landlordism, in an exotic establishment of religion, miscalled National, in proselytizing schemes of popular education, and in an anti-popular administration of the law, from its highest agencies downwards to its lowest. To the well-meant money grants, for draining and the like, he would have had a two-fold answer: first, they were but a miserable set-off against the heavy sums which England owed to Ireland in account; and secondly, with even greater emphasis, that man does not live by bread alone, and that it is idle to study feeding the mere stomach of a nation, yet at the same time to stop all the avenues of its higher life. For the true work of a government, Dublin Castle, with all its costly and complicated *rouages*, was a mere negation; and the main matter was how to make the nation, which had formerly been alive, and had been smothered by external force, enter into life once more. He, therefore, had to do the work that, in the ordinary course of human affairs, is served by an organized system, and occupies a countless multitude of agents. He lacked all the advantages, which result from effective division of labor. There was hardly a man in Ireland available, in the highest matters, for lightening his solicitudes by sharing them. One, indeed, there was who appears to have had the capacity, namely, Bishop Doyle; but, for whatever reason, he does not seem to have worked continuously with O'Connell. And yet there was no case of wrong to which he closed his ear, which his tongue and pen were not ready to redress. Of him, and of his unbounded sympathies, may be said what Mr. Lowell has said of his country, with a noble fervor, and in its vigorous *patois*—

> "She whose free latch-string never was drawed in
> Against the poorest child of Adam's kin."

Upon this subject, which powerfully illustrates the largeness of O'Connell's nature, I must dwell a little. In him we see more than in most even of the good men of history, that love and justice are essentially boundless, and that to spend them on one subject seems to increase, and not to lessen, the fund available for spending upon others also. He was an Irishman, but he was also a cosmopolite. I remember personally how, in the first session of my parliamentary life, he poured out his wit, his pathos, and his earnestness, in the cause of negro emancipation. Having adopted the political creed of Liberalism, he was as thorough an English Liberal, as if he had had no Ireland to think of. He had energies to spare for Law Reform (i., 167), for Postal Reform (a question of which he, probably, was one of the few to discern, at the time, the greatness), for secret voting, for Corn Law Repeal; in short, for whatever tended, within the political sphere, to advance human happiness and freedom. It hardly need be said that he was opposed, in 1829, to the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders. He was not deluded by the plausible arguments for this measure, which seriously marred the grant of emancipation, and consequentially restricted, for half a century, the legitimate extension of the franchise in Ireland.

The wide scope of his embrace, in questions of sympathy with his fellow-men, is, however, yet more remarkably shown by the manner in which he exerted himself on behalf of individuals. There was a cer-

tain Sir Abraham B. King, a functionary of the Dublin Corporation, and Deputy Grand Master of the Orange Society. It was for denouncing the Dublin Corporation as "beggarly" that D'Esterre sent O'Connell, in 1815, the challenge which cost the unhappy man his life; and Orangeism, as such, was the one and only thing Irish, that lay outside the precinct of the fervid Irishman's sympathies. King, however, was put out of his berth, in 1832, by a measure of reform, and raised a complaint of insufficient compensation. O'Connell examined his claim, took up his case, carried it to a successful issue, and enjoyed his life-long gratitude, expressed in a glowing letter at the time, and in a message transmitted from his deathbed (i., 296–8).

Another case, even more worthy of mention, is not noticed in these volumes, but is recorded in Parliamentary documents, and lies also within my own personal knowledge. It was, indeed, a case of effort on behalf of one who was, like himself, a Liberal in politics, and a man of distinguished talents. There was no other claim of any sort. The singularity, however, of the effort lies in the boldness of the scheme of relief, and in the astonishing amount of labor bestowed upon it by a man already overcharged. It occurred in 1834. The gentleman whose champion he became, had been a solicitor, but had been touched by the verdicts of juries in two actions, dating nearly a quarter of a century before. One of them concerned the abstraction of an important paper, and the other turned upon the appropriation of a sum of money. With the correctness of these verdicts, we have nothing now to do. But, in the intervening period, the Benchers of one among our Inns of Court had, by reason of them, rejected him as an applicant for admission to the bar, for which he was deemed to have high qualifications in other respects. With this narrative in his eye, O'Connell moved for an inquiry by a Committee of Parliament into the Inns of Court themselves. To this motion objection was taken on behalf of those powerful bodies. In the course of the debate, O'Connell found that both their friends and the Ministry of the day would acquiesce in an inquiry, if limited to the particular instance which he himself had in view. He adroitly fell back on the suggestion, which in effect gave all he wanted. His Committee sat, and boldly retried the issues. Even these last times have not furnished an example of a more extraordinary proceeding. But what I have to note, is the amount of personal sacrifice made by O'Connell for one with whom he had no connection, I believe, of a personal or special kind. He took the chair, conducted the examinations, carried the report, and presented the result to Parliament in five hundred folio pages of hard work.

I was myself a member of that Committee, and was the only member who did not concur in the final judgment of the Committee. A material witness, named Skingley, living at Coggeshall, in Essex, was, from age and infirmity, unable to appear. The Committee (that is to say, O'Connell) obtained power to adjourn from place to place; and three of its members, forming a *quorum*, undertook to go down and examine Skingley at his own abode. These three were O'Connell, Sir George Sinclair, and myself. We set out at five on a summer's morning, in a carriage and four, and returned after dusk. The incident gave me an opportunity of enjoying the frank and kindly conversation of this most remarkable man; whose national, I may say whose Imperial,

cares had thus been forced into compatability with an enormous effort, such as hardly any unoccupied person would have undertaken, and which he could have had no motive for undertaking except an overpowering belief that justice to an individual demanded it.

As any and every authentic record of a man so greatly transcending the common scale has more or less of value, I may here mention one or two slight incidents of my occasional Parliamentary contact with O'Connell. Once, in a speech on Irish affairs, I had, in perfect good faith, but in a blind acceptance of prevailing traditions, noticed some observation that had been made in debate on Protestant and English cruelties in Ireland, and said that I did not see what practical good was to be gained by dwelling either on those outrages, or on the bloody and terrible retributions which they had provoked. O'Connell interrupted me so loudly and vehemently that he was called to order for it by the Speaker (Abercromby,) who rose in his chair (I think) for the purpose. I assured him with truth that I had no intention to refer to anything, except what was on all hands admitted. I little knew then what good reason he had to resent the use of any language which appeared to place upon a footing approaching to equality the hideous massacres perpetrated on the Irish under supreme direction, and the feeble, limited, and sporadic acts of retaliation, which were the wild cries of nature outraged beyond endurance, and which were, in the most conspicuous instances, prohibited and denounced by the national leaders from 1641 to 1798. It was six or eight years later, in 1843, when O'Connell himself, in a published volume, largely composed of authenticated extracts, supplied the world with adequate means of judgment upon these gross and often almost incredible enormities perpetrated against Ireland. His book stopped at the Restoration. It was marked Vol. I., but no second volume ever appeared. My recollection, which does not stand alone, is that, so far as England was concerned, the tale of horror produced no sensation whatever, and that the work fell stillborn from the press.*

As was altogether seemly in a man of such breadth and penetration, he had a taste for theology, like others of the statesmen of that day. In one of his letters to Archbishop M'Hale he says: "No man can be more devoted to the spiritual authority of his Holiness. I have always detested what were called the *liberties* of the church in France. . . . There does not live a human being more submissive *in omnibus* to the church than I am" (i., 510). The object of this letter was to prevent the "light of Rome" from being any longer "obscured by the clouds of English influence." Direct action in Rome had then recently been resorted to by Lord Palmerston, in the interest of the Italian people; and the great chieftain evidently suspected what afterwards came to pass, that the same influence might be used in order to keep down the Irish. There is abundant testimony of his conformity to the rule of submission in the spiritual sphere. But it is interesting to see how, when speaking of the Pope, he guards himself by confining himself to his "spiritual authority." I have myself heard him reply warmly in Parliament to some member, who charged him with what was then called divided allegiance, by an emphatic declaration that, in regard to the

* A Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon. By Daniel O'Connell, M. P., Dublin, 1843.

political interests of his country, neither Pope nor Council was his guide. But for the freedom of his church he watched with the eye of a lynx, and saw the hollowness of the state's coquetry, at a time when the hierarchy in Ireland were so grateful for the gift, as it were, of breathing freely, after the persecution they had suffered, as to be ready to accept the *veto* of a Protestant state on episcopal appointments. For the keenness of his vision, and the courage and consistency of his action in this matter, she owes him much. But I believe that we also owe him something. In the light of subsequent experience, it seems a rational opinion that the *veto* would have impeded the solution of important questions, and would have acted injuriously on the religious interests of following generations.

When in 1834 we made our summer journey into Essex, he brought with him a book of theology, the name of which I have forgotten, to prove to me that Protestants were all regarded by the Roman Church as Christians (he might have added, as actually brought within her jurisdiction) in virtue of their Baptism. In a memorandum of my own, made at the time,* I find it noted, with respect to Protestants, "that he deemed it his duty to hope that they were internally united to the church," but that "the heathen were in a state of reprobation, he believed necessarily;" this latter, an opinion which, with more leisure and inquiry, he could hardly have failed to discharge from his mind, as Dante did, who five hundred years before, assigned to them no bitterer lot than the endurance of desire without expectation: —

Che senza speme vivemo in disio.†

I published, in the end of 1838, a volume on the relations of church and state, which was thought to savor of the opinions of the Oxford School. At the beginning of the ensuing session I chanced to fall in with O'Connell behind the Speaker's chair. He laid his hand on my arm and said, "I claim the half of you." At all times he was most kindly and genial to one who had no claim to his notice, and whose prejudices were all against him. He had, however, without doubt, more religion than theology, and was in truth thoroughly, consistently and affectionately devout. I will not inquire whether his duel with D'Esterre requires any qualification of this statement, as applicable to the date of its occurrence. It may be said, however, that an Irishman who, either then or for some time after, was not a duellist, must have been either more or less than man. And the House of Commons is now familiar with the stately figure of an Irish gentleman advanced in life, who carries with him the halo of an extraordinary reputation in that particular, but who is conspicuous among all his contemporaries for his singularly beautiful and gentle manners.

To return to O'Connell. His professional business absorbed his week-days in early life, so that his journeys from town to town were very commonly made on Sundays; and I remember that in 1834 he suggested a like expedient (of course after his early Mass) for the journey into Essex, to Sir G. Sinclair and myself, both much otherwise inclined. But in these letters he expresses a regret (i., 132) for the necessity so often laid upon him; and, quite apart from this, persons

* And published with my consent by the Rev. Mr. O'Rourke, at the close of the third edition of his life of O'Connell in 1878.

† Inferno, iv., 42.

accustomed to a British Sunday should hold themselves disabled from passing a judgment upon our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, whose week-days are often more Sundaylike than ours. We gather from these volumes the interesting intelligence that at one time, when still full of vigor at sixty-four years of age (ii., 195), he seriously contemplated a religious retirement at Clongowes for the remainder of his life. In the formation of this desire, disappointment at some failure or decline of the rent may have played a secondary part; but the main motive of it is touchingly described in these few words: "I want a period of retreat to think of nothing but eternity." So that when the final stage arrived, and he had death in immediate contemplation on his intercepted journey, both the first faint whisper of the summons, and its later and fuller sound, found him watching, as one prepared for the coming of his Lord. The signs abound everywhere in these volumes that he bore with him a lively sense of the presence of God, though taste and reverence withheld him from its free manifestation in the *bufera infernal*, the heated and contentious atmosphere of Parliament.

My reference to D'Esterre must be a little enlarged. But for the use of a single and dangerous epithet ("contemptuous") in his explanatory letter about the Corporation of Dublin, this unhappy antagonist would not have had even a pretext for driving forward the fatal controversy (i., 28). In the duel, O'Connell purposely fired low; but his shot was fatal. He offered to "share his income" with the widow. This was declined. To her daughter he paid an annuity regularly until his death. On hearing that she was the plaintiff in a weighty suit at Cork, he threw up important briefs and returned the retaining fees, went down from Dublin, pleaded the cause, and won (i., 34). And it is said that he never passed a certain building that recalled the memory of D'Esterre without uttering a prayer for his soul. The duel was in 1815. At a later period, he formed a deliberate resolution never to fight another.

O'Connell is clearly to be regarded as a man who desired to maintain peace, property, and law. Yet his case exhibits the difficulties which are certain to arise when, as in Ireland, legality and morality have been long pitted against each other in those provinces of human existence, which most concern the vital interests of the people. Accordingly, this friend of law nevertheless could upon occasion recommend not only exclusive dealing, since known as boycotting, but exclusive treatment outside of dealings; and the carrying of this treatment to a point so extreme as, for example, the erection of cribs in the chapels, within which alone, those who had voted wrong were to be allowed to pray. One step further planted men in the domain of sheer violence. It seems hard to deny that this step was sometimes taken.* The violence must be condemned, and so must the recommendation which was the immediate incentive; but not so as to blind us to the fact, that a severer condemnation is due to those who maintained abominable laws, impossible to be borne by human beings except in a state of abject slavery. The tyranny of the landlord, which was then counteracted by the tyranny of outrage, received in 1871 a deadly blow from the introduction of secret voting, and another heavy stroke in 1885 from the extension of the franchise. The result has been that exclusive dealing, and

* See the Reign of Terror in Carlow (Nisbet, 1841), especially pp. 113–20.

such exclusive treatment as may now follow it, have come to be, as a rule, effectually dissociated from outrage; and coercion, which has lost its warrant, assumes an aspect more odious than ever, because it is directed against action the same in essence as that which has been found essential for self-defence by the order-loving workmen of Great Britain, and which is effectually guaranteed to them by the law.

It would not be easy to name a man who has attained to equal aggregate excellence with O'Connell in the threefold oratory of the bar, the platform, and the senate. As a parliamentary speaker, no one, in matching him with his contemporaries of the House of Commons, would have relegated him to the second class; but it might be difficult to find his exact place in the first. He was greatest when answering to the call of the moment in extemporary bursts, and least great when charging himself with extended and complex exposition. As an advocate, it may, I apprehend, be asked, without creating surprise, whether the entire century has produced any one more eminent: though (not to speak of the living) Follett, had he been spared to run his whole career, would have been a formidable rival, while Scarlett probably never once missed the mark in dealing with a jury. It is here that Brougham, greatly his superior in parliamentary eloquence, and in general attainments, falls so far behind him. As orator of the platform, he may challenge all the world; for who ever in the same degree as O'Connell trained and disciplined, stirred and soothed, a people?

But I am convinced that we ought to accord to him also the character of an excellent statesman. The world knows him chiefly in connection with the proposal to repeal the Act of Union with Ireland. Now, I would venture to propound as the criteria of statesmanship, properly so called, first, the capacity to embrace broad principles and to hold them fast; secondly, the faculty which can distinguish between means and ends, and can treat the first in entire subordination to the last. To both these criteria the life of O'Connell fully answers. He never for a moment changed his end; he never hesitated to change his means. His end was the restoration of the public life of Ireland; and he pursued it, from his youth to his old age, with unfaltering fidelity and courage. In this cardinal respect, he drew no distinction between Roman Catholic Ireland and Protestant Ireland. Nay, he subordinated not civil equality alone, but even toleration for his co-religionists, to the political independence and unity of Ireland, always under the British crown. Perhaps the very noblest epitaph that could be inscribed upon his tomb would be a passage from the speech which he delivered, when only twenty-four years of age, at a meeting of Roman Catholics in opposition to the Union, on the 13th of January, 1800:*

"Let every man who feels with me proclaim that, if the alternative were offered him of Union, or the re-enactment of the penal code in all its pristine horrors, that he would prefer without hesitation the latter, as the lesser and more sufferable evil; that he would rather confide in the justice of his brethren, the Protestants of Ireland, who have already liberated him,† than lay his country at the feet of foreigners."

This exalted sentiment drew forth "much and marked approbation." O'Connell was true to it in proposing the Repeal. Whatever difficulties that measure might now entail, they had by experience been shown

* Life and Times of the Liberator, i. 232. † By the Franchise Act of 1793.

to be at that time altogether secondary. Mr. Burke allowed to them no weight whatever. O'Connell had lived through the horrors that preceded and brought about the Union. It is my firm belief that if Englishmen could have had a parallel experience in their own country, they,—Tory as well as Liberal,—would have adopted the sentiment of O'Connell, and that with their hands as well as with their hearts. Repeal was the one obvious, direct, and natural means of repairing the specific mischief, nor was it then his business to appreciate the inconveniences of reversal; though it was doubtless a duty to take them into view when, within the walls of Parliament, he became charged, as a legislator, with public and imperial cares. And this is the very thing that, when the occasion arose, he showed that he was able to do, and did.

On the second accession of Lord Melbourne to power, he thought that he saw his opportunity for an alternative policy. That remarkable man, who has often been accused of political indifferentism, had filled, for a short time, the office of Chief Secretary; and his experience, as Mr. Lamb, seems not to have been lost upon him. In 1827, when Mr. Canning was Prime Minister, O'Connell writes (i., 148): "With Mr. Lamb, I would forfeit my head if we did not un-Orange Ireland, and make the Protestants content and good, and the Catholics devotedly loyal; for our disposition truly leans to loyalty."

Early in 1835, came the epoch of what was termed the Lichfield House compact. "Compact there was none," says Earl Russell (ii., 2), but an alliance. Nothing could be more honorable, nothing more wise. O'Connell was ready, like a man of sense, to try out fairly and fully the experiment of government from London, and on the condition of justice to Ireland, if attainable, to waive, even to abandon, the policy of Repeal. Such was the extent of his concession: "a real Union or no no Union" (ii., 59, compare 105). Justice to Ireland embraced two great items. The first was that of legislative reforms. The second was the substitution of a national for an anti-national spirit in Irish administration. For the second, and hardly the less difficult, of these a rare instrument was at hand in the person of Drummond,* private secretary to Lord Althorp, who now became Under-Secretary in Dublin, and who appears, by a singular combination of courage, sagacity, and tact, to have reversed the movement of the administrative machinery in Ireland, and inspired its people, for the first time, with a dawning hope, and yet never to have supplied the Orange party, then strong in Parliament, with the means of establishing a charge of partiality against him, and of thus showing that one abusive system had only been supplanted by another. O'Connell supported the government, in fulfilment of his avowed intention, with fidelity and patience. But the legislative portion of the scheme was sickly from the first, and grew sicklier still. The Irish Church Establishment remained in its monstrous integrity. Even Municipal Reform was combated for seven years, and then given in a shape such as to humiliate the country that received it, by perpetuating the principle of inequality. Drummond died. The Ministry declined, from a variety of causes, some to its honor and some other-

* As this article is going to press, I hear that the life of Mr. Drummond, by Mr. Barry O'Brien, is on the point of appearing. It cannot fail to be of the greatest interest. Mr. O'Brien is extremely well fitted for his task; and the career of Mr. Drummond forms an indispensable link in the chain of Irish history.—W. E. G.

wise. I regret to record that among the reasons for their gradual loss of favor with the English people, was their honest and persistent endeavor to mitigate or redress a part, at least, of the grievances of Ireland. In 1840, O'Connell confesses (i., 230) the failure of his conciliatory plan; and the accession of the Opposition to power, in August, 1841, seems to have struck for him the keynote of absolute despair.

But the flexibility of his mind was indefectible; and the rebounding force of its elasticity was still to be shown. Failing with repeal, and failing with justice to Ireland, he turned to what appears, in these pages and elsewhere, under the roughly-applied name of Federalism. Miss Cusack has published* a curious note by Mr. Butt, which states, with considerable appearance of authority, that, in 1844, the Liberal leaders met and resolved to offer to O'Connell a Parliament for Irish affairs, under a system of federal union with Great Britain. We must still hope for further elucidation of so remarkable a statement. What is indisputable is that O'Connell seems to have been perfectly prepared to adopt this guarded means of reanimating and embodying the national life of Ireland. In a letter of October, 1844, to the Secretary of the Repeal Association, he gives his full adhesion to this plan, and sets forth its principle at great length (ii., 433–48), though after the manner of a man who does not feel himself to be on the eve of practical legislation. He declares, however (466), an actual preference for it over Repeal, pure and simple.

In general, he had a mean estimate of his coadjutors in Ireland, and calls them "the species of animals with which I had to carry on my warfare with the common enemy" (ii., 183). His Parliamentary following was mostly of an inferior stamp, whence the *sobriquet* of O'Connell's tail. They stand in disadvantageous contrast with the body, of about the same numerical strength, who supported Mr. Parnell in the Parliament of 1880; and they could do little to lighten the multitudinous cares of their chief. One of the revelations supplied by these volumes exhibits the cruel pungency of those cares in a point not hitherto known or appreciated. Through all the years of Herculean labor, entailed by his Parliamentary dominance, and notwithstanding the large sums, sometimes exceeding sixteen thousand pounds (i., 202), placed at his disposal, from year to year, by the Irish nation, he lived almost from day to day under the pressure of the most acute pecuniary anxieties.† It was, probably, with some idea of forethought for his family that he founded, or shared in founding, a bank and a brewery (i., 421, 442, ii., 194); and it does not appear that these had much to do in the making or marring of his fortunes. The only signs of heavy personal expenditure, in these volumes, are, that he was compelled to have several residences, that his frequent and rapid journeys must have been expensive, that his charities (to which he pays a touchingly minute attention) were liberal, and that his free and large nature delighted to expand itself in hospitality at Darrynane. No account is presented on the pages before us; but we are safe in conjecturing that the rent would have met all these charges over and over again; and they do nothing to explain his constant use of the instrument of credit, his resort to the expedients of renewal, his casting himself, again and

* Life and Times, ii., 702.

† See i., 54, 193, 248, 257, 269, 295, 354, 347.

again, sometimes in despair, on the ingenuity, the devotion, and the patience of his friend and agent, Mr. P. V. Fitzpatrick, who plays a silent part in the narrative, but whose parts and gifts must, in their line, have been as remarkable as his active friendship was invaluable. The explanation evidently lies in the ravenous demands, at that date, of Parliamentary life, the heavy charges of elections and petitions, and in the fact that on him seems to have lain the burden of meeting the pecuniary engagements of many seats and persons besides his own and those of his family. We are told of a single Dissolution which brings him (ii., 53) five contests and five election petitions. He is too brave to complain readily, but sometimes it is more than he can bear. On the 11th of July, 1842, he writes to Fitzpatrick; "Want is literally killing me. I have grown ten years older from my incessant pecuniary anxiety. God bless you, my dear friend" (ii., 289). But never, so far as appears, was there a man more truly superior to money: its master, not its slave. At his death, his personal property was sworn under twenty-one thousand eight hundred pounds. This value consisted principally, in all likelihood, of insurances on his life, which it was his practice to make largely. But his debts were not less than twenty thousand seven hundred and fifty-two pounds; so the true value of his personal estate was no more than one thousand and forty-eight pounds. He himself states that the landed estate of the family to have been worth one thousand pounds *per annum*.

While all this was going on, he was occasionally also pierced by the stings of ingratitude. The English Roman Catholics, who owed everything to him, had a club called the Cisalpine Club (i., 186). In May, 1829, the very time of his victory on their behalf, they black-balled O'Connell. Let us hope it was some small minority; but he calls them "the English Catholics." At the best it is bad enough. Burdett in 1835, before his great "recant of patriotism," wrote, as Greville * tells us, to the managers of Brooks's to propose his expulsion; but he was at that time indispensable to the Whig party. There are stories of social exclusion practised against him by the Ministers; but, if they are true, it might be due to the fear of offending weak brethren among their party.

O'Connell owns himself to have been vain, but it was with an innocuous and sportive vanity that played upon the surface of his character. But how readily he would have abdicated his leadership appears sufficiently from his own declarations.† His ample faculty of wit, and his intense love of fun, may have sometimes too easily inclined him to a jest, even upon men whom he most respected. He was sanguine in a degree almost ludicrous; and he was given to exaggeration. In 1837 he declares (ii., 80) he had two hundred letters a day, and this at a time when letters usually were charged from sixpence to eighteenpence apiece, and prepayment was unusual. The scenery at Darrynane was "the finest, the most majestic in the world" (ii., 293). The beagles were beyond all rivalry; and his own performances as a pedestrian are described in terms which raise the smile of scepticism on the lips of those who remember that his figure, though not inactive, was eminently portly as well as too large in scale for superlative activity. On the

* Greville Memoirs, First Series, iii., 320. † ii., 231, and elsewhere.

Dissolution of 1837 he predicts a working majority of sixty to seventy, which proved to be under twenty; and further counts upon "at least fifty" to be attracted by a settled ministry, of whom there was not one. In early days he thought emancipation certain and immediate long before it came; further on he was not less confident about Repeal. In 1835 the Tories were down (ii., 12) "forever." In 1840 the Tories "never will regain power" (ii., 221–2). In the same year the Duke of Wellington (ii., 226) "will be speedily extinct as a political man." This power of believing what he wished was probably a remedial provision in his nature, and may have added on the whole to his vast but heavily taxed working superiority. If, as some say, he was dictatorial, it was from a resistless consciousness of superiority. No man could be more profoundly deferential and humble for a public purpose; but for a personal or private object he never cringes. His tact and self-control in the interest of his clients were as those of Odysseus. But like Odysseus he was tempted on occasion; and once, in court, he was about to waste on an interruption of the opposing counsel, a point which was invaluable for reply, when Blackburn, who was employed with him in the case, pulled him down by his gown. Irascible without doubt he was, and highly irascible; but he was placable in a not less eminent degree. From Richmond Bridewell he writes to Shiel, who had joined the Whigs, and expostulates with him on his conduct (ii., 322–4). But mark his closing paragraph: —

"Adieu, my dear Sheil. God bless you! Be assured of my friendship and personal regard. I am sorry, sincerely sorry, we part in politics, but I am ever alive to the many claims you have on my gratitude as a private friend and a public man."

His gravest fault seems to have been his too ready and rash indulgence in violent language, and this even against men whose character ought to have shielded them from it. Thus, in 1832, he published, in a paper called the Cosmopolite (Oct. 6), the following scurrilous passage:

"I promise to demonstrate that he has been guilty of the most gross and shameless violation of a public pledge that ever disgraced any British minister since Parliament was first instituted. I do not expect to demonstrate that no honest man can vote for Lord Althorp, in any county or borough, without being content to share in his guilt and disgrace."

Lord Althorp was one of the best, truest, and purest among the public men of this or any other country. Such a habit of hasty and uncurbed invective was peculiarly blamable in a man who had, however rightly, resolved to exempt himself from the consequences then usual; and they did much to maintain, and something at least colorably to warrant, the cruel and inveterate prejudice against Ireland, which at that time possessed, beyond question, the minds of a vast portion of the British people. But I have now closed the list of the faults which, so far as I see, can be fairly charged against him; and how short and light a list it is, compared with the catalogue of his splendid virtues, and of those services to the people of his own blood, which have assured the immortality and the brightness of his fame!

In all the separate phases of his life and action, which were numerous beyond the common, O'Connell was remarkable; but their combination into a whole, and the character he presents to us as a human being,

are more worthy than any among his separate gifts, brilliant as they were, of study and of admiration. In many famous persons, the acted life seems to be detached from the inner man. These belong to the category of responsible beings; but it is hard to say how far that responsibility was conscious and applied; how far, nay, how much further, dormant and forgotten. Their life is not woven into continuity by a solid and persistent purpose. Such was not the case with this great child of Nature. Nothing in him was little, nothing was detached or heterogeneous. In the assemblage of all his properties and powers, he was one, indivisible, and deeply cut. No day of his life could be severed from the rest without touching the essence and demolishing the whole. If he ever seemed to wander into violence, these were the wanderings of a moment: his boomerang soon came home. Next to his religion, and, indeed, under the direct inspiration of his religion, his country was, for him, all in all. He had room for other genuine interests in his large and sympathetic nature; but these revolved around his patriotism, like the satellites about a mighty planet. Few, indeed, as I think, of those who give a careful perusal to these pages, will withhold their assent from the double assertion that he was a great man, and that he was a good man. Upon this issue the volumes now before us will enable us to try him; and, in trying him, to try ourselves. For who can any longer doubt that some debt is still due to him; that he was, to say the least, both over-censured and undervalued? By many he was taken to be unquestionably a ruffian, probably a public swindler of his countrymen. Besides being a great and a good, he was, also, a disappointed man. The sight of his promised land was not given to his longing eyes. But as a prophet of coming time, he fulfilled his mission. It seems safe to say, that few, indeed, have gone to their account with a shorter catalogue of mistaken aims, or of wasted opportunities; and not only that he did much, but that he could not have done more.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

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## A Child's Wish before an Altar.

I WISH I were the little key
That locks Love's Captive in,
And lets Him out to go and free
A sinful heart from sin.

I wish I were the little bell
That tinkles for the Host,
When God comes down each day to dwell
With hearts He loves the most.

I wish I were the chalice fair,
That holds the Blood of Love,
When every flash lights holy prayer
Upon its way above.

I wish I were the little flower
So near the Host's sweet face,
Or like the light that half an hour
Burns on the shrine of grace.

I wish I were the altar where,
As on His mother's breast,
Christ nestles, like a child, fore'er
In Eucharistic rest.

But, oh! my God, I wish the most
That my poor heart may be
A home all holy for each Host
That comes in love to me.

Rev. Abram J. Ryan.

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THE admiral of the fleet that first sailed around the world, and the discoverer of the straits that bear his name was a Catholic, Ferdinand Magellan.

## "Recipes for Making Gout."

UNDER this title, an English society journal, having exhausted, and it infers without avail, its best advice as to the prevention of this dread malady, lays before its epicurean readers some specimen compounds peculiarly adapted to develop gout in those previously free, and to excite its most virulent symptoms in the already afflicted. It has medical authority for its promise that the recipes it gives are really among the most exciting causes yet discovered in scientific, or even what might be called haphazard cuisine; taking no account of the lesser causes, no doubt crediting the gouty with sufficient intelligence to foresee the effect, upon the metatarso-phalangeal joint of the great toe, of the midnight lobster and the after-dinner port. It introduces a certain Dr. Hunter, whom it seems to regard as an authority on gout, and one can almost see a testy little doctor, rotund, red-faced, short-winded, with good living, and knowing his subject from sensation as well as study, as he takes up a famous cookery manual and reads: "Giblet soup, par excellence: veal stock, lemons, yolk of egg, forced meat balls, and Madeira." This, he says, contains a considerable amount of gout and scurvy. Of an unusually rich mock-turtle soup, he says: "A dangerous dish, and will soon bring a man to his crutches." Another of the same he declares most diabolical — only fit for the Sunday dinner of a rustic who is to work the six following days in a ditch bottom; while of a third mock-turtle soup made with beef, ham, giblets, lemon-peel, truffles, eggs, orange-juice, forced meat, and Madeira — a dish much admired by the patrons of a famous London restaurateur — the doctor says testily: "There is death in the pot."

It has often been observed of those afflicted with gout — the tone of the letters addressed to the society journal in question furnishes still another evidence of it — that they appear more concerned to discovering new remedies to lessen the pain when they shall be again attacked, than in adopting a practical means for preventing its recurrence. They try colchicum, soothing topical applications, acetate of potash, and other alkalies, and perhaps nitro-muriatic acid, the latter for supplying the oxygen necessary for the conversion of the excess of uric acid, from which they are suffering, into oxalic acid, and the latter into carbonic acid and urea — always with the hope, so it would seem, of accomplishing by chemistry what regular habits, air, and exercise would ordinarily yield.

Scientific American.

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LET us guard ourselves against the cunning and wicked designs of Satan, who desires to prevent us from raising our hearts and minds to God; who, roving everywhere, strives to gain our hearts by the allurement of pleasure or some favor, only to efface from our memory the Word committed to us in God's commandments; to blind us to the cares and anxieties of the present life, and to establish his reign within us. — *St. Francis.*

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DRYDEN says, "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of a larger growth," and "Through thick and thin."

# Deceased Bishops of the United States.

## THE FIRST CATHOLIC BISHOP OF NEW YORK.—II.

So great had been the progress of the Catholic church, in the United States, during the administration of Bishop Carroll, that, in the year 1808, Pius VII. erected Baltimore into an Archepiscopal See, with four Suffragan Sees. New York was one of these, and to this See the Rev. Luke Concanen was appointed the first bishop. He was an Irishman by birth, but in what part of the holy island he first saw the light, we do not know. It is certain that he was educated there, and, while in the flush of manhood, joined the Order of the Dominicans, at Lorraine, in the convent of the Holy Cross, which then belonged to the Irish Dominicans. Here he completed his novitiate, and afterwards went to Rome, and, in the "Minerva," finished his collegiate course of theology. As a student, he was distinguished for close application and profound study. So great were his scholarly attainments, and so highly were his intellectual powers prized, that, at a very early age, he was appointed to a professorship in the Dominican convent of St. Clement's, at Rome. This institution was always open to the Irish clergy, and was supported by the church in order to preserve the Irish Dominican Order. This Order was suppressed in Ireland; the penal laws were still in existence, and hundreds of Irish youths, like Father Concanen, sought the continent to acquire, in those days, that knowledge and distinction which was so rigorously denied them in their own land.

Father Concanen's career in Rome was a brilliant one. His genius was recognized by the most eminent divines who assembled there, and his piety and eloquence were known and admired by all. He was a brilliant pulpit orator, and preached as fluently in the Italian language as in the Latin and English. The Holy Father entertained a high opinion of his abilities, and the Irish priest enjoyed his personal friendship through life. "He occupied for several years," says our historian, "the office of Theologus Casanatensis, a chair founded at the Minerva in connection with the celebrated library there, instituted and endowed by the munificence of the illustrious Cardinal Casanate. In this institution, a learned member of the Order of Preachers was selected from each of the great provinces of the Order, in Europe, viz: France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Great Britain, and the Low Countries, or Poland. The condition annexed by the Cardinal for these appointments,—that the incumbent should have acquired a doctorship by teaching the theological course of St. Thomas Aquinas,—was fulfilled in an eminent degree by Dr. Concanen, who was selected to represent his Order and country in the Minerva. He was also elected prior of the Convent of St. Clement's, at Rome, and was first appointed the agent, at Rome, of the late Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin, and, afterwards, of all the Bishops of Ireland."

The ancient bishopric of Kilmacduagh becoming vacant, Father Concanen was appointed to it by the Holy Father. But his arduous labors had made such inroads on his health, that he was forced to decline it. Though delicate through sickness, he continued to work and preach with unflagging zeal. His counsels were sought by the Pontiff in all ecclesiastical affairs relating to Ireland, and consulted regarding all appointments made there. He was deeply interested in the missions in America, and heard with eager joy of the success of Bishop Carroll, and his brethren, in the broad fields of the new Republic. He first suggested the idea of establishing the Dominican Convent of St. Rose, in Kentucky, and afterwards became a liberal benefactor of that institution. His love for the new missionary land was great, and only ceased with his life. For forty years he resided in Rome, strong in the friendship of the Holy Father, and all the other dignitaries of the Catholic church.

Father Concanen was almost seventy years old when he was appointed Bishop of New York. Though impaired in health, he was not enfeebled in intellect. His brain was as active, his mind as acute as ever, and he looked forward to his new field of labor with a heart as buoyant as in his more youthful days. He was consecrated at Rome, on April 24, 1808, by Cardinal Antonelli, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda. The venerable Bishop immediately began to prepare for his voyage to the new world. His preparations being done, he was soon ready to depart. But now his misfortunes commenced. He hoped to embark at Leghorn, but was disappointed, and reluctantly returned to Rome. The French were then in Italy, and regarded every British subject with suspicion. Their spies were busy everywhere, and a vigilant watch was kept on all foreigners in the country. Bishop Concanen made his way to Naples, and engaged a passage in a vessel bound for America. But, again, misfortune set in; for, the government aware of his intention, caused him to be arrested, and, under severe penalties, forbade him to leave the country. Baffled in his hopes of reaching the people whom he longed to see, and wished to labor for, wearied with hardships and disappointments, vexed with delay, and the restraints to which he was subjected, he became seriously ill, and sought rest at the Convent of St. Dominick, in Naples, and died a few days after entering it.

"So sudden was his death," writes Dr. Clarke, "that suspicions were entertained that he had been poisoned, either by the unscrupulous officials or emissaries of the government, or by persons who had designs on the gold vessels and other valuables, destined for the diocese of New York. . . . By his will, as is supposed, before his consecration, he bequeathed his valuable library and a large legacy in money to the Dominican Convent of St. Rose, in Kentucky. The Holy Pontiff, Pius VII., himself a prisoner of Napoleon, was deeply affected by the death of his friend, as well as by the bereavement which the young diocese of New York, recently created by himself, sustained in the loss of its first Bishop."

WILLIAM COLLINS.

# Death of John Locke.

ANOTHER gifted son of Ireland has passed away, while yet in the prime of life, and with the promise of future usefulness fair before him. John Locke, well known, both here and in his native land, by his contributions to Irish literature, over his own signature and under his *non de plume* of "The Southern Gael," died at his home, 296 Henry street, New York, on the 27th of January, after a brief illness. His early and unexpected demise will be mourned by a large and widely-extended circle of friends, for none who knew his kindly, genial disposition and unaffected goodness of heart, could fail to love and esteem him. Mr. Locke was born in July, 1847, in historic Callan, in the county Kilkenny, Ireland. A nationalist, in the strongest sense of the word, from his earliest youth, he was compelled like hundreds of other young Irishmen to leave his native land after the abortive Fenian "rising" of 1867, when he came to New York, where he since resided for the most part. Well educated, and gifted with a vivid imagination, his literary contributions to the Irish American National press, both in prose and poetry, soon gave him a high standing as a writer. For some time he filled the editorial chair of the Celt, and afterwards edited the Celtic Monthly, as well as contributing to the columns of other journals and the pages of numerous magazines. His exquisitely beautiful and touching poem, "Dawn on the Irish Coast," which we reprint herewith, is probably that with which his name is most universally linked, for it has been published and republished wherever the exiled children of Erin have made their homes throughout the earth. In it he portrayed, with the fidelity of one who felt himself what he described, the emotions of a returning Irish emigrant, as the first glimpse of his native shores burst on him with the rising of the sun out of the depths of night and ocean. It is a picture that many have looked upon but none more faithfully limned than the dead poet. Mr. Locke leaves a widow and one child to mourn his loss, besides his brother, the Rev. Michael A. Locke, of St. Augustine College, Villanova, Pa. The funeral took place from St. Mary's Church, Grand street, on the 4th of February, where a Solemn Mass of Requiem was offered for the repose of his soul; thence to Calvary Cemetery for interment. May he rest in peace. Amen.

The following is the beautiful poem to which we referred above:

## DAWN ON THE IRISH COAST.

*Th' anam 'san Diah!* but there it is,
The dawn on the hills of Ireland!
God's angels lifting the night's black veil
From the fair, sweet face of my sire-land!
Oh, Ireland, isn't it grand you look,
Like a bride in her rich adornin',
And with all the pent-up love of my heart
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

This one short hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mourning;
I'd almost venture another flight,
There's so much joy in returning—
Watching out for the hallowed shore.
All other attractions scornin';
Oh, Ireland, don't you hear me shout?
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

Ho — ho! upon Cliona's shelving strand,
The surges are grandly beating,
And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
To give us the kindly greeting;
Into the shore the sea-birds fly
On pinions that know no drooping;
And out from the cliffs, with welcome charged,
A million of waves come trooping.

Oh, kindly generous Irish land,
So leal and fair and loving,
No wonder the wandering Celt should think
And dream of you in his roving!
The alien home may have gems and gold —
Shadows may never have gloomed it,
But the heart will sigh for the absent land,
Where the love-light first illumed it.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,
Watching the wild waves motion,
Leaning her back against the hills,
And the tips of her toes in the ocean?
I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells!
Ah, maybe their chiming's over,
For it's many a year since I began
The life of a Western rover.

For thirty summers, *asthore machree*,
Those hills I now feast my eyes on,
Ne'er met my vision, save when they rose,
Over Memory's dim horizon.
Even so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
In the landscape spread before me;
But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
To see Texas' skies still o'er me.

Ah! often upon the Texan plains,
When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave,
And around this coast-line hover;
And the prayer would rise that, some future day,
All danger and doubtings scornin',
I'd help to win my native land
The light of young Liberty's mornin'.

Now fuller and truer the shore line shows —
Was ever a scene so splendid?
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze,
Thank God that my exile's ended,
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
The vale and cot I was born in!
Oh, Ireland, up from my heart of hearts,
I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

Irish American, New York.

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Oh, how great and glorious it is to have a Father in Heaven! How holy it is to have, in our Spiritual Consoler, a sweet and amiable Spouse! How sweet and consoling, and what peace, humility, and charity it brings with it, in spite of everything, to have, as our Brother, He who has given His life for His sheep!

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Let us be convinced that nothing belongs to us, except our bad habits and our sins; we have reason rather to rejoice when we are exposed to temptation, and we should bear bravely in this world, for the sake of eternal life, all trials, whether natural or supernatural. — *St. Francis.*

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There ought to be in every Catholic house a picture of the Blessed Virgin, an image of a saint, or some other symbol of Catholic faith, and such symbols will always be found where Catholic faith has taken deep root, or has not been partially smothered.

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To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets," and "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness."

# A Memorable Centenary.

On a beautiful eminence overlooking the banks of the Potomac, surrounded by grounds famous for their picturesque beauty, and commanding a magnificent view of the city of Washington, stands old Georgetown College, to be known hereafter as the University of Georgetown.

The grand new University, facing cityward, hides from sight the humbler buildings, familiar to the visitors of olden time; but it will take a hundred years to make the stately new edifice as dear to the hearts of another generation as the old college is to the alumni of to-day. Around the walls, erected by the first Archbishop of Baltimore and his illustrious companions, cluster the most sacred memories. Her time-honored roof has sheltered some of the greatest men of modern times. Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Audubon, Secchi, Sestini, and a host of others, whose names alone would form a volume of patriotism and learning, have partaken of her generous hospitality, or found a home within her peaceful halls, while her own sons, beginning with William Gaston, the first and best beloved, have gone forth, a noble, patriotic band, worthy of the pride of their devoted mother. Within her old library the scholar has found a torch to explore the mines of science, and the orator a weapon with which to conquer in a bloodless strife. The storms of war have thundered at her feet, the sun of peace has lifted up her drooping head, and the mellow beauty, which years alone can give, already shines forth in the lineament of the ancient *Alma Mater*.

The college planted at Georgetown a hundred years ago was not a mere acorn, but was, even then, a sturdy young tree, reared in the wilds of Maryland, more than a century before, by zealous missionaries, and watered by their tears; for the seed of the college was sown in adversity and nurtured in storm, and its advent to Georgetown was but a transplanting of the wind-beaten sapling to a more genial atmosphere, where, warmed by the sun of liberty, its leaves unfolded, its roots became strong, and its branches broadened into the mighty old oak, now the pride and mother of the forest.

Such has been the history of Georgetown. Parallel with the story of the pilgrims who settled the Land of the Sanctuary, and who were the first, on all this broad continent, to proclaim civil and religious liberty, runs the chronicle of the Jesuit foundations in this Catholic province. Schools were established, at various times and places, in Maryland, commencing at Calverton Manor, in 1640; the latest of these prior to the Revolution, Bohemia Academy, in Cecil county, was the immediate predecessor of the present University.

Founded in 1789, by Archbishop Carroll, Georgetown was at first placed under the two-fold care of the Sulpicians and Jesuits; but, since 1806, it has been under the exclusive control of the Society of Jesus. Its eventful history may be summed up in a few of the more important dates. In 1808, extensive additions were made to the

buildings, affording room for the Museum and Library; in 1815, it was chartered as a University; in 1848, the Medical Department was established, followed by the Law Department in 1870. In 1877, the erection of the new building was commenced, and, in February, 1889, was celebrated the first centennial of our oldest Catholic University.

The celebration commenced on Wednesday, Feb. 20, and occupied three whole days. The first of these was devoted to religious solemnities and the conferring of Theological degrees. Thursday was monopolized by the old pupils, the morning exercise consisting of a poem and an oration, the evening being devoted to a festive re-union of the alumni; Friday was occupied by class and society re-unions in the forenoon, followed by a solemn academic session, and the conferring of degrees in Laws, Philosophy, and Arts. Nor were the dead forgotten by the tender mother, who holds her dear departed in closer embrace and holier communion than even her living sons; for, on the following Sunday, Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the college chapel, for the repose of the souls of all her students who have died during the first century of the life of the University.

The main building presented a magnificent appearance, its massive walls being profusely decorated with flags of all nations, sacred emblems, and appropriate inscriptions in many languages, living and dead. From the lofty clock-tower and from every portion of the building floated myriads of banners; along the arched corridors within, hung shields emblazoned with inscriptions of welcome to friends and congratulations to *Alma Mater*. In Gaston Memorial Hall, the walls were almost hidden by draperies of the national colors, which hung in graceful festoons on every side. Above the platform were portraits of Archbishop Carroll, and many of the old presidents of the college, and beneath the American flags, the papal colors occupied a conspicuous place. The banners and heraldic devices were prepared under the direction of Father Barnum, S. J., and the taste, learning, and skill displayed in their execution challenged the highest admiration.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons arrived in Washington on the vigil of the feast, accompanied by a number of clergymen. He was met by the College Cadets, who, in their new uniforms of blue and gray, presented a handsome appearance, and by them escorted to Georgetown, where he was received with appropriate ceremonies, consisting of poems and addresses by students of the various classes, after which he held a reception, and all the young men of the college were personally introduced to him.

Wednesday morning ushered in the first day of the festivities. At an early hour, all was activity in and about the college buildings, and the grounds and neighboring streets were thronged with enthusiastic visitors. The procession, consisting of the Marine Band, military escorts, students, alumni, faculty, distinguished visitors, the Cardinal and his attendants, formed in the grand hall, and, as the bells in the tower chimed forth the glad tidings, moved forward through gaily-decorated streets, to Holy Trinity Church, where Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by his Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, successor of

Archbishop Carroll. The solemnities were magnificent; nothing like them was ever witnessed in the city, and a more impressive scene has seldom graced the archdiocese. To the usual grandeur of the ceremonies were added the striking features of a military Mass. At the solemn moment of consecration, the officers of the cadet companies entered the sanctuary to welcome with the highest homage, known in the military code, the coming of the Prince of Peace, the King of kings; while simultaneously with the ringing of the bell announcing the elevation, the cannon on the college grounds thundered forth the glad tidings of the arrival of that Guest, without whose presence the proudest earthly festivities are vain and empty.

The sermon was preached by Father Doonan, S. J., late president of the college, and was an eloquent eulogium of the character and work of Archbishop Carroll, whom he compared to the great patriarch of old, viewing from Nebo's height the land of promise which his people were to possess as their glorious heritage. He traced the past history of the University, and spoke in glowing words of the possibilities of her future. All who had the happiness of being present were charmed with Father Doonan's masterly and soul-stirring oration; it was, indeed, a fitting tribute to the illustrious founder, and was worthy of the glorious occasion.

On Wednesday evening the Cardinal and Faculty held a reception, preceded by a solemn session, in which the degree of D. D. was confered upon about fifteen reverend gentlemen, distinguished in theological science, foremost among whom was Mgr. Preston, Vicar General of New York. After an address in Latin by the chancellor of the college, Rev. E. H. Welch, S. J., the candidates read the profession of faith and took the oath on the gospels; they were then presented with their diplomas, and invested with cap and ring by the Cardinal, after which Mgr. Preston made a short but impressive address upon the obligations of the candidates to defend the faith and uphold the cause of truth against modern fallacies, proving themselves true sons of the church, and worthy children of the University.

On Thursday morning the hall was again filled with an immense audience, who listened with rapt attention to the beautiful ode by Mr. Conde B. Pallen, and a fine centennial oration by Mr. Martin F. Morris. The orator first selected for this occasion was the venerable Judge Wm. M. Merrick, a distinguished alumnus, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the District, and a professor of Georgetown Law College, whose lamented death, a few weeks ago, was a great loss to the college; his place was filled by Mr. Morris, formerly a partner of the late Hon. Richard M. Merrick, brother of the deceased, also a distinguished graduate of the University. During the course of the proceedings, telegrams and letters of congratulation from different parts of the world were read, the first of these being from our Holy Father, the last from Harvard College. Many of these letters were in Latin, and, as Father Murphy remarked about the one from the young ladies of Vassar, "though couched in a dead language, they contained the warmest expressions of congratulation and good wishes." Con-

gratulatory messages continued to pour in, and among the most interesting received on the next day was one from Bishop Keane, rector of the Catholic University of America. On Thursday night the reunion of the alumni was celebrated by a splendid banquet, one of the grandest affairs of the kind ever given in Washington.

On Friday the college boys had their own special class and society reunions, and this was the occasion for a grand dinner at the college. Although the hospitality of the good Fathers during the whole of this happy time was most bountiful, apparently inexhaustible, never in the history of Georgetown have the students enjoyed such a feast of good things, not only "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," but a bounteous supply of more substantial, if more fleeting, food. Never will be forgotten the happy celebration of Washington's Birthday, 1889.

But close upon the heels of the mid-day festivities came the solemn academic session of the afternoon, when the President of the United States formally closed the centennial opened by the Prince of the Church in America. Again Memorial Hall was filled to overflowing, in spite of the weather, which, for the first time during these three days, frowned upon us, and long before President Cleveland arrived there was scarcely standing room. The arrival of His Excellency was at last announced by the booming of cannon firing a presidential salute of twenty-one guns, and a few minutes later the Cardinal and the President entered, attended by Archbishops Corrigan and Ryan, Secretary Bayard, and a large number of prelates, judges, diplomats, and men distinguished in every rank of life. They were escorted by a detachment of the College Cadets, and were greeted with thundering applause, whose echoes were finally silenced by the stirring strains of the Centennial March.

After a Latin address by the Chancellor, degrees were conferred, the first on the list of LL.D's. being Secretary Bayard. Among many others similarly honored were names familiar to readers of current Catholic literature, the Hon. Zach. Montgomery, John Gilmary Shea, John Boyle O'Reilly, and Maurice F. Egan. Addresses were made by graduates from the Departments of Law, Medicine, and Arts, followed by the presentation of three medals commemorative of the occasion. A gold medal was awarded by the University to John Gilmary Shea, LL.D., the historian of the Catholic Church in America, for his work, The Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll. Gold medals, struck by the alumni, were presented to the Cardinal. for the Archiepiscopal See of Baltimore, and to the President for the Government of the United States.

Amid the deafening applause evoked by the presentation of the medals, Cardinal Gibbons arose to address the audience. In a few choice words, and with the gentle grace peculiar to himself, he spoke of the wonderful ways of God in raising up men to fulfil his great designs. He spoke of Washington, whose hand laid the foundation of our great Republic; of Jefferson, who penned our immortal Declaration of Independence; and, lastly, of the patriot priest, John Carroll, the first Bishop of the United States, who, in spite of difficulties, and

against the advice of timid counsellors, founded this great college, and pledged to it his warmest and most earnest support.

At the conclusion of the Cardinal's address, President Cleveland expressed, in a few strong and pithy sentences, his appreciation of the work of the University, and the impress she has left upon the citizenship of this country. He spoke of the volume of love turned towards her from the great outside world of her alumni during her long life, and especially at this time. In earnest words he reminded the young men of the responsibility of using their education for the good of others. Learned men we need at all times, but not less do we need good citizens, and the least an educated man can do is to make himself a good, true American citizen, and to improve the citizenship of others. He paid a deserved tribute to the Alumni of Georgetown College, and said he could not better express his friendship for the institution than to wish for her in the future, as she has had in the past, an army of alumni learned, useful, patriotic, making a supremely worthy use of the training received from her.

The shades of evening were falling ere Friday's ceremonies closed; the grounds and buildings were brilliantly illuminated, and many lingering glances were cast behind as the guests reluctantly left the dear old college and wended their ways homeward, their hearts full of the sweet and precious memories evoked by this grand festival.

Georgetown has every reason to be proud of her century's work. Her rank among the first universities of the world is undisputed; her alumni have taken their places among the leaders in every profession, and her distinguished Presidents have bequeathed a priceless heritage in their names. Her present faculty is unsurpassed, and her Rector, the Rev. J. Havens Richards, is eminently fitted to uphold the dignity of his position. Though quite a young man, of delicate physique, and modest, retiring manners, he possesses wonderful tact and firmness; and to his indefatigable energy and executive ability is due, in a great measure, the success of the Centennial festival.

The Centenary has past, but the lessons taught by it have taken deep root in thoughtful minds. A new era has dawned, not merely in the history of one university, but in that of Catholic education in America. The harmony of thought displayed in all the addresses on the subject of liberal education, and the bold, undaunted attitude assumed by the alumni on the great platform of a free church and a free school, are cheering signs of the times.

Liberal education, the training of the mind and heart, not merely of the hands, is a great and crying want of the age, and that education alone is worthy of the name of liberal, which frees the mind from the bondage of ignorance, and the soul from the slavery of passion. Learning is needed to stem the tide of materialism and infidelity threatening our very civilization, to detect and expose the weakness, the dishonesty, and the emptiness, of old errors long ago combated in other forms, and overthrown by weapons that have since grown rusty and unwieldy. Mind must conquer matter, the great must rule the weak, the pen must prove mightier than the sword; and, if many are

debarred by circumstances from acquiring a university education, still those to whom this precious deposit of learning is accessible, should be early taught the value of the treasury at their command.

That there is a wide-spread appreciation of this truth, is attested by the fact that hundreds of colleges and universities are being founded; but the young man of moderate means is confronted, at the outset of life, with one great temptation, — to make as much money as possible. The glittering phantoms of independence and material gain seek to lure him from the feet of wisdom, and he is prone to forget that there is no independence so lofty as that of learning, no success so sweet as the triumphs of science, and no pleasure so inexhaustible as that of communion with great minds. Let us, then, try to build up, in youthful hearts, so lofty an ideal of the beauty and dignity of wisdom, that, before the eagle glance of truth, the glittering robes of Mammon shall shrink away, leaving the ugly idol in all its hideous deformity, and sending the young votary for gain tumbling back into the strong and loving arms of an *Alma Mater*.

AGNES HAMPTON.

Washington, D. C., February 25, 1889.

## Irish-Americans in Congress.

THE following men of Irish birth and descent have been elected to Congress, according to a contemporary:

Thomas C. McRae, Third District, Arkansas; Joseph McKenna, Third California; George T. Barnes, Thirtieth Georgia; Frank Lawler, Second Illinois; Joseph G. Cannon, Fifteenth Illinois; John H. O'Neil, Second Indiana; John H. Sweeny, Fourth Iowa; Thomas Ryan, Fourth Kansas; J. B. McCreardy, Eighth Kentucky; Frank Finley, Eleventh Kentucky; Joseph H. O'Neil, Fourth Massachusetts; Louis E. McCormick, Sixth Maryland; James B. Morgan, Second Mississippi; James O'Donnell, Third Michigan; John L. McDonald, Third Minnesota; W. J. Connell, First Nebraska; Frank T. Fitzgerald, Sixth New York; John H. McCarty, Eighth New York; A. P. Fitch, Thirteenth New York; C. W. McClammery, Third North Carolina; Robert P. Kennedy, Eighth Ohio; William R. McKinley, Jr., Eighteenth Ohio; Charles O'Neill, Second Pennsylvania; William D. Kelly, Fourth Pennsylvania; J. B. O'Reilly, Thirteenth Pennsylvania; H. C. McCormick, Seventeenth Pennsylvania; Charles T. O'Ferrall, Seventh Virginia; Joseph M. Carey, Wyoming Territory.

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, a Catholic, is the marvellous link in the chain of time, which connects the history of the Old World with the New. John de la Cosa, a Catholic, was a famous companion of Columbus. He acted as his pilot.

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THE Continental journals are recalling the words of Napoleon I., who said, after an interview with his prisoner, Pope Pius VII.: "I have encountered a man more powerful than myself: he reigns over mind, I over matter; he takes the soul and flings me the body."

# Our Young Catholic Men.

**Large and Brilliant Assembly at the Annual Banquet — Great Need of an Additional Building at Boston College — Devoted Work of Missionary Fathers.**

GOD reigns, and religious triumphs grace our gracious land! The ORDERS of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, in their unceasing missions of self-sacrifice, love, devotion, pious personal examples, are laying the foundations of work that for centuries, yea, for ages, will bless this government of the people. Through the virtue and uprightness instilled in the people will its popular form be preserved and transmitted, generation after generation, against the vices inherent in humanity—of the greed of power, the lust of ambition, the selfishness and avarice of unscrupulous combinations. A splendid work is being done in AMERICA by these apostles of the Divine authority. Already we get here and there glimpses of the design of the superstructure, on the foundations being laid, as we contemplate the labors of these Missionary Orders in their unceasing efforts to benefit God's creatures.

Pioneers, as usual among all, are the Jesuits, sons of the princely LOYOLA. What invocations come trooping to us at mention of this illustrious name! Loyal to your precepts and deeds, oh, Loyola! is the chivalrous Catholic. Your spirit dominates the true soldier in every good cause. It does not fail to nerve the brave on battle-fields where hosts are marshalled to wage war against oppression; it leads your valiant sons into the dreary wilds of savage lands. Our memory seems like a benediction as we recall in American history the names of a GARNIER, BREBŒUF, DANIEL, JOGUES, LALLEMANT, intrepid apostles of Jesus crucified. It is not so far from a century ago that Viscount Chateaubriand wrote: "A Jesuit in Tartary meets with a Huron woman whom he had known in Canada; from this extraordinary circumstance he infers that the American Continent approached at the Northwest to the Asiatic coast, and thus he conjectured the existence of that strait which long afterward conferred glory on a Behring and a Cook."

What a subject for reflection!

Here in our own Boston midst we have a continuation of the great and zealous work of the saintly MCELROY being carried on by the brilliant and gifted FULTON, whose hands are upheld by the pious and beloved Fathers of the Immaculate Conception Church, ministering to the wants of souls there, and then cultivating the minds of the youth who attend Boston College.

Some thirteen years ago Rev. Robert Fulton, then, as now, the President of the college, in a conversation with a young man, was cautioning him against the evils of bad companionship, bidding him make acquaintance with the good. "Where am I to find good company?" was the rejoinder. The reply flashed out like an inspiration: "I will procure it for you." The following Sunday, at the bidding of Fr. Fulton, a large number of young men assembled in the basement of the church. The Reverend Father then unfolded his plan for

an association. To substantiate his very practical views on the important subject, he placed at the disposal of the nascent society some of the college rooms, and, moreover, drew up a constitution and by-laws. His fostering care never ceased. To this day the association has been the privileged guest of the college.

The other evening took place the third annual banquet and reunion of the members of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College, in the college hall, James street. Upward of four hundred of the members attended, and the affair throughout proved to be the most successful reunion in the history of the organization.

Prior to the banquet an informal reception was held in the association rooms, and the halls and corridors of the college were thronged with the members of the association.

"For fully two hours," records the chronicler, "the college walls resounded with wisdom, fancy, graceful gayety, or ready wit, or happy sentiment."

What a vision it was for Mayor Hart, unused to such scenes, among his Catholic fellow-citizens, to dwell upon. He beheld manly forms and intellectual faces; young men whose well-regulated lives receive constant succor through the sacrifices of their spiritual preceptors, who yield up all the fascinating joys of worldly life to serve just such young men. A little study here on this point, I opine, would do His Honor no harm, because I speak from a somewhat personal knowledge of him, running through a few years back. Other Chief Magistrates have graced similar occasions here and elsewhere. Presidents, Governors, Mayors have enlarged their minds by healthful contact in such places and presence, and have added to their own happiness by aiding the genuine good being done. At this festal gathering there were young men, and there were old young men present. P. J. Flatley, John F. Dever, James S. Murphy, A. A. Turner, John E. Gilman, and many others, are as much interested in the association as when, in its inception, they were prominent among its officers.

The College Hall was, for the night, converted into an immense banquet room. Its walls were charmingly decorated. That behind the table of honor was ornamented with a hanging of red damask, draped over by a curtain of richly-ornamented lace. Centering from the middle chandelier, vari-colored bunting radiated, in regular folds, to the surrounding walls. At the foot of the table, and on the arch above the musicians' stand, was draped the national colors; and the walls around the entire hall were decorated in red damask drapings, gracefully caught with rosettes. Pedestals, with potted palms, and tropical plants of varied descriptions, were placed about the hall, and the orchestra, under the leadership of John C. Mullaly, discoursed sweet music. Five lengths of banquet tables were hardly sufficient for the accommodation of the large number of diners.

Seated at the place of honor was Father Fulton, the President of the society, and beside him sat Vice-President Francis J. McLaughlin. On their left and right were seated Mayor Hart, the officers of the association, Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. J., for five years the treasurer, C. J. Scollard, D. H. Mahoney, D. F. O'Connor, J. J. Curry, C. W. Lyons,

John H. McDonough, Joseph M. Kelley, T. A. Hagerty, J. H. Carney, J. D. Berran, M. J. Crowley, D. F. Sheehan, J. J. Cunningham, James T. Wise, E. A. Kinney, Jr.

And around the other tables were noticed the following:

Rev. Henry Barry,
T. J. Monaghan,
D. A. Mahoney,
James S. Murphy,
Hon. J. B. Sheerin,
H. F. McGrady,
D. F. O'Connor,
Joseph J. Curry,
James A. Creagh,
Pierce J. Grace,
John F. Dever,
P. J. Flatley,
J. E. Gilman,
P. A. Mahony,
William Taylor, Jr., of The Globe,
P. U. Hurley,
A. A. Turner,
John D. McLaughlin,
James Creagh,
John H. Cullen,
Henry B. Blackwell,
John A. O'Kelly,
J. J. Callaghan,
John V. Toomey,
J. G. Foley,
J. B. Nagle,
Dr. O'Reilly,
John P. Leahy,
Peter Maaher,
Andrew Maaher,
W. J. Reardon,
Hugh McGuire,
A. F. Crowley,
J. E. Harrington,
J. R. Brennan,
E. L. Hearn,

S. F. Conly,
W. A. Hazelboom,
Fred Dowd,
William H. Howe,
C. George Connolly,
Edward A. Paige,
E. T. Walsh,
Charles F. Lyons,
P. A. Sullivan,
Richard J. Powers,
Richard I. Murphy,
T. A. O'Neil,
W. J. Finnigan,
D. P. Toomey,
Thomas Fay, Jr.,
Signor Augusto Potoli,
Fred J. Crosby,
Edward Page,
E. G. McEleney,
Harry J. Byrne,
P. A. Mahoney,
P. J. Finnegan,
William P. Cashman,
F. A. Campbell,
W. L. Donovan,
John H. Buckley,
William J. Gallivan,
Joseph J. Kelly,
James M. McGinley,
James F. Morgan,
F. L. McGowan,
J. H. Hogan,
Thomas Hogan,
P. A. Clausmeyer,
A. J. Ochs,
T. J. Kelleher,
James P. Mahoney,

Bernard F. Tierney,
Michael J. Trainor,
Andrew J. Nolan,
James M. McCarthy,
J. A. Turner,
Robert J. Donovan,
Hubert J. McLaughlin,
John H. Mahoney,
John W. Regan, Jr.,
Hon. John E. Fitzgerald,
P. A. Sullivan,
J. E. Maliff,
Patrick Kelly,
M. J. Mahoney,
J. A. Lynch,
J. A. Hayes,
J. A Foley,
J. J. Whittaker,
John Curtin,
T. F. Hussey,
Joseph C. Pelletier,
F. Pelletier,
Charles H. Leahy,
Harry Marden,
Charles A. Bellfor,
T. B. Fitz,
James H. Carney,
J. M. Kelly,
James B. McHugh,
Augustus Kelly,
Garrett U. Scollard,
John J. Driscoll,
John Levins,
Charles A. Belford,
James Mulvey,
John P. Kelly,
Thomas H. McGuire,

Edward A. Dever,
Dr. John F. Dowsley,
Dr. Thos. M. Dowsley,
John J. Cuddihy,
Adelard Phaneuf,
H. W. Norton,
James F. Hayes,
Thos. O'Callaghan, Jr.,
Martin A. Dowling,
James L. Molloy,
Thomas J. Downey,
James L. Corr,
T. A. Hagerty,
William C. Pelletier,
Francis J. Mahoney,
J. J. Cunningham,
M. J. Crowley,
Edward C. Colford,
J. J. Callahan,
Frank Carr,
John A. Doyle,
D. J. Crowley,
Charles A. Smith,
James A. Gallivan,
T. J. Hurley,
J. Mitchel Galvin,
D. J. McSweeney,
Charles P. Dennon,
J. H. Creagh,
O. J. Doherty,
P. J. Swords,
F. M. Marlowe,
Charles H. McGowan,
Ed. F. Johnston,
T. J. Cahill,
Thomas Swan,
M. W. Tierney.

At the exercises succeeding the feast, Vice-President McLaughlin delivered the introductory address. He cordially greeted the members at their third re-union, and said that the progress shown and made within the past few years was an act reflecting credit, not alone upon the members of the association, but to the Catholics of Boston and of Massachusetts. He assured the society that at their next re-union they would be welcomed in a new home, a home second to none in this city.

## THE TOASTS.

Robert W. Hurley, acting as toast-master, read letters of regret for absence from Rev. A. Russo, S. J., and Rev. J. O'Connor, S. J., former presidents of the society, and from Rev. Peter Cassidy, S. J., of St. Peter's Church, N. J., and Rev. Henry J. Shandelle, S. J., of Holy Cross College, Worcester.

The "City of Boston" was given as the first toast, and in reply Mayor Hart responded. He said:

"I am proud to be here to-night, to address the members of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College, coming, as I do, representing Boston. I can say that she is proud of having, within her midst, sons like you, and you, in turn, should be proud of being her citizens. The work of the association is a grand one, for it aims to promote good citizenship. Ten years ago, in the chamber of the City Council, I took my first lesson in parliamentary laws from a student of Boston College. I am happy in the fact that this opportunity has been given me of making the acquaintance of Father Fulton."

Father Fulton responded, in a felicitous manner, to the toast of "Boston College." He said that:

"They had been so accustomed, lately, to abuse, that such commendation as that of the Mayor was very welcome. In fact, he thought that praise given in such a way was a compensation for the denunciation, for this misrepresentation. He believed in sympathy; but he also believed in showing it practically. He then referred to the proposed new building for the association, and the expense it entailed; and, in addressing the young men, asked them to show their practical sympathy by contributing, according to their means, to the building fund for the Association Hall. He related a humorous anecdote in relation to a poor negro couple, with a large family, who were found destitute on the streets of Alexandria, in his young days. He said there was plenty of pity and sympathy from the large crowd that gathered round them. One large-souled countryman addressed them, saying, 'Ladies and gentlemen, you all seem to pity this poor family, but that will not give them bread or a home. I pity them five dollars; how far does your sympathy extend?' The application was apparent."

After referring to the society, its foundation, and the great interest he took in its success, he concluded his felicitous conversation with the young men amidst great applause.

The next toast,—"The Commonwealth of Massachusetts,"—was responded to by Hon. John E. Fitzgerald. He said, in answering to this toast:

"While listening to Mayor Hart's remarks, I could not help contrasting the position of the *Jesuits* in this Commonwealth, in the year 1889, compared with their status here, two hundred years ago. To-day, the Mayor of our city sits at a banquet, on the right of the rector of this college, the Governor of the state distributes diplomas to its pupils, and each praises the work performed by the sons of Loyola, in training the young men to become useful citizens. What a contrast to the position of the Jesuit and the Catholic in the Colony of Old Massachusetts Bay, two centuries ago; and what strides Catholicity has made in the land of the Puritan and the Pilgrim in half that period. In looking over the laws passed in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, two centuries ago, I find that on the 19th of October, 1652, the following was enacted: 'Daniel Sellat, craving pardon for bringing some Irishmen on shore, hath his fine remitted, so as the first opportunity be taken to send them out of this jurisdiction.' The antipathy to that race began very early here, and the spirit that evoked that law we have been combating ever since, both socially and politically. But the Jesuit fared worse than the Irishman, at the hands of the Great and General Court of that day; for, on the 26th of May, 1647, the following act was passed: 'It is ordered by the authority of this Court, that no Jesuit, or ecclesiastical person, ordained by the authority of the Pope, shall henceforth come within this jurisdiction, and if any person shall give cause of suspicion that he is one of such society, he shall be brought before some of the magistrates, and if he cannot free himself, he shall be bound to the Court of Assistants, to be heard and proceeded with by banishment, or otherwise; and *if any such person, so banished, shall be taken the second time within this jurisdiction, he shall, upon lawful trial and conviction, be put to death.*' They were merciful enough to except a Jesuit who was shipwrecked along the coast of Old Massachusetts Bay. That may have been the grim humor of the old Puritan legislators; for the shipwrecked had very little chance of life in those days, without light-houses or life-savers. Can one realize that such a change has come over the old Commonwealth? Yesterday, the Irishman, the Catholic, and the Jesuit banished, or with a price on his head, his religion a forbidden thing; to-day, this same Commonwealth the most Irish and Catholic, in proportion to its population, of any state in this Union, with Catholic Colleges and Catholic Churches more numerous than those of any other sect. Your fathers fought the battle against race and religious prejudice, and you, young men, are reaping its benefits to-day. They were the toilers, you the harvest-gatherers. Prove yourself worthy of this great boon of civil and religious liberty, which every citizen in this Commonwealth enjoys to-day,—a liberty greater than that enjoyed in many so-called Catholic countries. Your task,

young men, is to destroy the prejudices which still live, even though the statutes I have quoted are no more. We, as Catholics and descendants of Irish, or other foreign citizens, must show,— as we have been showing,— that, in patriotic devotion and pride in this good old city and Commonwealth, we yield to no other class of our fellow-citizens, and we must show it in our acts as public, professional, and business men; and, above all, in matters relating to our state and city, in the official positions we hold. Mayor Hart said that during his first year in the Common Council, a fellow-member,— a graduate of Boston College,— instructed him in parliamentary law. I fancy there are many young men now listening to me, who would like to instruct his Honor some more, at this time. (Laughter and applause.) Parliamentary law is all well enough; but of far more importance than Cushing's Manual, or raising points of order, is an honesty of purpose and an intelligent conscience, which sees the right and follows it on all occasions; which applies to a public man's acts all the rules of morality that are inculcated, on all occasions, in this college. To the young men of this and kindred associations, I look for the material that, in the future, will reflect credit on us by giving us legislators, councilmen, and public officials who possess both education and conscience, and love of their city and state. Thus, indeed, will you honor Boston College and this old Commonwealth. And, in conclusion, in looking again on this hall of four hundred young men, and thinking of the possibilities of the future for this association, and returning to the subject of my toast, and the early prejudice of Massachusetts against the Jesuit and the Catholic, the words of that beautiful poem of 'Willie Gilliland,' by Samuel Ferguson comes to my mind. Little thought he who was hunted, because he chose to worship God 'in spite of Church or King,'

> 'That where he lay, like hunted brute,
> A caverned outlaw lone,
> Broad lands and yeoman tenantry should yet be there his own.
> Yet so it was, and still from him descendants, not a few,
> Draw birth and lands, and, let me trust, draw love of freedom too.'"

In the absence of Dr. Blake, John P. Leahy responded eloquently to the toast, "Our President." It would be impossible to do justice to the beautiful speech of Mr. Leahy. He apologized for being unprepared, but he performed his task admirably. He referred to the work of the association, and the great aid which Father Fulton as founder and as President has rendered to the young men. He then drew a contrast between the work of the painter, the sculptor, and the poet, in breathing life into canvas and stone, or giving delightful sensations clothed in beautiful ideas; but the moral work in forming the mind and heart and conscience was superior to all of that, and that kind of moral beauty was being formed in this college and this association. He concluded by congratulating Father Fulton and the association on being on the eve of installing the society in its new quarters, and hoped, that, under the fostering care of himself and the other good Fathers of the society, it would increase in numbers and in usefulness.

Mr. William Taylor responded most fittingly to the toast, "The Press." His address was well received by his associates.

An able and eloquent speech was delivered by Thomas J. Monaghan on being called upon to answer for "Our Association."

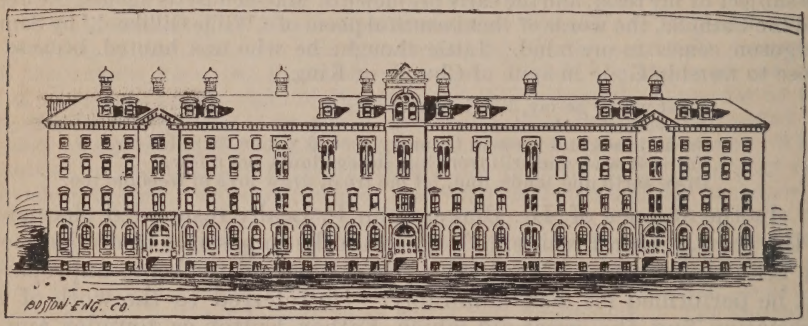
It is to be regretted that the crowded space of the MAGAZINE does not admit of fuller reports of these well considered and talented efforts.

John D. McLaughlin delivered an *original poem* of much merit, and Dennis F. Sheehan read a Fragment of History of the Y. M. C. A., in the year of our Lord 2002, and was frequently interrupted with laughter and applause.

Interspersing between the different toasts, there were given numer-

ous selections by the Y. M. C. A. Glee Club. John J. O'Connor rendered a vocal selection, and, to repeated plaudits, gave an encore, and was generously applauded.

The expansion of the association calls for more room. Boston College, so large and constant is the increase of students, needs additional space. This has brought about the project of enlarging this famous establishment of education, which has already flourished for twenty-six years, under the care of the Jesuits, and, in connection with it, of erecting a large building devoted exclusively to the purposes of the association. The front elevation of the proposed building is shown in the cut accompanying. That part of the edifice on the left-hand side of the engraving is to be devoted to the association. Sixty feet high and deep, and about ninety-eight feet long, it will provide ample space for the gymnasium, parlors, rooms, and hall of the organization. It is the intention to equip the gymnasium with such excellent appointments as to place it among the best of its kind in Boston. The interior of the building will be fitted up in a style in keeping with the general excellence of the whole structure. The hall will seat about seven hundred




THE PROPOSED NEW BUILDING.

and fifty people. It is destined for social gatherings, for lectures, and for classes. The college hall will be enlarged so as to give two thousand sittings. This auditorium will be placed at the disposal of the organization for its large entertainments, for concerts, lectures, and dramatic performances, the uniform success of which, in the past, has won for the members an ever-widening circle of patrons. The cost of the entire structure,— college extension and association building,— is estimated at one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

The object of this Catholic Association for Young Men is "to promote the physical, mental, and moral improvement of its members, and to provide them with innocent recreation." All male Catholics, over eighteen years of age, of good character, are eligible to membership, application to be made through any member of it. Life members are made on payment of twenty dollars. Active members pay one dollar, as initiation, and thereafter one dollar every quarter. What a splendid opportunity for Catholic young men.

### WHAT AN OFFICER OF THE ASSOCIATION SAYS.

AN officer of the association says in regard to its hopes and aspirations:

"To speak about ourselves is not unseasonable, rather it is opportune, and,

circumstances considered, perhaps it is imperative. Who and what are we? What have we achieved? What are we doing? What are our hopes, aspirations, and plans? Our past is inseparably bound up with Boston College, from which we have derived our origin, our sustenance, our development. To it we owe our existence, our prominence, whatever prestige we enjoy. We are a body of associates banded together to further every legitimate interest of Catholic young men. We court every class of society, every calling and profession. On our lists are found lawyers, merchants, doctors, mechanics, and clerks. In spite of the reverses which fall in the way of every struggling organization, we have made our influence felt throughout Boston, socially and morally, and have increased to limits commensurate with the measure of our duration. It has been our aim to impress upon our members that there is a way to make themselves respected, trusted, honored, perhaps needed, in an American community, and that our religion is not a bar to success in business or in the professions. Our past calls upon us to advance with larger and firmer strides toward the future. We are fast outgrowing our surroundings, and are confronted with the problem of finding more room and a wider field for the exercise of our energy. Hence, the petition we are putting forward for the means of extending our activity. The young Catholics of Boston are clamoring for a building of sufficiently large proportions to accommodate them in their moments of leisure, and to provide the numbers who are making the demand with resources for physical, intellectual, and moral improvement. We have stationed ourselves in the van. Are we going to lose or win? Older heads and stronger hands than ours have been addressed to the work. We do not dream of an Aladdin's palace, raised from the ground in a single night. We are prepared to dig the foundation, to bring laboriously stone after stone, and to toil not unsparingly in the great task we have allotted ourselves. We are prepared for everything but failure. We think that even now we have broken ground, and we cheer ourselves by lifting our heads to look upward to the summit of an edifice, fully equipped, to which Catholic Boston will point with pride, and whither Catholic youth will one day repair, in ever-increasing throngs, to enjoy attractions, which, under the never-failing influence of Boston College — itself, too, with a loftier dome and more extended walls — will combine to render them efficient and worthy members of society and the Mother Church. Our project is not Utopian, and it strikes the deepest chords in breasts that are alive to the burning needs of the hour. That it can be done, and that it speaks to the best sympathies of the Catholic heart, are two facts which go far to make it a duty, as well as an honor, for all who can to come to our assistance."

The foregoing gives a succinct exposition of the object the association steadily has in view, and expresses the hopes, aspirations, and plans of the associates. It is an appeal more homely even now than it was last year. A few months have advanced things rapidly. Last year gratitude was a promise, now it has become a debt. Twelve months ago the scheme wore an Utopian look, and had the air of a guest in search of the genius of the lamp, but to-day the fraternity is on the threshold of realizing its expectations. STUDENT.

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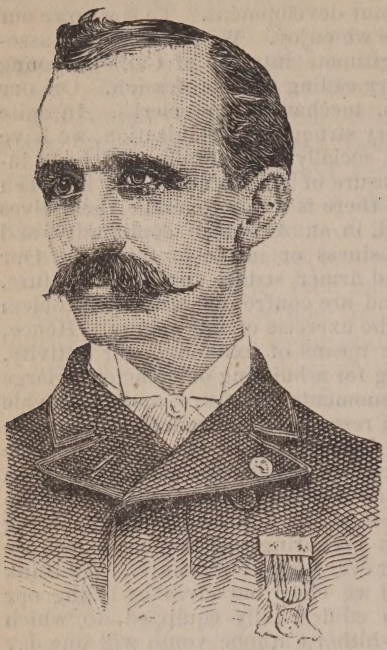
## The Grand Reunion

of the Association took place at Mechanics Hall on Monday evening, March 4th, and was a great success. There were present between four and five thousand people. We congratulate the management on the unbounded success of the whole affair. Marshal McLaughlin and his aids deserve particular mention. The Governor, Mayor, Rev. Fathers Fulton and Scanlan, together with many other guests, were present. Everything passed off with the greatest decorum and hilarity.

# Henri Le Carron alias Beach.



HENRI LE CARRON ALIAS BEACH — OR, HENRY BEACH, ALIAS LE CARON, ALIAS DR. MORTON.

THE accompanying (says the New York Tablet) is a correct and life-like portrait of the notorious informer, ghoul, confidence man, and adventurer. He entered the United States Army early in our Civil War, and began by inciting a mutiny in his troop. He joined in the Fenian invasion of Canada, under O'Neill, and swindled as many as he could find confiding enough to trust him. He engaged in the traffic of furnishing dead bodies to the Western colleges, at which he was detected and forced to fly from the state of Ohio. Altogether he has proved himself to be one of the most despicable characters of the present generation. His evidence before the Parnell Commission, however, shows that he gained very little information in Irish-American organizations, apart from what everybody has learned, from time to time, through the public press, Le Caron, like his prototype Pigott, dished up his toothsome morsels for the English market, and found ready and willing buyers among the stolid government officials.

Upon the recent startling news, United Canada, published at the seat of government of the Dominion, says: —

COERCION'S CONFUSION.

The confusion, humiliation, and defeat of the Times, of Salisbury and Balfour, of Hartington and Chamberlain, and the rest of the Coercionists, Unionists, hypocrites, and land thieves, who sought to connect Mr. Parnell with assassination and outrage in Ireland, is complete, overwhelming, irretrievable, irrevocable, and everlasting. By aid of perjury the grossest, of infamy the most appalling, of malignity the most odious, of criminality the most flagrant, they sought to ruin the foremost Irishman of the age. Through the instrumentality of the Le Carons, the Pigotts, and the other vile, nasty, and unspeakable villains — generated and nurtured by British misrule — they strove to do what neither reason nor argument could accomplish. Upon evidence such as that of men who have no fear of God above or respect for man below, but are ruled altogether and alone by the Evil One, who possesses the vile carcasses they dishonor, coercion bills for Ireland have been passed, her representatives have been tied naked to plank beds, her priests dragged from their altars, and every indignity that infernal hatred could plan or execute, inflicted upon one of the most generous, humane, and Christian, but, at the same time, proud and sensitive races in the world. One of the marvels of the age is, that the Irish people have restrained themselves in the face of the awful crimes committed on them from employing, in the extremity of their necessities, those resources of civilization which are the last refuge of the wronged and outraged against the tyrant and the plunderer. But the end

of the long reign of crime and injustice has come. The black clouds of coercion are melting before the sun of righteousness, the long, gloomy night of murder and rapine coming to a term, the roseate finger of lovely morning touching its curtains in the eastern sky. May God hasten the full breaking of that glorious day that will bring peace, plenty, and prosperity to Ireland, and honor and glory to England. May it come to heal centuries of wrong-doing, and promise never-ending ages of happiness, greatness, and renown to the mighty English-speaking family, to whom Providence has given, besides pre-eminence in the old world, the destinies of three continents, with a future that must be glorious, if based on justice.

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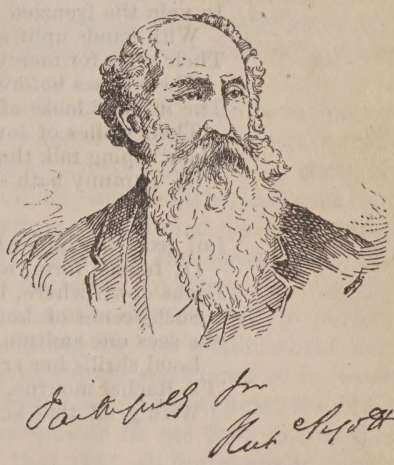
# Richard Pigott.



WE are indebted to the New York Freeman's Journal for the accompanying cut of the infamous Pigott. The Freeman observes: —

Beaten, crushed, routed, cut to pieces — that is the story of the London Times in the famous Parnell forgeries case. The last witness upon whom it depended has confessed that the principal letters were forged, and perhaps all of them, so far as he knew. So, on Tuesday, Richard Pigott is made to disappear. Mr. Davitt cables that, in the general belief, the Tory Government and the Times are responsible for this sudden flight. Had the man been criminally indicted, more light might be let in on the dubious proceedings of these men. At the same time the paper announces that it will pay no dividends this year, while a rumor has been set afloat to the effect that it intends to make McDonald, the manager, the scape-goat of its blunder. But this will not do. It has been evident all along that McDonald was not acting on his own responsibility in what he did. The Times will be made to suffer for its stupid criminality, and perhaps other parties, considered to be much more sacred than even that paper, will have their withers wrung before the bottom of this final business is reached.

Pigott escaped and reached Madrid, in Spain, where he committed suicide!

ONE OF PIGOTT'S LITTLE JOBS.

Pigott was caught in another similar transaction. In the office of Pigott's newspaper was a man who contributed to the Boston Pilot. His *nom de plume* was "Leo." After his death, a relative discovered that Patrick Donahoe, then editor of the Pilot, had remitted to "Leo" a draft which his family never received, and that Pigott had opened the letter, taken the draft intended for "Leo," forged his indorsement, and drawn the money. Pigott was compelled to disgorge.

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THE discoverer of the Atlantic States of this Republic was John de Verrazani, a Catholic. He coasted along the shore, from a point not far from Wilmington, in North Carolina, as far north as Newfoundland.

From the German.

# The Kings of the East.

NINTH PART: THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

I.

In Bethlehem a sound of mourning,
From childless mothers broken-hearted,
Rang out afar that self-same morning
That Joseph on his way departed;
Tigers, athirst for blood and pillage,
Down on the helpless flock are rushing,
With blood the mothers of that village
Are splashed from slaughtered children gushing.

II.

In vain the frenzied women pleaded,
With hands uplifted, bleeding, mangled,
Their cries for mercy rise unheeded,
Their babes before their eyes are strangled;
The infants' looks of mute appealing,
Their smiles of love avail them never,
Their lisping talk the sword unfeeling
Of Tyranny hath stilled forever.

III.

Lo! from the hills what spectral shadow
Of female form, with woe distracted,
Looks down where, in that blood-stained meadow,
Such scenes of horror are enacted?
She sees one smitten, then the other,
Loud shrills her cry of lamentation;
'Tis Rachel mourns, the tribal mother,
With grief that knows no consolation.

IV.

Tho' well the murderers, inhuman,
Their task have plied, dread vengeance wreaking
On helpless babe, on shrieking woman,
Yet all unharmed is He they're seeking;
Far from the tempest, rapt in slumber,
On Mary's bosom doth He nestle,
Foredoomed to sorrows without number,
With death more awful still to wrestle:

V.

In manhood's prime divinely teaching
The world in words of love and blessing,
A strange, unheard-of doctrine preaching,
Consoling sorrow, wrongs redressing.
The Kingdom He one day shall govern,
Nor army needs, nor massy portal—
Allegiance, claiming as its sovereign,
Alone from human souls immortal.

VI.

He travels not the pathway leading
Unto a throne—for earth's salvation,
Behold Him crowned with thorns, and treading
Alone the wine-press of His passion!
Upon a Cross for sin atoning,
In dying torments doth He languish—
Beneath it stands, His doom bemoaning,
His Mother pierced with sword of anguish.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

# "The All-Merciful Mother."

**Our Lady of Pellevoisin, a New and Already Celebrated Shrine of the Blessed Virgin in France.**

In recent times, La Salette and Lourdes have been rendered famous by the visible presence of the Queen of Heaven, and, in our own days, Pellevoisin (Indre), Diocese of Bourges, a small and unknown village in the centre of France, has, all at once, sprung into celebrity from the repeated visits of the Blessed Virgin, who, in a series of fifteen apparitions, the ecstacies accompanying several of which were attested by witnesses of unimpeachable integrity, declared her wish to be honored *there;* and revealed to a poor servant, whom she suddenly and miraculously restored to health, the Scapular of the Adorable Heart of her Divine Son, as a preservative and shield against all the snares of the devil.

Estelle Faguette, lady's maid to the Countess Arthur de la Rochefoucauld, after having suffered, at intervals, during twelve years from a most excruciating internal disease, is at length attacked by pulmonary consumption, which, after a period of ten months, reduces her to extremity. Given over by the doctors, abandoned by all human aid, Estelle turns to her who is "the health of the weak," and implores her assistance. Her trust is not in vain. After a death agony of eleven days, she is suddenly and miraculously restored to perfect health, for the express purpose of declaring to the whole world that the Blessed Virgin wishes the Scapular of the Sacred Heart to be worn by every one, in atonement for the outrages committed against the Holy Eucharist. "Nothing will be more acceptable to me than to see this livery on each one of my children, and that they all endeavor to repair the outrages received by my Son in the Sacrament of His love." In obedience to the orders of the Blessed Virgin, Estelle goes to the Archbishop of the diocese, Monseigneur de la Tour d'Auvergne, and reveals to him the mission entrusted to her. This prelate, one of the great dignitaries of the church, after a minute and careful *canonical investigation* into all the facts of the case, solemnly establishes in his diocese a confraternity in honor of Our Lady of Pellevoisin, under the invocation of "Mother All-Merciful," blesses the Scapular seen by Estelle, enriches it with indulgences, and finally sends his Vicar-General to take possession of the room hallowed by the Queen of Heaven, which is rapidly converted into a Shrine. The first pilgrimage, presided over by the Vicar-General, took place on the 9th of September, 1877, exactly one year after the revelation of the Scapular, and eighteen months after the miraculous cure of Estelle.

The Blessed Virgin first appeared to Estelle on the night of the 14th of February, 1876. This apparition is thus described by herself: "On the night of the 14th to the 15th, that is to say, between Monday and Tuesday, I was exceedingly ill. I am not quite sure whether I was asleep or not at the time of the vision. I was trying to get some rest, when suddenly the demon appeared at the foot of my bed. He was horrible, and at once began to make grimaces at me. Scarcely

had I perceived him, when our Blessed Lady appeared on the other side, at the corner of my bed. She wore a pure white woollen veil, which fell in three folds. I can never describe how beautiful she was! Her features were regular; her color, white and rose-tint, rather pale. Her large, gentle eyes re-assured me somewhat, but not completely; for the demon, perceiving the Blessed Virgin, drew back, dragging the curtain and the iron rod of my bed. This increased my terror, which became unendurable. I crouched down in my bed. He did not speak, but turned his back to me. Then the Blessed Virgin said to him sharply: 'What brings you here? Do you not see that she wears my livery, and that of my Son?' He disappeared, gesticulating. Then she turned to me, and said to me gently: 'Fear nothing; you are my daughter.' Then I remembered that, from the age of fourteen, I had been an 'Enfant de Marie.' I now felt less fear. She said to me: '*Have courage; be patient. My Son will allow himself to be prevailed upon; you will suffer five days longer, in honor of the five wounds of my Son. On Saturday, you will be either dead or cured. If my Son restores you to life, I wish you to publish my glory.*' She then remained a few moments silent, after which she disappeared.

"The second night, the Blessed Virgin appeared *again*, and said to me: '*Do not be afraid; I am here. This time, my Son has allowed Himself to be prevailed upon. He grants you life. On Saturday, you will be cured.*'—'But, my good mother, if I had my choice, I would prefer to die, now that I am well prepared.' Then the Blessed Virgin said to me, smiling: '*Ungrateful one, if my Son restores you to life, it is because it is necessary for you. What has he given to man on earth more precious than life? In restoring you to life, do not believe you will be exempt from suffering; no, you will suffer; you will not be free from sorrow. This is what makes life meritorious. If my Son has allowed Himself to be prevailed upon, it is on account of your great resignation and your patience. Do not, by the choice you now make, deprive yourself of it. Have I not told you if He restores you to life you will publish my glory.*' The fifth night, from Friday to Saturday, was not altogether the same. The Blessed Virgin did not remain at the foot of my bed. She approached to the middle of my curtains. My God, how beautiful she was! She remained a long time silent and motionless, standing in the midst of a clear vapor. If it be only a dream, why cannot it last forever? After a long silence, she looked at me. I know not how I felt, I was so happy. She was smiling. She reminded me of my promises.

"I promised her again to do all in my power for her glory. She said to me: '*If you wish to serve me be simple, and let your actions correspond with your words.*' I asked her if in order to serve her it were necessary to change my state of life? She replied: '*One can be saved in every state. Where you are you can do a great deal of good, and you can publish my glory. What afflicts me most is the want of respect shown to my Son in the Holy Communion, and the attitude taken for prayer, when, at the same time, the mind continues occupied with other things. I say this for people who pretend to be pious.*' After these words, she

resumed her smiling look. I gazed long upon her, my eyes would never weary of beholding her; but, at length, the Blessed Virgin disappeared gradually from my sight. Never had I seen anything so beautiful. By degrees she vanished till only the soft light which had surrounded her remained. This, too, soon faded away, and all disappeared. At this time I suffered fearfully, while my heart beat so violently that I thought it would leap out of my bosom. I was in fearful pain, but I recollect perfectly holding my rosary in my left hand, having lost the use of the right.

"I offered my sufferings to Almighty God. I did not know that they were the last of that illness. After having rested a little I felt quite well. I asked what o'clock it was. It was half-past twelve in the morning. I felt that I was cured, with the exception of my right arm, the use of which I did not regain until after I had received Holy Communion the next morning."

That same day Estelle rose, dressed herself without the slightest help, in the presence of several persons, partook of several meals, and chatted gaily with all around. The tumor, from which she had suffered for eleven long years had completely disappeared. It had grown much larger during her illness, and had been rubbed with an ointment prepared purposely for it by each of the devoted nurses who had attended Estelle during the last twelve days. The last doctor who had attended her was summoned on the 28th of February, but could not come till the 7th of March. He appeared thunderstruck on seeing her, but did not hesitate to declare her perfectly cured, and that this marvellous recovery could not have been the result of any natural means. On being informed of it Dr. B. also declared, "That there was in this cure, when considered with the various symptoms he had remarked during the course of Estelle's illness, something sufficiently extraordinary to upset all medical previsions, and that the whole case should be considered as quite exceptional."

From the time of her miraculous cure Estelle has not had the slightest relapse or any other indisposition; in fact, she enjoys much better health than before her illness.

After her miraculous cure, this humble soul had the happiness of beholding the Blessed Mother ten times more. During the ninth apparition, which took place on September 9th, the Mother of God revealed the Scapular of the Sacred Heart. Holding it in her hand, she said to Estelle: "*I love this devotion.*"

The fifteenth and last apparition took place on the 8th of December. Estelle thus describes it: "When she appeared, she remained for some time silent. Then she said, '*Recall to mind all my words.*' At this moment, all that she had said since the month of February recurred to my memory,—the following words in particular: '*I am all-merciful, and mistress of my Son.*' Her complaints, when she said: '*What afflicts me most is the want of respect shown by some people to my Son in Holy Communion, and the attitude they take in prayer, when the mind is occupied by other things.*' Then the words in July: '*His Heart has such love for mine, that He cannot refuse my requests. Through me*

*He will move the most obdurate. I am come in particular for the conversion of sinners.*' Then those spoken in the month of September: '*The treasures of my Son are open: let them pray.*' For France: '*I recommend calm, not only for thee but for the church and for France.*' Then the words spoken in November: '*I have chosen thee. I choose the little ones and the weak for my glory.*' Besides these words, there were several others which I will keep secret. All this passed rapidly. The Blessed Virgin continued looking at me steadily. She said to me: '*My child, remember my words. Repeat them often; they will strengthen and console you in your trials. You will see me no more.*' Then I exclaimed: 'What will become of me without you, my good Mother?' The Blessed Virgin replied: '*I will be invisibly near you.*' At the same instant, I saw in the distance, to the left of the Blessed Virgin, a crowd of persons, of all classes, who threatened me and made angry gestures at me. I felt a little frightened. The Blessed Virgin smiled, and said: '*You have nothing to fear from these. I have chosen you to publish my glory, and to spread this devotion.*' The Blessed Virgin held her Scapular with both hands. She was so encouraging, that I said to her: 'My good Mother, if you will only give me this Scapular?' The Blessed Virgin did not appear to hear me, but said: '*Arise, and kiss it.*' Oh! how quickly I stood up! The Blessed Virgin bent towards me, and I kissed it. It was for me a moment of delight!

"Then the Blessed Virgin raising herself up again, said, referring to the Scapular: '*You will go yourself and see the Prelate. You will present to him the model Scapular you have made. Tell him that he is to help you with all his power, and that nothing will be more acceptable to me than to see this livery on each one of my children, and that they all endeavor to repair the outrages received by my Son in the Sacrament of His Love. See the graces I will bestow on those who will wear it with confidence, and who will assist you in propagating it.*' Whilst speaking thus, the Blessed Virgin stretched out her hands, and from them there fell an abundant rain, in each drop of which I seemed to read such graces as piety, salvation, confidence, conversion, health, in a word, all sorts of graces, more or less favored. Then the Blessed Virgin added: '*These graces are from my Son, I take them from His heart, He can refuse me nothing.*'" Thus ended the last apparition.

Estelle still lives at Pellevoisin, which has already become a famous Shrine of the Blessed Mother.

Though the apparitions are not at all of Catholic faith, still after the careful *canonical investigation* made by the Archbishop of Bourges, it would be rash to discredit them. Only a few years have elapsed since these marvellous events took place, and the truth of the promises of the Immaculate Virgin is becoming every day more manifest.

Priests and laymen, rich and poor, flock from all parts to this Shrine. The Holy Father sent his apostolic blessing to the vast concourse of pilgrims who assembled there on the 9th of September of last year.

Public prayers are daily offered before the Shrine, so that a never-

ceasing tribute of praise and prayer and supplication is constantly being raised to heaven for the wants of the church, and in particular for those of the members of the Confraternity, in favor of whom twelve Masses will be annually celebrated at Pellevoisin, *forever*. This miraculous Scapular, too, bearing on one side the representation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and, on the other, the image of Our Lady of Pellevoisin, has become known even in the most remote regions, proving to those who have the happiness of being invested with it, a source of never failing graces and blessings. It is now worn by CARDINALS, BISHOPS, and HEADS OF RELIGIOUS ORDERS, as also by more than one hundred and sixty-five thousand other associates all over the world, evidently showing, by its marvellous propagation, in such a short space of time, that it is the work of God. Innumerable conversions of obdurate and hardened sinners have been obtained through the efficacy of this wonderful Scapular. Nor need we be astonished at this; for what can be more capable of appeasing God's anger than the sight of his creatures clothed with the precious livery of the Sacred Heart of His Son.

To become a member of the Confraternity, the necessary conditions are: (1) To wear the Scapular of the Sacred Heart; (2) To say daily one Hail Mary, with the invocation, Mother all-merciful, pray for us; (3) To have one's name placed on the register kept for this purpose.

For all information about the Confraternity of Our Lady of Pellevoisin, apply to MISS CASEY, 86 South Circular-road, Dublin, Ireland.

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## The Hungarians and Their Language.

IN Hungary they have lately passed a law that the Hungarian language alone is to be used in the schools of the kingdom. This law is very absurd and very unjust; and the Germans, of whom there are about two millions in Hungary, have raised a great outcry against it. But are they exactly the right people to find fault with having a foreign language forced upon them? Look at what they are doing in their own country. In the German empire five distinct languages are spoken besides German, viz., Polish, Wendish, Danish, French, and Walloon; and yet all these languages are being uprooted, so far as it is in the power of small local despots to uproot the language of the people. Thus, by way of an example, we may mention what is being done at Malmedy, near the frontier of Belgium. The people there are Walloons, and hitherto the Catholic children — and there are no Protestants — had been instructed in a Walloon Catechism. Of late the government has ordered a German Catechism to be introduced instead, and, as the children cannot remember the answers as well in a foreign language as in their own, it has been decided that all the doctrines, which, in the Catholic Church, are different from the Protestant, are to be left out. That is the way in which the Germans deal with people who speak another language than their own; and yet they complain of oppression. There is a classic saying about Gracchus crying out against rebellion, which, in plain, modern English, means, those who live in glass houses ought not to throw stones.

# JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

## Baby's First Prayer.

LITTLE fat fingers crossed meekly,
Mimicking patient mamma;
Gracie looks up to our Father;
Charmingly lisping "tah, tah,"

This is the whole of her worship;
Yet he who promised to hear
Wee little lambs on his bosom,
Listens to baby's first prayer.

Sweet little picture of Heaven!
Well did the good Master say,
They must be like little children
Who would my Father obey.

*Baby knows nothing of doubting,*
*Dark unbelief and despair;*
All these she leaves to grown people,
*Baby knows only her prayer.*

So let it be, gracious Father,
All through her life's blessed day;
When clouds and darkness oppress her,
Teach her, great Teacher, to pray.

Tenderly lead and protect her,
Draw her with Fatherly love,
Make her both perfect and holy,
Fit for the mansions above.

Then, though my baby girl's future
Blissful or painful may be,
Her's is the ultimate welcome,
"*Little one come unto me.*"

Picture World.

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WHEN Isaac Hooper, the old Quaker, met a boy with a dirty face or with dirty hands, he would stop him, and inquire, "Has thee ever studied chemistry?" The boy, with a wondrous stare, would answer, "No."—"Well, I will teach thee how to perform a curious chemical experiment," the old gentleman would answer. "Go home, take a piece of soap, put it in water, rub it briskly on thy hands and face. Thou hast no idea what a beautiful froth it will make, and how much whiter thy skin will be. That's a chemical experiment: I advise thee to try it."

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"MY son," said a tutor of doubtful morality, but severe aspect, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you."—"I believe so too," was the reply.

# The Girl from Under the Lake.

A Fairy Tale.

## CHAPTER III.

THE "Ould Mistress" and Goody Nurse also felt greatly concerned for the lonely lad in the ruin, and Granny told her boys that she wished them to invite him into their home, and, if possible, to make him happy amongst them. The boys did not like the idea at all; they felt sure that poor Pedro and they could never be agreeable companions for each other; and thought he could only be made miserable by being dragged out among strangers. However, Granny insisted, and Pedro was invited and came.

He was brought like a child to the door, having been driven across the country by his servant in a little shabby, dilapidated phaeton, with a great rug wrapped around him to keep the spring winds from hurting his delicate frame. Fergus, Alick, and Owen, who had been playing cricket all the morning, looked at him in dismay as Old Tim helped him to alight. He was received in state by all the young people in the drawing-room before being taken in to see Granny in her own apartment, which she was unable to leave. When the door opened, and Pedro saw into the handsome room, old-fashioned enough to look homely and suggestive of repose, furnished with every comfort, shining with pleasant firelight, and decorated with spring flowers, the heart of the poor lonely fellow leaped and then sank again in his breast.

He saw a shade of dismay come over the smiling young faces waiting to receive him. As their brothers presented Maeve and Daireen, the young girls looked in his face a moment and then retreated a step or two involuntarily. Nira alone came frankly forward, took him by the hand, and with a bright smile bade him a kindly welcome in the name of all.

Several other young people had been invited by the boys to stay in the house during the time of Pedro's visit, so that they might not get too much depressed by his continued presence. They hoped he would find some amusement in looking on at sports in which he could take no part; and, indeed, Pedro fought hard against the envy he felt rising in his heart as he watched them, and tried to take pleasure in seeing the strength and skill of his friends. But sometimes the effort was too much for him, and had it not been for Nira's kind looks and comforting words he would have fled from the strange, gay home, where every one was happy but himself, back to the bats and owls in the ruin by Lough Neagh.

As day followed day, Nira became a sort of guardian angel to Pedro, always ready to explain away any slighting words that might fall from the other youths, to amuse him with gay chatter, to bear him company when he lagged behind the others in their walks unable to keep up with their springing steps; and Pedro soon began to watch for her appearance with eagerness, to feel uneasy if she were not in the

room, and to be happy and contented with everything else if she were only at his side.

Alick, Owen, and Fergus were rather impatient at seeing Nira so much occupied with Pedro; but as he was their guest, and must be attended to, and as her care for him left them more free to follow their own enjoyment, they could not insist on her altering her conduct. They did, however, remonstrate with her sometimes.

"Look here, Nira," said Fergus, "you must be dreadfully moped going about so much with that poor duffer. You really need not do so much of it. If he were more thrown on himself, he would try to follow us."

Alick said, "It is well he will not be here much longer; I cannot bear to see you always waiting on that stupid chap."

Said Owen, "It is really very good of you, Nira, to take him off our hands as you do, and to allow us to attend to our other guests; but you never have a ride now, nor a long walk, nor a game of any description. And we miss you too much: you who have always been queen over us all!"

Nira laughed. "I can tell you," she said, "he is not so stupid as you imagine. If he cannot run, or ride, he can talk; and we have the pleasantest talks in the world!"

The boys shook their heads at Nira's pleasant way of covering her self-denial, and went away, saying, "Well, at all events, it will not last much longer."

Maeve and Daireen also spoke to her of their wonder at her great friendship with Pedro. They were so busy riding about with pleasant young school-fellows of their brothers, that they had no time to attend to Pedro.

"I am sure I don't know what we should do with him, only you are so good," said Maeve; "but isn't it very dull for you? I wish he would go away."

"I think he ought," said Daireen, "if only in mercy to you."

"I do not wish him to go away," said Nira. "When he does I shall miss him very much."

Granny was the only person who talked to her nicely and kindly about her friend, and believed her when she said that she liked Pedro, and found him a pleasant companion.

"You have been doing an act of charity, my dear," said the old lady, "and what you began out of kindness has now become a pleasure to you. I am glad you have found a good heart and a thoughtful and intelligent mind in poor Pedro's misshapen body. I should not wonder if you were to end by reconciling him to his fate."

Granny remembered what Nira had said long ago about feeling attracted by the sad and unfortunate, rather than the prosperous and gay. And she thought Pedro very lucky in having found such a friend.

It was a bright May evening; all the young people had gone off for a long ride, except Nira and Pedro, who had walked a little way up the gorse-covered hill, and were sitting on a projecting rock, watch-

ing the golden clouds gathering in the west before sunset. Pedro's eyes were full of tears; for that morning he had overheard some remarks from Nira's adopted brothers and sisters which made him feel that he was becoming a burden to Nira's good-nature, and that he had better return to Lough Neagh.

"I am going away to-morrow," said he, "and then you will be able to ride and take long walks with the others. I am afraid your kindness has made me very selfish; but when I am gone you will be happy like the rest."

"I like a good ride as well as any one," said Nira; "but when you are away I shall have no one to talk about the clouds, and the hills, and the birds, and the beautiful heavens that we only see the outside of. I shall have no one to listen with me for the fairy-bells ringing, and the singing of the angels, or to guess what the wind is saying among the trees. I shall miss you, indeed, when you are gone."

Pedro's face grew radiant. "Oh, you are making me too happy," he said; "remember I have to go back to a ruin to live with bats and owls."

"But you will come back to see us," said Nira; "after this I shall not be able to do without my brother Pedro."

While they talked like this, Nira's old enemy, the fox, came out of a hole at some distance, and sat on his tail behind them, listening to all they said. And a lark, sitting in his nest in the grass, quite near, said to his mate: "I don't like the look of that cunning rogue of a fox, squatting there behind those two young creatures who are so happy together. I fear he means them mischief."

"Oh, dear!" said the little lark-wife, "how could any one be so wicked! Couldn't we do something to save them?"

"I will take a note of it, and put it in my song," said the lark. "There is no knowing what thoughts will drop into people's hearts from a song. If it were not for that (fond as I am of singing for the mere pleasure of it) I should not be content to make music my profession."

The next morning Pedro fled away early, without saying good-bye to any one, only leaving a note behind him, thanking his friends for all the happiness they had given him. He could not trust himself to say farewell to Nira, dreading to excite the contempt of the others by his tears. But all the lonely way home, the poor, weakly fellow wept like a baby, and when he reached his forlorn castle he flung himself on the floor of his desolate room, in a passion of grief, calling upon Nira, and bewailing his dreary fate. No one heard or answered him but the owls, hooting in the old tower near.

After this, he used to wander about through the dilapidated chambers of the ancient castle, dreaming vain dreams of what his life might have been if he had been born strong and handsome, like Nira's adopted brothers. He might have worked at some honorable profession, and made money, and restored this old home of his forefathers. He might have asked Nira to be his wife, and then, oh, how happy they should have been! But now, what was there for him, but to wear

out his life, with sorrow and repining, and fall miserably to decay like the mouldering walls around him? Nira would, of course, marry some one of the tall, brave youths who were always around her, and who could offer her all the pleasures and comforts and honors of the world.

Unable to bear these thoughts, Pedro turned at last to the books which had been lent him, which Nira had selected for him out of Granny's library; and he remembered how Nira had told him that, if he only wished it, he might have a kingdom of happiness in his own mind, which nobody could take from him. So he set to work to read perseveringly, and, as he read, a little lark hovered above his window, singing a most delightful song, which somehow got into Pedro's brain, and filled it with a sort of joy. After a long day of reading, he would go out and walk about the uncultivated park, gathering wild flowers, and recalling many things that Nira had said to him. While he walked, a sly-looking fox often crossed his path, or followed him at a little distance, and then Pedro would become sadder, without knowing why. At night he would, before going to rest, gaze out of his window, across the lonely country, away towards the mountain, with that hollow in its side, through which Granny looked at heaven. Across it, Pedro's thoughts now travelled to Nira's home.

Time passed on; Granny's three grandsons went back to college, and Maeve and Daireen were sent away to gay friends to be introduced to the world. Nira was left behind with Granny and Goody Nurse. Then Pedro took courage, and often came stealing across the country in his shabby old phaeton, to spend a day with these three friends, to whom he knew that, wretched as he was, he was ever welcome. Time after time he came, and each visit was happier than the last. He and Nira wandered about the hills and moors, read out of the same book, and poured out all their thoughts and fancies into each other's ears. Nira found that Pedro had indeed a beautiful mind; he spoke to her of things that her adopted brothers never thought of. A noble mind that had been starved for want of food, and darkened with sorrow, it was now brightened by wholesome reading, and by congenial intercourse with another human being. Pedro told Nira his entire history, all about his beautiful dead mother who had loved him so well, about the large fortune which he ought to have inherited, and which had been lost to him, and about the cruel accident that had made him an invalid and a cripple. Nira had little to tell him in return; her strange arrival among her friends, and their goodness ever since, were all she had to relate. Pedro was full of astonishment.

"But think, Nira," he would say; "try very much, and perhaps you may remember where you came from."

"I have tried, oh, so often," said Nira, "and it is of no use; but, after all, what does it matter?"

"I think it does matter a little," said Pedro, with whom family honor and distinction were the one source of pride.

"Well, if it does," said Nira, "then this is my disadvantage, and I must accept it; I shall always stay here and live with Granny and

Goody Nurse. I shall never go out into the world, and that is why I say it does not matter."

"Ah, Nira, you will not always stay here. You will marry some noble husband and go away with him, and I shall be your brother no more."

"No, dear Pedro, that can never be. So make your mind easy on the subject."

Pedro now came so often, and was so absorbed in Nira and so dependent on her that Granny began to feel afraid that all this would end in his great unhappiness. She had not expected that he would want to have Nira all to himself forever; yet this is what she feared he now might do. And could Nira be expected to give up her young life to one like him? Granny knew that each of her own boys was hoping to have Nira for his own, and within her mind she had decided that Nira ought to marry Alick and be mistress of all he would possess. Nira's wise and gentle spirit, she thought, would be fit to rule in the old home, and to make all in and about it happy and blest. So pondering over these things Granny began to require Nira more and more with herself, and many a time Pedro was obliged to go back to Lough Neagh, without seeing more than a glimpse of Nira as she sat beside Granny's chair.

Feeling himself thus cut off from her, and missing her terribly, he fell into a sad state of affliction, which soon made him so ill that he was not able to raise his head, and lay helplessly in his lonely room in the old castle, trying to shut his ears to the hooting of the owls. He thought of throwing himself into the lake, and got up in the middle of the night and groped his way down the stairs, and stood on the old castle parapet in the cold moonlight, looking down into the water and shuddering. Another moment and he would have disappeared forever, with all his pains and sorrows from the earth, but the thought of Nira, and how grieved she would be at his sin, held him back. No, no, he thought, he could never throw that shadow upon her heart, never be so cruel to her who had been so good to him. And he fled from the temptation away back into the darkness of his chamber.

The next morning Pedro's head whirled, and his eyes were glazed with illness. As soon as the sun rose, his little carrier pigeon, that was accustomed to go with his messages to Nira, came pecking at his window, and Pedro throw open the sash with his burning hand, and saw the rosy light of sunrise flushing the waters of the lough, and bathing the crenelated crowns of the water towers, and the crumbling old walls of the parapet, with glory. And he thanked God that he had not gone down sinfully into the darkness of the waters in the night, but lived to see the sunshine and the beautiful earth once more. Then a wild hope seized him, and snatching a piece of paper, he scrawled on it with his feverish hand: "Dear Nira, I am very ill, and I think I am dying. Your love alone can save me. If you will marry me and stay with me always, I may live to be a good and happy man. If not, I must die. Pedro."

He tied the note around the carrier pigeon's neck, and let it loose;

and away it went towards the mountain. And then a little lark came and sat on the window-sill in the dazzling morning sunshine, and sang and sang, while Pedro wept in an agony of hope and fear.

It happened that Nira was walking in the garden alone when the carrier pigeon wheeled over her head and fluttered to her feet. When she read the scrawled, tear-stained note, she turned very pale, and then the beautiful white light that so often appeared in her face suddenly shone out all over it, with an extraordinary brilliancy. She took out her pencil and wrote on the back of the paper: "Dear Pedro, cheer up; I am yours always, and you must not die. Nira." She tied it again under the pigeon's wing, fashioned some fresh bright flowers in a garland round his neck, and sent him off again, back across the hills.

That evening Granny told Nira that her grandsons were coming home next morning, and she gave her a pretty new white dress, and bade her make herself nice with a blue ribbon in her hair, and some gay flowers in her breast. Nira did as she was desired, and when the great gate bell rang she was there to open it herself, and to welcome her adopted brothers. They sprang from their horses and vied with each other in paying her attention and showing her affection, and Nira was merry and kindly with them all alike. She sat among them in Granny's room, while they told their adventures; and when evening came Granny's three grandsons said to each other: "Now, it must be decided which of us Nira shall marry!"

Alick was to ask her first, then Fergus, then Owen, and they all said: "When she says she will marry one of us, the others must not complain." And each of them felt sure that Nira would prefer himself.

So Alick led Nira out on the terrace in the moonlight, and asked her if she would marry him, and be mistress of the beautiful home she already loved so well. His astonishment was boundless when she answered him:

"I cannot marry you, dear Alick, because I have promised to marry Pedro."

Pedro! The brothers condoled with each other, and agreed that Nira must have lost her senses. They brought her to Granny to be lectured, hoping the old lady would be able to change her mind.

"My dear," said Granny, "you do not, perhaps, realize what you are undertaking. Think of passing your life in that ruin with no one for a companion but that poor, suffering, unhappy-minded fellow! Your pity is carrying you too far."

"When Pedro is with me," said Nira, "he is not suffering nor unhappy. His mind is beautiful, and his heart is good. I do not know how to explain it to you, but I know he will be different after a while. Besides, I believe he loves me better than Alick, or Fergus, or Owen could ever do. They have many things to love, and they will easily love somebody else. But Pedro has only me."

Granny could not shake her resolution, and seeing that the beautiful light was shining more brightly than ever on her face, she gave up the attempt and said no more.

Pedro arrived the next day trembling with joy, scarcely able to

believe that what he had found written on the paper was true, almost afraid that some trick had been played upon him. Finding Nira in the garden, he soon saw the truth in her face, and forgot everything but his happiness: forgot that he was crippled and plain and sickly and poor; felt as joyful as if he had been beautiful and rich, and a king. But as they came down the garden, hand in hand, they saw Nira's three adopted brothers coming to meet them; and, as they drew near, Pedro beheld wonder and contempt and dislike all written in their faces as they turned their eyes on him. The memory of his personal misfortunes then flashed back upon him; he saw himself with the eyes of the world, which would declare that Nira could not love him, but must be making a sacrifice of herself for pity's sake. Overwhelmed by these terrible thoughts which struck into his brain like lightning, he turned as pale as death, and, dropping Nira's hand with a despairing cry, he fled out of the garden and out of sight.

That evening the brothers went off to bring home Maeve and Daireen, and a number of other gay young people, determined to make the house merry, and to forget all about Nira's strange folly in preferring a wretched being like Pedro to themselves. And Nira, left alone, was very sad, and thought deeply about Pedro's unhappiness, which it seemed that even her love could not cure.

She went out for a long walk alone up the mountain, trying to think of some way of making Pedro happy. As she walked thoughtfully, gazing before her at the sky, with the light shining on her face, although her eyes were full of tears, her old acquaintance, the fox, was walking after her step by step, and following all her thoughts with his own cunning reflections. "Now is my time," he said to himself; "now is the time to fetch the necklace." And he ran off to his hole, and presently came back again, walking straight to meet Nira.

When she saw him she started, as well she might, for round his neck hung the beautiful pearl necklace which the fairy had given her when she was leaving the city down under the lake. At sight of it a full recollection of all her early life arose within her. She saw as clearly as possible the city under the water, the water-people swimming about, the wild sea-weed country, and the fairy who had warned her not to forget to give over the necklace into Runa's hands. As all these memories rushed upon her, Nira's head whirled under the shock, and she fell fainting on the heath. When she recovered from her swoon, there was the fox sitting on his tail and eying her gravely.

"Why do you bring me this necklace?" asked Nira, trembling for fear of she knew not what. "Did you not promise to give it for me to Runa?"

"And so I did," said the fox, who could tell the most impudent falsehoods. "I went straight with it to Lough Neagh, and sent it to her by the frog, with your kind love and apologies. But the frog hopped up with it again, and croaked to me to come back before I had scampered many yards away towards my hole. Runa, he said, refused to have anything to do with it. She had plenty of pearls and neck-

laces and all she wanted down under the lake. As for ever wishing to return, that was out of the question. She was much too happy ever to think of such a thing. So she sent you back the necklace as a present, with her love."

"But that is all many years ago," said Nira. "Why did you not come back to me at once? I should then have remembered my past life, and been able to confess all about it to my friends. I have lived in ignorance, and kept them in ignorance of what I am and whence I came. Now it will be so much more difficult to explain everything."

"Well," said the fox, "the truth is, I have kept this necklace for you all these years in order to secure your happiness. There is no knowing what might have happened if you had told your whole story to your friends long ago. My advice to you now is, keep your secret still, and say nothing about your necklace. Wear it under your dress, and make use of the powers it will give you, and you will find yourself the happiest woman in the world."

"But how can I keep from telling the truth to my friends?" said Nira, sadly. "That would be wrong, I am sure."

"Not at all," said the fox; "on the contrary, it will be for everybody's good. You see those water-people are very good folks in their way (a very queer, finny, fishy, paddling sort of a way it is), but I don't think that they would be looked on as quite creditable relations by the people you are connected with at present. If it was only a case of confiding in Granny herself—but just think of all those impudent young masters, her grandsons, and how glad they would be to vex Pedro by casting up his wife's relations in his teeth. And as for Pedro himself, though one would think he had not much cause for pride, yet he is as proud as Lucifer, where family and blood are concerned."

Nira felt that in all this there was some degree of truth; but she still struggled with herself, feeling that it would be well not to touch the necklace, but to go home instantly and confess all that had ever happened to her.

Meanwhile, the fox, who read her thoughts, went on:—

"For one thing, I can tell you, that if you refuse the necklace your memory will fail you again, and then you will not even have the power to consider whether you will confide in your friends or not. And you will have no means of providing against any plots that may be laid against you."

"Plots!" said Nira. "Laid by whom?"

"Oh, who can say? Perhaps by some of the fairies who might come and whisper lies of you to Pedro."

At this Nira stretched out her hand for the necklace. Anything that threatened to make Pedro more unhappy must, she decided, be avoided.

"And now," said the fox, "I have kept my best reason for the last. The wearer of that necklace is possessed of extraordinary powers. With it you can work any change you please in Pedro, can make him handsome, strong, rich, brave, can heap every worldly advantage upon his head."

Nira uttered a cry of delight, and kissing the necklace clasped it round her throat.

"Ah," reflected the fox, "I thought that would fetch her." And he said, "I am glad you are so wise, and now I will bid you good-morning. Remember, that with the necklace round your neck, anything you wish can be done."

And before Nira had time to reply he whisked up his tail and scurried away through the heather out of sight.

Nira, walking home with the necklace round her neck, was a different creature from the Nira who had set out from home an hour before. She was now possessed of great worldly power, so great that she could hardly believe it as yet. All her sadness was gone, her heart beat high with hope and expectation, and she longed to make a trial of her wonderful power. Tremblingly she plucked a branch of purple heather at her feet; and said, "I wish that this heather may turn into a snow-white rose." And lo! in her hand there lay no heather, but a pure white rose. Then she flung herself on the heath, weeping and begging that heaven would protect her and save her from making any wrongful use of so amazing a gift.

Fastening the strange rose in her bosom, she went home and took her place beside Granny, and tried to give her attention to the book which she was reading aloud to the old lady.

While she read, Granny noticed that the beautiful light was not so bright as usual on Nira's face, and that there were large, dark shadows round her eyes. She thought, "Poor child, her troubles with Pedro are beginning already!" little knowing that it was the shadow not of sorrow but of coming worldly triumphs that had cast a cloud upon that tender and spiritual countenance.

To be continued.

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## Biography of a Beloved Baby.

He came when the autumn leaves were falling, and we (the neighbors around) all took a great interest in him, for it seemed years since a baby had visited our part of the street, and the little creature, just beginning life, afforded us a study, both new and curious. During the winter we saw very little of Baby; owing to his tender age, that season was passed in strict retirement; but, when spring came, bringing that most welcome of her gifts, the sunshiny day, Baby's little preambulator became a familiar object on the street. Yet, that summer, Baby did not seem to be one of us, for, while he "kept his carriage," we were all plain folk who went "afoot"; it was not until the next summer, when he began to trot round like the rest of us, that Baby was really "of the people," and then, and *only* then, did we feel that we could take him by the hand and call him "brother."

The first important journey made by Baby was to the grocer's round the corner; on that never-to-be-forgotten day he wore a pink frock, bright red stockings, stout boots, and a sailor hat, with ribbon strings. His mother watched him from the doorway with fond and loving eyes, and his big brother guided his rather unsteady footsteps;

he was smiling and confident, and carried a large tin can for milk. Everything on the way to the grocer's proved strange and interesting; the water hydrant at the corner, especially, filled him with wonder and surprise. To be sure, he had often seen it before, when passing in his carriage; but Baby (like a great many grown-up people) was learning that the world in general and water hydrants in particular look very different when viewed from a carriage; and if we would know the world and the people in it, we must come down and mingle with the crowd. What showers of endearing words and praises met Baby on his triumphal return with the milk! What difference did it make if his big brother *did* carry the can? did he not keep his small hand on the handle all the time, and who could grudge the brave little fellow his well-earned honors? Peacefully Baby's life went on, each day bringing new joys and pleasures; his sweet, winning ways had long since gained our hearts; the children around worshipped him, and pet rabbits and a turtle shared the love of his little heart.

But ere the autumn leaves had fallen, ere Baby had been two years among us, there came a day of sorrow and mourning, for the reaper Death entered our quiet street and sought not the "bearded grain," but the "flowers that grow between,"

> "And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
> The flower she most did love;"

Baby was dead: we could not realize it,—he so full of life and joy gone forever from amongst us. But yesterday we were ready to help him with our worldly wisdom and experience, and to-day he stands in the presence of Infinite Wisdom, and gazes upon the face of God. In awe and reverence we fold the tiny hands upon the quiet bosom; his little life is ended; he has done his Father's work, and it is meet that he should rest. We fain would comfort the heart-broken mother; but, following the dictates of that wisdom that years must bring to us all, we offer no human consolation, but strive to lead her where a bruised heart may ever find a balm, — to the Foot of the Cross, — and we leave her there alone with the Virgin Mother, knowing that in the presence of Mary's great sorrow, her own will be easier to bear. With sad and heavy hearts, we return to our round of daily duties: the sunshine seems less bright than it did before; the children no longer seek Baby's doorstep; the rabbits and the turtle must miss him sorely. Ah, how we pity his poor mother in that hour of anguish when, for the last time, she shall fold up the little pink frock and bright red stockings, and lay aside forever the stout boots and the hat with the ribbon strings.

TERESA.

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AN English priest, preaching recently on the Pope, referred to an instance, not very long ago, when a visitor to a Catholic school held up half a crown which he promised to give to whomsoever would prove to him that St. Peter was a Protestant. One of the little boys immediately put up his hand. "Well, my little fellow," said the visitor, "was Peter a Protestant?" — "Yes, sir, when he denied his Master," replied the lad. It was a neat retort, and well worth the recognition of the premium of half a crown.

# DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1889.


## NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

O'CONNELL used to call it the brutal and bloody Times.

NEW YORK SUN: Never in the history of English political trials has there been a more unscrupulous employment of money, official influence, and professional talent on the side of the prosecution; and never have concerted efforts to convict the innocent so completely broken down. For the Parnell Commission, which has now become a target for hissing and reproach, there seems to be nothing left but to adjourn *sine die*.

### The Situation.

PARNELL said in a recent interview: "What we have to do is to get back that section of the Liberals who refused to vote for Home Rule in 1886. We are not trying to get Tories, for that is impossible. All the by-elections point to a gradual return of these waverers, and when we have them all we can go confidently to the country; but that, I think, will take at least a couple of years. That is the way matters stand at present."

### Parnell.

ON the 24th of February, regarding Mr. Parnell, the London Daily News says: "If he clears his character, Englishmen will remember the patient dignity, gentle forbearance, and unflinching courage with which the greatest living Irishman has borne himself under a storm of calumny which would have broken many a brave spirit. He will forever rank among the most devoted, sagacious, loyal, and unselfish statesmen that ever steered a country through storm and peril to honor and safety. Nor will the names of Walsh and Egan go without their due meed of praise."

Do you read the Boston Daily and Sunday Globe? If you do not, you ought to do so.

BOSTON DAILY GLOBE: The assertion of an ex-Confederate general at a Baltimore dinner that "a Southern gentleman can whip any puritanical Yankee," is a mooted question, which was mutually decided as a draw nearly a quarter of a century ago. To revive it, is, to say the least, bad taste.

### To Rome and the Holy Land.

THE first American Catholic pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land, organized by the Rev. Charles A. Vissani, O. S. F., started from New York City, on the Hamburg-American steamer, Wieland, at 10 A. M., (Thursday, Feb. 21). All of the members were present at St. Patrick's Cathedral on the day previous to their departure, and received the special blessing granted by the church on such occasions from Archbishop Corrigan, who also said Mass for the pilgrims. On arriving on the other side of the Atlantic the first section will visit the following places in the order named: Paris, Marseilles, Nice, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Assisi, Rome, Naples, Alexandria, Cairo, Ismaila, Port Said, Jaffa, Ramleh, Jerusalem, embarking for New York from Havre on May 7. The second section will part from the first at Jerusalem for a tour through Palestine, and will travel through Egypt a few weeks later, embarking for home from Havre on May 21. The third section will part from the second at Beyrout, and will make an extended tour through Turkey, Greece, and Italy, departing from Havre for home on June 4.

"BREAD is the staff of life."—SWIFT.

### From Ireland to Buenos Ayres.

THE Dublin Freeman's Journal states that a North German Lloyds' steamer sailed from Queenstown for Buenos Ayres, and nearly seventeen hundred of our people were taken on board. Despite the weighty warning of the Bishop of Limerick, and others who have the welfare of the people at heart, the free emigration agents have succeeded in inducing nearly four hundred families to break up their homes, and try their fortune in a distant, and, to them, entirely strange country. It is sincerely to be hoped the poor people will not be disappointed in their hopes of bettering their worldly position in a new country, and under circumstances which they are, perhaps, totally unprepared to combat. The fact that these people, all industrious, intelligent, and young,—the classes who, in any other country in the world, would be regarded as the cream of the population,—prefer the chances of an exile's life in an almost unknown country to their lot in the land to which they are attached by a hundred ties, is an eloquent commentary on the knowledge of Irish affairs possessed by the men who prate of the returning prosperity of the country, and the decay of the Home Rule agitation. We fear greatly, however, that the high hopes with which the emigrants leave our shores will not, in every case, be fulfilled. In order to succeed in their adopted country, they must learn and unlearn much. Let us hope that, for their own sakes alone, they will not have bitter cause to regret their departure from the old land.

We fear the passengers spoken of in the above will regret they did not take the advice of the Bishop of Limerick, and that of Archbishop Croke. We quote the following from the Southern Cross, a Catholic paper published in the Argentine Republic:

IMMIGRATION.—We are glad to learn that our e. c., The Standard, approves of the idea which we suggested last week, that an association should be formed here consisting of persons from the British isles, without any distinction of nationality, for the protection of English-speaking immigration. We have no doubt that our American cousins would also gladly lend a hand in furthering so useful a work. The need for it is so urgent that it requires no further advocacy on our part, suffice it to say that able workmen (our countrymen) are seen roaming through the streets daily because they know not to whom to apply, and, on the other hand, we are assured by estancieros and others residing in the camp, that they are in want of honest men, and would pay them good wages. With regard to the wicked project of O'Meara and Dillon to send poor families adrift on these shores, without any guidance or protection, we shall repeat here the words of our Rosario correspondent, who is a true Argentine patriot: "You cannot say too much to discourage the coming here of Irish families on speculation, unless they have capital to enable them to start on an independent footing. I have heard of several very sad cases lately, of people who have been induced, through false representations made by unscrupulous or ignorant agents, to leave comfortable homes in the United States, and to come here or to Cordoba to live on starvation wages, and to deny themselves every comfort they have been accustomed to. One case in particular was very sad; a family went to Cordoba under the circumstances I have mentioned. They had not been there many weeks when one of the sons, a bright, promising young man, who, had he stayed in the United States, might have risen to any position in life, sickened and died, and now the family is making great sacrifices so as to get back and begin life again under the weight of their great sorrows and bereavement. There are many families striving to exist here in one miserable room, for which they pay half of their earnings. Strong men, the heads of helpless families, are paid $1.20 and $1.50 paper per day, and they have to pay from $12.00 to $20.00 per month for the poorest kind of a room, and to put up with the unspeakable inconvenience, and run the great danger of living, eating, sleeping, and working in one crowded apartment, with all kinds of lodgers in the same house, and every misery the flesh is heir to. It is no friendship to the country to send people out to such hopeless misery, whilst, on the other hand, it is the most heartless cruelty to the

victims who, too frequently, lack the means to return whence they came." Finally, we do not at all object to the suggestion made by the Standard, that something should be done to unite the English-speaking people of Buenos Ayres for their mutual benefit. We can be of use to one another in many ways while we still adhere to our opinions with respect to the national rights of our respective countries.

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ST. BRIDGID, Abbess and Patroness of Ireland, whose feast occurred on the 1st of February, was very beautiful, and fearing that efforts might be made to induce her to break the vow by which she bound herself to God, and bestow her hand on one of her many suitors, she prayed that she might become ugly and deformed. Her prayer was heard, for her eye became swollen, and her whole countenance so changed that she was allowed to follow her vocation in peace, and marriage with her was no more thought of. While she bowed her head to receive the veil, a miracle of a singularly striking and impressive nature occurred. That part of the wooden platform, adjoining the altar, on which she knelt, recovered its original vitality, and put on all its former verdure, retaining it for a long time after. At the same moment, Bridgid's eye was healed, and she became as beautiful and lovely as ever.

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### Free of Duties.

IT will be of interest to priests who are erecting or contemplating the erection of church edifices in which imported stained glass windows are to be used, that they are classified as works of art, and such works, when not imported for sale again, but consigned directly to the person or institution for whose use they are intended, are free of duty. Through the assistance of Senator Allison of Iowa, the Dubuque Cathedral has been $3,000 gainer by this correct interpretation of the law of the department.

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THE *Koelnische Volkszeitung* announces the conversion, at Rome, in the chapel of the Sisters of the Cross, of two important members of the Protestant nobility of Prussia, Baron von Warendorf and Baron Egbert van der Berg.

CARDINAL MANNING has prepared an exhaustive paper on the American public-school system, which will appear soon, and will be published simultaneously in Europe and America. The cardinal is strongly in favor of parental, as opposed to public school, control of pupils.

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A NEW Catholic College is to be erected in Detroit, Mich., by the Jesuit Fathers. Thirty-five thousand dollars have already been subscribed, and it is understood that plans and specifications for a new handsome pile of buildings, to cost one hundred thousand dollars, are at once to be prepared.

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A PLEASANT incident is told of Mme. Cahen, who has just received the cross of the Legion of Honor. After the Franco-German war she went three times to Germany to look after the wounded French soldiers. She was introduced to the old Empress Augusta, who talked to her for two hours, and said, when she took leave of her visitor, "Madam, I should like a link to exist between you and me," and, taking her own red cross, she put it round Mme. Cahen's neck, saying, "The only value of this cross is that it is a sign of how we have both tried to mitigate the misery of our fellow-creatures."

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### The Apostolate of the Press.

THE good Bishop of Salford says: "We are now in the age of the apostolate of the press. It can penetrate where no Catholic can enter. It can do its work as surely for God as for the devil. It is an instrument in our hands. All should take part in this apostolate. For ten who can write, ten thousand can subscribe, and a hundred thousand can scatter the seed. . . . We need writers, a multitude of subscribers, and a numberless body of men and women sowing and scattering the truth wherever English is read and spoken. This means zeal, time, labor, and, we may add, humility; for the work has not apparent dignity of debates on public questions and passing resolutions, though it be as certain of its spiritual results." Begin now and see how much good you can do for the cause by getting subscribers for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

### Idleness and Industry.

THE "Heathen Chinee" has a proverb which says: "The dog in his kennel growls at his fleas; the dog that is busy hunting does not mind them." So it is with the lazy and the industrious man. The indolent are always grumbling at imaginary evils; they enjoy neither peace of mind nor body; their time always hangs heavily on their hands. Of all the burdens a person can bear there are none so weighty as unoccupied time. The industrious, on the contrary, can never find time to be idle, they must always be up and doing; their happiness consists in performing, to the best of their abilities, their apportioned labors of the day. Idleness is the rust of life; industry its brightness.

### A Maniac Kills a Priest.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Feb. 11.—A terrible tragedy was enacted early on the morning of Feb. 11, which resulted in the killing of Father Ashfield, connected with St. Peter's cathedral. Several months ago, A. Reeves, a young man well known about town, was confined in jail on account of mental troubles. Father Ashfield visited him in jail, and was instrumental in having him released. Strong friendship grew up between them, and Reeves was a frequent caller at the priest's house, which adjoins the cathedral. At six o'clock in the morning Reeves rang the bell of the house and when the door was opened he pushed the porter aside and went direct to Father Ashfield's room. The porter thought him drunk and ran to the station-house, which is only a square distant, for a policeman. When the two returned they found Reeves sitting on the floor caressing the head of the priest who was dead. It was evident that Reeves had stabbed him while asleep, as the bed was covered with blood. Several wounds just over the heart were found, any one of which would have been fatal. The weapon used was an ordinary pocket-knife. When asked why he had committed the deed Reeves replied: "God told me to do it." At the station-house he said: "He was my best friend, and as I was going away I wanted him to join me." The priest was fifty years old and came to Memphis two years ago.

### Noble Sentiments.

AT the dedication of the new Catholic church in Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons, in the course of his sermon, said: "We were informed recently by the newspapers that a certain anti-Christian Sunday-school was organized in this city for the purpose of advocating an infidel doctrine. Several ministers appealed to the municipal authorities to suppress the school. For my part I would be sorry to see the arm of the civil law used towards the suppression of this school. Coercion is not conversion. Our divine Saviour never had recourse to the arm of the law or the sword in teaching his doctrine. The only weapons we ought to use are the weapons of argument and persuasion in dealing with this school. The only sword I would draw against the enemy of Christ is the sword of the spirit."

### The Martyr of Molokai.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from the Sandwich Islands to the San Francisco Monitor says: The news as to the state of health of Father Damien, the friend, benefactor, teacher, and spiritual director of the lepers of Molokai, will sadden many a heart. The heroic priest has suffered dreadfully, and leprosy has all but done its work. His body is fearfully disfigured, and he has nearly lost his voice. We are sure many a prayer will ascend from the people of this country that he may preserve to the last his wonderful fortitude and resignation to the will of God, and that his end may be peace. In the lives of the saints we read of many marvellous exhibitions of charity towards men and zeal for the service of God; but we know of no nobler example than the devotion of the good Belgian priest who is consummating his sacrifice by laying down his life for his flock. Father Damien's heart is not less true to the instincts of humanity and the law of divine love than was that of Peter Claver. We are glad to see that his assistant priest, Father Conrady, who will, let us hope, escape the contagion, shares his earnestness and his courage. His words, "My mission is here, and here I remain," sound like the famous soldierly motto, "*J'y suis et j'y reste.*"

THERE are in the State of Wisconsin 251 Catholic parochial schools, with an enrolment of nearly 34,000 children, all built, equipped, and maintained by the voluntary offerings of Catholic parents.

### O'Connell—Gladstone.

WE refer to the article on O'Connell by the Grand Old Man, Gladstone. It is worth the price of the MAGAZINE, for a year at least. We give it, without curtailment, from the Nineteenth Century Review, London.

### Canada of To-Day.

A GOOD deal is said just now about the annexation, etc., of Canada to the United States. An article on this, and other of our relations with the Dominion, by Miss ANNA T. SADLIER, written expressly for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, will appear in our next issue. No one is more competent to write on the subject than Miss Sadlier.

D. D.'s.—At the recent celebration of the one hundreth Centenary of Georgetown University, the following reverend gentlemen had conferred on them the title of Doctors of Divinity: The Right Rev. Monsignor T. S. Preston, Vicar-General of New York; Right Rev. Monsignor J. de Concilio, Jersey City; Rev. Charles F. Kelly (in course), Towanda, Pa.; Rev. Edward P. Allen, Mount St. Mary's, Md.; Rev. Thomas D. Beaven, Holyoke, Mass.; Rev. William Slang, Providence, R. I.; Rev. James S. M. Lynch, Vicar-General, Syracuse; Very Rev. Peter J. Prendergast, Rondout, N.Y.; Rev. John N. McMahon, Charlestown, Mass.; Rev. Charles M. O'Keefe, LL.D., Very Rev. James J. Dougherty, New York; Very Rev. Stephen Wall, Vicar-General, Pittsburg; Rev. Francis M. Dumont, SS.; Very Rev. John E. Fitzmaurice, Overbrook, Pa.; Rev. David J. O'Keefe and Rev. T. J. Conaty, Worcester, Mass.

THE HON. ANTHONY HIGGINS, who has the honor to be the first United States Senator that the Republicans ever elected in Delaware, is an Irish-American, one of the most brilliant lawyers in the state, and a man who promises to make his mark in the United States Senate.

WITH the consent of Queen Ranavalona III., a princess of the royal blood has been received into the Catholic Church in Madagascar. This is the more noteworthy, because Ranavalona is herself the official head of the Protestant church in the island.

### Honoring a Distinguished Priest.

A GREAT part of the space of the Prince Edward Island papers is surrendered to the report of the great celebration tendered to the Rev. Father Doyle, of Summerside, P. E. I., on the occasion of his silver jubilee, which fell on the 24th of January. No Islander, says the Summerside Journal, was ever more honored before in his native country; it was not only a jubilee of Catholic people, but, to a larger extent, of the Protestant community as well. The whole Island, indeed, appears to have taken part in the demonstration. Telegrams of congratulation were received from Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, Sir John Macdonald, Mgr. Hamel, rector of Laval University, Hon. Mr. Costigan, and others. Mgr. Hamel's message conveyed the intelligence that Laval University marked the occasion of Dr. Doyle's jubilee by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

### Great Cathedral in China.

THE new Catholic Cathedral has been publicly dedicated at Hong Kong, China. It holds four thousand people; cost $120,000; has a length of 207 feet; is 60 feet wide in the nave, and 100 feet at the chancel end. The height of the top of the spire is 135 feet, and up to the underside of the centre tower is 90 feet. It contains four stained glass windows on each side, while above the porch is the inscription, "*Anno Jubilei Sacerdotalis Leonis XIII. PP.*" On each side of the centre spire are seven bays, each containing two stained glass windows. The belfry tower, when completed, is to be 150 feet high. The roof is made, not of bamboo or any other delightful material used in that land of the decorative arts, but of cast-iron supplied from Glasgow. What sounds equally depressing is that the whole of the main building is of blue brick, relieved by flying buttresses of red brick and cement.

OKLAHOMA, about which so much is now being said, is bounded on the west by the state of Texas and the territory of New Mexico; on the north by the state of Colorado and the state of Kansas; on the east by the reservation occupied by the Cherokee tribe of Indians east of the ninety-sixth meridian of west longitude, and by the Creek, Seminole, and Chickasaw reservations; and on the south by the Creek, Seminole, and Chickasaw reservations and by the state of Texas, comprising what is known as the Public Land Strip, and all that part of the Indian Territory not actually occupied by the five civilized tribes.

### Nationality of the Popes.

OF the 363 popes registered in the statistics of the Holy See, only 49 are of foreign nationality; the other 224 are Italians, and include 111 Romans. Among the foreign popes there have been 15 French, 8 Greek, 6 German, 6 Syrian, 3 Spanish, 3 African, 2 Dalmatian, 1 English, 1 Epirote, 1 Antiochian, 1 Portuguese, 1 Thracian and 1 Flemish. The last named, who reigned under the title of Adrian VI., is the latest in date, and his elevation goes back to the year 1522. So it is more than three centuries and a half since a non-Italian pope has sat upon St. Peter's throne.

### More New Bishops.

THE Rev. P. L. Chapelle, D. D., pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Washington; the Rev. A. Von de Vyon, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Richmond; and Very Rev. Mgr. O'Connell, President of the American college at Rome, are understood to be the three names selected by a conference at Richmond, from among whom the Pope will select a Bishop of Richmond.

The Rev. Thomas Heslin, Pastor of St. Michael's Church, New Orleans, has been appointed Bishop of Natchez. Father Heslin was born in Ireland, and came to this country at an early age. He was educated here, and was ordained to the priesthood at Mobile. For some time Father Heslin was Assistant Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, under the Right Rev. Dr. Allen. In 1878 he was placed in charge of St. Michael's Parish.

### The New University.

THE RT. REV. JOHN J. KEANE, rector of the new Catholic University, in a letter to Vice-rector Garrigan, dated Rome, Jan. 22, announces the endowment of another chair in the university by Judge O'Connor, of San Jose, Cal. Bishop Keane also states that the endowment of three more scholarships has been secured, and that the Pope is preparing a brief in furtherance of the plans of the university, and in praise of America, her people, and her institutions.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION of the formal establishment of the Catholic Church in the United States has been postponed from November 6th to Sunday, November 10th, by Cardinal Gibbons. The exact date of Bishop Carroll's appointment was November 6th, 1789; but as the ceremonies are to be religious, it was deemed best to begin them on the Sunday following the date. Prelates from all parts of the United States will be present, and the celebration promises to be one of the grandest and most solemn in the history of the United States.

### A Great Pilgrimage.

M. DE MUN and M. Harmel, of the Association Catholique, are arranging for a great Pilgrimage to Rome next September. It is expected that fully 10,000 men will join the pilgrimage. In sending his blessing to the promoters of the pilgrimage, the Holy Father said that henceforth the church would have to look for help not to the cabinets of Europe, but to the people.

### Donahoe's Magazine.

From the Boston Daily Herald.

THE first article of this number is an extended review of The Nun of Kenmare, by Mr. McCorry, in which a good deal of common-sense is very plainly stated. At the same time it is a one-sided review of this notorious book. Mr. William Collins begins a series of articles of great interest on The Deceased Bishops of the United States, in the first of which, in this number, he gives an excellent sketch of Bishop Carroll. These are the principal articles in the number, which contains a large amount of delightful miscellaneous reading.

An effort will be made at the coming marine conference to abolish burials at sea. When the law requiring bodies to be cast into the sea within twenty-four hours after death was enacted there were no ocean steamers and no way of preserving bodies from decomposition. The custom of casting bodies into the sea is barbarous now, and should be abolished.

### The Gallant Ninth.

The annual ball of the Ninth regiment of infantry, M. V. M., took place at Music Hall, Monday evening, Feb. 18. The great measure of its success is due to the earnest work of Col. William M. Strachan and his officers during the past three months, and the result adds another to its already long roll. At nine o'clock the grand march was begun, led by Colonel and Mrs. William M. Strachan. After him came Surgeon-General A. F. Holt and Mrs. Eland, Brigadier-General B. F. Peach, Jr., and Mrs. P. J. Grady, Col. E. H. Woods, of the Governor's staff, and Miss Nugent, Capt. George A. Keeler and lady, and about three hundred couples. The brilliant uniforms of the officers and the rich costumes of the ladies made a charming spectacle, and elicited much applause from the spectators. The march over, "reveille" was sounded, and dance followed dance in rapid succession, and not until a late hour was "taps" sounded.

### Outrages in Donegal and England.

Says the Irish-American: There is a howl about Irish savagery, of course, from the English Tory press, on account of the policeman who met his death at the hands of the infuriated peasantry of Donegal, whose pastor and life-long protector he was essaying to drag to prison, almost from the steps of the altar. Only a few days before, near Gateshead, in the north of England, a ruffian, known locally as the "Flying Butcher," stabbed in the back and killed a constable who interfered with his favorite pastime of wife-beating; and all the comment the English papers passed on the matter was that the murderer had been arrested. The width of St. George's Channel makes an awful difference in the quality of a crime, you see.

### A Simple Remedy.

A pint of warm water taken on an empty stomach in the morning is the safest and surest of all remedies for habitual constipation. It dissolves the fecal matter and stimulates peristaltic action, thereby giving a normal action without pain. If the tongue is coated, squeeze a lemon into the water and drink without sweetening.

Buffalo Catholic Union and Times: In a recent so-called speech at Charleston, S. C., Parson Newman, that blatant ass and peripatetic nuisance under Grant's administration, said this:

> In the rural districts of some states there was genuine alarm felt lest Cleveland should be re-elected and the Papal See established in the United States. This apprehension was so great that life-long Democrats voted for Harrison.

Are there no lunatic asylums among the Methodist brethren in which this "bishop" could be cared for?

The United States Senate has passed the bill authorizing the President to place W. S. Rosecrans on the retired list, as a Brigadier-General of the Regular Army. This is but simple justice to one of the best and bravest generals of the rebellion.

### Mock Marriage Between Children.

New York Freeman's Journal: A Sacrilege.—It has become quite too common at Methodist and Baptist church fairs, to have mock marriages between children. We remember a case in Staten Island that led to serious litigation, and now we find a similar burlesque of a sacred ceremony occurring in St. Paul's Baptist Church, Boston, in presence of the pastor, Rev. Peter Smith. Is it any wonder that our villages are seething with impurity, when clergymen are guilty of such conduct? Marriage is naturally a mockery to the boys and girls who are principals or witnesses of this hideous travesty of a sacred institution. Rev. Peter Smith would, no doubt, laugh at the idea of marriage being a sacrament; but, at least, he must admit that it is the base of civilized society, and, therefore, worthy of respect. No wonder a contemporary says: "It is about time to think of sending missionaries to Boston instead of to the heathen."

### Irish Catholic Fidelity.

In a very able letter on municipal affairs, Mr. W. F. Powell, a distinguished Irish Protestant gentleman, pays tribute to the fidelity to principle of his Irish Catholic fellow-countrymen. "Without stopping to defend the Irish Roman Catholics, who are quite able to vindicate their own honor, it may be said, that there is, perhaps, no body of men in the universe, whose whole history shows more loyalty to party and to principle, or truer fidelity to their allies, than the oft-abused Irish Roman Catholic people. Of the righteousness of their cause, or the justice of the principles, no opinion is here expressed. It is to their steadfast adherence to the cause they espouse testimony is borne. Their worship is never confined to the rising sun; their sympathy never withheld from the unfortunate in their hour of difficulty or distress. Their side once taken — by that side they stand through good report and evil report. Clouds may threaten, the sky darken, the storm burst, the cause be hopeless; but the Irish Catholic holds to his faith, when hope itself has vanished never to return, and no glimmering star is left to lighten the night of despair."

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### A Luxurious Ass.

George Augustus Sala tells a good story, in his Living London, illustrative of the difficulty of obtaining a white donkey of pure Spanish breed. He says: "Negotiations almost diplomatic in their complexity have to be gone through before such a king-donkey can be obtained. I remember being told a story of an English milord who thought that he had completed the purchase of such a jackass, when he was told by the proprietor of the arrogant animal that yet another formality had to be gone through before Don Moko could be shipped for England. The milord had not yet made provision for the board and lodging, with six months' salary in advance, of the jackass's *compadre*, whose special function it was to play the guitar to him when he was sad." How this aristocratic ass would look down upon the hard working slaves, his less fortunate relations, who are daily belabored in the public streets of our great city.

### Filling the Prisons in Ireland.

The Catholic Review: The conviction and sentencing of Irish Members of Parliament, for exercising their natural and legal rights of liberty, of opinion and of speech, goes on right merrily. If Balfour continues in his present course, he will fill the Irish jails with Irish members, and proportionately deplete the Irish benches at the next session of Parliament, thus heavily handicapping the government's opponents at the divisions. The Irish Secretary might just as well end the farce at once by imprisoning all the Home Rule members in a batch, for it is certain that no difference of opinion exists among them concerning the disgraceful condition of things in Ireland, and the atrocious policy of the government there. Each week brings the account of some new member or members arrested, treated with ignominy, and thrown into prison for a period generally extending from three to six months. These men are no criminals, but as true patriots as ever breathed, offering their lives and liberty for the salvation of their country. The treatment of Mr. William O'Brien was simply infamous. His latest sentence was to four months' imprisonment. Refusing to wear the prison garb, his clothes were torn from his back by the warders, and his beard shaved off despite his protest and resistance. So exhausted was he after his struggle with the brutes of brutal Balfour that a priest was sent for. Nothing would more delight Balfour than the slow assassination, for to such his treatment amounts, of this noble Irish patriot and of his imprisoned comrades. What treason was there in Mr. O'Brien's coat, vest, and trousers, that he should be stripped of them and compelled to don a felon's suit? And in what did his beard offend the majesty of England? Balfour is disgracing England, and has brought English law into contempt. Of all the bad Irish Secretaries that have ever afflicted Ireland, he is at once the meanest, most malicious, and worst.

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The Irish Drama, "The Shamrock and Rose," written by John Fitzgerald Murphy, will be produced by the author, at the Dudley Street Opera House, March 18.

### Credit to Whom Credit is Due.

PEABODY, MASS., Feb. 18, 1889.

MR. EDITOR: IN the March number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, I find a poem entitled The Shamrock, attributed to Oscar Wilde. This is a mistake. The poem was written by Helena Callanan, an inmate of the Cork Blind Asylum, who, deprived of heaven's greatest gift, has devoted her hours of darkness to the improvement of those intellectual qualities with which she is more than ordinarily gifted. A revised form of the poem may be found on page 31 of Gathered Leaflets, a volume of poems published by her in 1885.

Yours truly,

FRANK NORRIS.

### Four New States.

BILLS having passed both houses of Congress, admitting North and South Dakota, Montana, and Washington, as states, into the Union, no more appropriate day could celebrate the birth of the new states than that of Washington's birth, so President Cleveland availed of the hint and the occasion by signing the bill on the 22d. The occasion has been followed by rejoicings in the North-west, the addition of four stars to the American flag, thus increasing the number of the star spangled banner to forty-two. Long may that flag wave, and those stars shine! E Pluribus Unum. Erin go bragh!

### Forty Years a Priest.

ON the 11th of February, the Rev. Michael O'Brien, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Lowell, Mass., celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his priesthood. About fifteen of these well-filled, fruitful years were spent in the diocese of Buffalo, N. Y., which then included what is now the Rochester diocese. The city of Rochester had chiefly the benefit of Father O'Brien's zeal for religion and education; and his name will always be cherished there. He came to St. Patrick's, Lowell, while Father John O'Brien was still living, and succeeded him in pastoral charge. During his able administration of the affairs of St. Patrick's, the parish has grown to be one of the finest in the country. Few congregations are more devout, and few parishes have so splendid a property. The fact of this church property being entirely free from debt is greatly to the credit of the congregation, and speaks volumes for the business tact of Father Michael O'Brien.

### Propagation of the Faith.

THE society for the Propagation of the Faith has just published a tabular statement which shows the universal development of the society since its foundation in 1822. In that year its receipts amounted to close upon twenty-three thousand francs, the whole of which sum was subscribed by France. Thirty years later, the annual receipts amounted to nearly three millions, France subscribing about two thirds of that sum. Thirty years later still, that is, in 1888, the annual receipts amounted to six and a half millions, France contributing four millions. In 1823, the society assisted only ten missions; today it extends aid to three hundred and seventy.

BOSTON DAILY TRANSCRIPT: The object of the London Times in publishing the Pigott letters was to establish Parnell's guilty knowledge of, or connivance with, the Phœnix Park murders, which, by the way, so incensed the great Irish leader that when he received information of them his first impulse was to abandon the cause under cover of which such atrocities could be committed. Such unparalleled stupidity as the agents of the London Times displayed in dealing with this irresponsible and knavish Irishman, Pigott, is one of the marvellous things in modern journalism. The agents of the Times were led like unsuspecting lambs to the slaughter, and so were the Tory peers who subscribed money that Parnell's character might be ruined by a cabal of impecunious Irish adventurers, and so was the Tory Government which backed the Thunderer. All these must suffer materially by the malignant plan and plot to destroy Parnell, which is now exposed in all its hideousness and satanic folly. In due time this whole affair will be ventilated in Parliament, and the ministry will find it extremely difficult to bear up against the severe weight of censure that will be visited upon them for their part in this scandalous and disgraceful business.

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND assured.

ON no occasion since the first day of Ireland's festival will it be celebrated with such enthusiasm as on the 17th of March, 1889.

THE Fair recently held at St. Paul's Church, Cambridgeport, realized $8,815. Father Orr is to be congratulated on the success of the Fair.

THE New York Freeman's Journal celebrated his golden jubilee by issuing a double paper beautifully illustrated. The Freeman's, under its new management, is progressing famously. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE wishes it continued success.

CAPTAIN JOHN M. TOBIN, who, since May, 1888, has had charge of the internal revenue districts of the states of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia, and the District of Columbia, has been assigned by Commissioner Joseph S. Miller to the charge of the internal revenue collection districts of the states of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine. The captain, we are pleased to say, is in the enjoyment of good health. He has performed his arduous duties with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the government. We trust the new administration will retain him in the new district to which he has been assigned.

BUFFALO CATHOLIC UNION AND TIMES: One of the old-time priests of this diocese, when it included the diocese of Rochester, Very Rev. Michael O'Brien, now Dean of Lowell, Mass., was a guest at the Bishop's residence recently. Dean O'Brien celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his ordination as deacon; and though nearing his seventieth year, he looks as fresh as a mountain daisy. All his old friends in Buffalo were delighted to see him.

THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, published at Toronto, Ont., has commenced its third year under favorable circumstances. The illustrations are well done and the letter-press faultless. We wish it continued success. A good portrait of Canada's Cardinal adorns the title page.

"WHEN Greek joins Greek then was the tug of war."—Nathaniel Lee, 1602.

CHARLES PINCKNEY gives "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute."

THE Pope celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday on Saturday, March 22d, and was in good health.

A PRIVATE cablegram to the mother of the Irish leader, from Dr. Kenny, the latter's physician, states that Mr. Parnell's health was never better than at present.

THE London Times has withdrawn its advertisement of "Parnellism and Crime" and "O'Donnell vs. Walter." Applicants for the pamphlets are informed that they are out of print.


### Knitted Goods.

To our hospitals, asylums, colleges, and convents we call the attention to the goods manufactured by the Knitted Mattress Company, of Canton, Mass. The knitted carpet lining is highly endorsed by all who have used the same, as an excellent thing. The knitted filled protectors for hospital use are specially commended, and to the pastors of our churches we can personally recommend the knitted filled church cushions as being superior to anything now manufactured in this line. The manager of the company will be pleased to call with samples when application is made. Write to Knitted Mattress Company, Canton, Mass., for full particulars.


### About Cider.

THE Manchester Union, in a recent article on cider-drinking, uses the following strong language:

"No reasonable man will dispute the fact that cider is intoxicating, and that hundreds of men can and do become beastly drunk upon . The cider human wrecks of New Hampshire can be counted by the thousands, and many an honest farmer's boy has gone down to a drunkard's grave by forming the habit of strong drink at the cider tap at home. The worst and most brutal drunkards we ever knew were cider drinkers, and we think it is the experience of every one conversant with the subject."

It is the hard truth, however, and it shows how wise was the action of the C. T. A. Union in including cider among the intoxicating liquors forbidden by the pledge.

POPE LEO XIII. celebrated the eleventh anniversary of his election to the chair of St. Peter on the 20th ult.

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THE Papal Bull has arrived at Peterborough, Canada, transferring Rt. Rev. Dr. Dowling to the See of Hamilton, and elevating, as his successor in the See of Peterborough, Ven. Dean O'Connor, of Barrie. The news will be received with satisfaction by the Catholics of Canada.

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### A Magnificent Gift.

WE (Catholic Review) learn from a private letter from Rome that his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. put into Prior Glynn's hands ten thousand dollars for the new St. Patrick's Church, Rome, to express his love for the Irish people. The generous gift of the Sovereign Pontiff, to the patron church of the Irish race in the centre of Christendom, will move the children of St. Patrick the world over to hasten the completion of this great monument of their faith, by handsome offerings in aid of the edifice, which Prior Glynn hopes to open in the near future.

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THE CHARITABLE IRISH SOCIETY will celebrate their 152d Anniversary, at the Parker House, evening of the 18th of March.

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THE concert to be given by leading artists in Boston Theatre on Sunday evening, March 17, in aid of Carney Hospital, South Boston, promises to be a great attraction.

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### Heroic Act.

AS two nuns belonging to the Convent at St. Joseph Beauce, in Quebec, were walking down the road there a few days ago, with one of their little girl charges, a young man engaged in coasting came down a slide at full speed, and would have run down and probably killed the little girl but for the heroic action of one of the nuns, who threw herself before the child to shield her with her own body. The poor nun was shockingly injured, one of her eyes being torn out of the socket, in addition to other serious hurts which she received.

THE GREATEST VICTORY FOR IRELAND since the dawn of Christianity.

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### We Want More Letters Like the Following.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES CONFERENCE,
ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY, 325
BUNKER HILL ST., CHARLESTOWN,
Feb. 20, 1889.

DEAR MR. DONAHOE: Please put our Conference on your mail list for one year beginning with the March number. Your report of the dedication of The Margaret Statue at New Orleans proved to the members of St. Francis de Sales Conference that DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE should be read at every meeting where the members wish to keep themselves informed of what is being done by the members in every part of the world. No publication that has been tried in our Conference gives the satisfaction that DONAHOE'S has. I think that every member of the St. Vincent De Paul Society should read it.

Sincerely yours,
THOMAS DOWNEY, JR.,
*Secretary.*

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### The Parochial School War in Massachusetts.

THE proceedings of the School Board against the French Canadians who are sending their children to the Catholic parochial schools, instead of the public schools, have come to a sudden stop in Haverhill. The opponents of the parochial school have asserted that it was not conducted in accordance with the requirements of the law in any respect, and that there was but one teacher connected with the school who could speak English. Judge Carter decided the matter very quickly against the School Board. He said that the law did not require that the Superintendent and School Committee should approve the school. The law did not prescribe that a child must be educated in the public schools, but only that the child must be furnished with the general means of education. The Court held that the statute was not intended to apply to any such case as the one before him, and he discharged the defendant. All the defendants were therefore discharged, and the costs refunded to those who had changed their plea and had paid them.

# Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books." — *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

## BOOKS.

*Fr. Pustet & Co., N. York & Cin.*

SHORT INSTRUCTIONS FOR LOW MASSES; or, The Sacraments Explained. By Rev. James Donohoe, St. Thomas Aquinas Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Price 75 cts.

These instructions appeared originally in the New York Freeman's Journal. Those who read them in the newspaper clamored for them in book form, and now they are presented to the Catholic, as well as the Protestant, public as a most lucid explanation of the Sacraments. The book makes a handy volume of 208 pages, and is sold for the moderate price of seventy-five cents. We strongly recommend the book to those who would like to acquire a thorough knowledge of the doctrines of the church.

*Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin. and Chi.*

THE WORDS OF JESUS CHRIST DURING HIS PASSION, Explained in their Literal and Moral Sense. Translated from the French of Rev. F. X. Schouppe, S. J., by Rev. J. J. O'Brien. Price 25 cts.

THE SACRED PASSION OF JESUS CHRIST. Short Meditations for Every Day in Lent. By Richard F. Clarke, S. J. Price 20 cts.

Both of the above books are excellent meditations. The latter, for Lent, is unexceptionally good. The Benzigers are doing good work in publishing moderate-priced devotional books.

*Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.*

EUCHARISTIC JEWELS, for Persons Living in the World. By Percy Fitzgerald, M. A., F. S. A.

This is indeed a jewel of a book. It is handsomely printed and bound by Burns & Oats, London. Price, 70 cts.

TWELFTH-TIDE AND ITS OCTAVE. In Eight Meditations on The Calling of the Gentiles and the Epiphany of Our Lord. Translated from the Italian of the Rev. Father Ventura, formerly General of the Regular Clergy called Theatines, by Alexander Wood, M. A.

The devout Catholic will find great consolation in the study of these meditations. Price, 70 cents.

ALL the above books can be obtained of Messrs. Noonan & Co.

*For Sale by All Booksellers.*

IRISH Scholars of the Penal Days. By Rev. William P. Treacy. Price, $1. In a recent letter to the Rev. P. A. Treacy, pastor of Burlington, N. J., the venerable and learned Archbishop Tobias Kirby writes: "My dear Father Treacy: Your esteemed letter, accompanied by the beautiful work on Irish Scholars, has come to hand. I thank you and your Rev. Brother for so valuable and useful a gift. It is full of most important and interesting information, and reflects the highest credit on the mind and true Irish Catholic heart of the gifted author, to whom I beg of you to present my sincere and grateful acknowledgments." The Rev. Charles P. Meehan, the distinguished member of the Royal Irish Academy, has just written to the author: "My dear Rev. Friend: I have gone through a good portion of your work; and every page, prose and verse, charmed me more than I can tell you. God grant you many years to adorn the priesthood of Ireland and America." The Right Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone, statesman and *litterateur*, writes in reference to Irish Scholars: "It is touching to see the taste of Ireland for scholarship acknowledged and recorded from across the Atlantic."

## MUSIC.

*White, Smith & Co.*

*Vocal:* "Across the Bridge," song, Geo. Le Brunn. "None can my Sorrow Know," song, by P. Tschaikowsky. "Many a Time," Comic Song, by Arthur West. "Come, Gracious Spirit," Quartette, arranged from Rheinberger, by B. M. Davison.

*Instrumental:* "Potpourri," from "Said Pasha" Opera, by Richard Stahl; arranged by C. D. Blake. Also, "March," by Pierre Duvernet. "Waltzes," by Geo. Thorne, and "Schottische," all from same opera. Also, "Instrumental Gems," from same opera.

POEMS. Religious and Miscellaneous. By William James McClure, Rector of Barrytown, N. Y.

This book has been well received by the critics. There are some 125 poems, on as many different subjects. We select one.

### America to Ireland : Greeting.

Thy children are my civic strength,
My foremost aid in war;
Upon my bosom rest their homes
From coast to inland-core.
They wield with sympathetic force
The mattock or the pen ;
And changeless faith in God upholds
The hearts of Irishmen.

They at thy birth gave ready care,
Spoke words, wrought deeds of fame;
Nor shall the list be blurred that shows
Carroll's and Barry's name.
The warm blood wrestles with the cold :
Behold, who 's worsted then ?
The Puritan's vitality
Flows not in Irishmen !

O mournful sister of the sea,
I love thy foreign charge ;
I prize the German peace and thrift
That makes each village large.
But, over all, the Celtic mind
Is, aye, my brightest ken —
Flashed through the generation's lives
From by-gone Irishmen !

The price of the book is $1.50 ; is well gotten up, and is embelished with a portrait of the author.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Catholic Publication Society Co. have published a new and elegant edition of A Visit to Europe and the Holy Land. By Rev. H. F. Fairbanks. This book is written in an interesting style and contains many excellent illustrations. It has already met with great success, this being a second edition.

TOLD by the Firelight, is the title of still another collection of stories, for boys and girls, soon to be issued by Messrs. T. B. Noonan & Co., of Boston. They are reprinted from The Ave Maria, and include many favorites. There are twenty-two stories in all, forming a 16mo volume of over three hundred pages. No two stories are by the same writer. The book will be issued in an attractive style, and will, no doubt, be popular as a premium and gift book.

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THE leading perfume of the day is Hoyt's German Cologne. This perfect toilet requisite is sold by all druggists and dealers in perfumery.

### Another Clever Irish Physician Settles in Boston.

THERE has recently come to Boston, from Ireland, another able medical man, who had to leave his native land because his politics were those of a Nationalist. Dr. Molloy has opened his office at 78 Poplar street and Kennard avenue, Boston. He is a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, 1867; Licentiate in Medicine and Licentiate in Midwifery of the King and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland; also Licentiate in Midwifery of the Rotunda Lying-in Hospital, Dublin. Dr. Molloy was educated at the Hardwicke Fever Hospital, the Richmond Surgical Hospital, and the Whiteworth Medical Hospital, as well as the Rotunda Lying-in Hospital, under Sir J. Thomas Banks, Bart., M. D., Dr. Lyons, M. D., M. P., Dr. Denham, Master of the Rotunda Lying-in Hospital, Dublin, and several other most eminent medical men of that city.

Dr. Molloy has had large experience as a medical practitioner, having been medical officer of a union workhouse hospital for more than ten years, and of a dispensary for twenty years, and more especially in midwifery practice among the poor of his district at Manorhamilton, county Leitrim.

Dr. Molloy will, we trust, find a prosperous career before him in his new country. Ireland has sent many able men of his profession to represent her in America.

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### Miraculous Cure.

WE like to see, says the Catholic Universe, of Cleveland, O., an honest avowal of special favors secured through Catholic devotion. Mr. J. B. Morrissey, of Lanoli, India, tried the oil of a holy face lamp for a diseased ear, was instantaneously and completely cured, and writes to have the fact made known. He says: "Today I solemnly declare that, thanks to the Holy Face and to the intercession of Mr. Dupont ('the holy man of the Tours'), I have obtained the instantaneous and complete cure of my ear."

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OTTAWA COLLEGE, Canada, has been canonically erected into a university by Pope Leo.

# Obituary.

## CARDINAL.

Cardinal John Baptiste Pitra, who was the second in rank in the Sacred College, is dead. He was born at Champforguil, in France, in 1812. He was made Cardinal in March, 1863, and was one of the six suffragan Bishops of the Roman Pontiff.

## BISHOPS.

Death of Most Rev. Dr. Neno, O. S. A. — News has reached Villanova College, of the death in Rome, from apoplexy, of the Father-General of the Order of St. Augustine throughout the world, who had suddenly passed to his reward on the previous day. This is a sad announcement indeed to the Catholics of the United States, who had the inestimable privilege of knowing him during the whole or a part of his long residence in this country. His suave disposition and affable manners, his kindly, honest ways and strong intellectual features, could not fail to make a lasting impression on all with whom he came in contact. Everybody loved him who knew him, for to those who knew him he was a particularly good friend; and to the members of his Order he was an admirable and kind Father-Superior.

Bishop Fitzpatrick, third bishop of Boston, died Feb. 13, 1866.

## CLERGYMEN.

Rev. William J. Lane, pastor of the Church of the Visitation, Brooklyn, N. Y., died of apoplexy, recently, in the forty-fifth year of his age. Father Lane was ordained in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., in 1866.

The death of Father Rohan took place at Dungannon, O. The Rev. Edmund F. Rohan was born at Goulane, county Kerry, Ireland, Jan. 8th, 1854. He made his college course of studies at Mt. Melleray, and at Cappoquin, county Waterford, Ireland.

Rev. Father D. H. Murphy, formerly of the Dubuque cathedral, died at Early, Iowa, near Emmettsburg. About three weeks before, he went to Dubuque to attend the funeral of Rev. Father McMahon, and on his return to Early was taken sick, and died in a few days.

Rev. Father Leavey, of St. John's Church, Monroe, Mich., one of the most popular priests in the state, died, on Jan. 29th, of malignant small-pox. Two weeks ago he went as a volunteer nurse to Deerfield and labored night and day among the plague-stricken. Two hours after the disease manifested itself he was dead.

Melbourne exchanges bring the news of the death of one of the most prominent Irish priests in that diocese — Dean England. The deceased was a native of the diocese of Cloyne, Ireland, where he was born in the year 1828. He was a nephew of Bishop England, and, therefore, a cousin of the Young Irelander, M. J. Barry. Maynooth was his *Alma Mater*.

Rev. Father Stack, of Scranton, Pa., who created much newspaper notoriety in his legal battles with Bishop O'Hara, of the Scranton diocese about fifteen years ago, when he was removed from his parish by the bishop, and who was defeated in the courts, died at his home in Scranton a few days since. Previous to his death he had been restored to his priestly functions by Bishop O'Hara.

The Very Rev. Dean Thomas Cunningham, of Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, Elmira, N. Y., died on the 11th of February. He was born in county Cavan, Ireland, in 1822, and received a classical education in Cootehill, Ireland. In 1847 he came to America, and, shortly after his arrival, entered St. Mary's Seminary at Emmittsburg, Md. After leaving St. Mary's Seminary he went to Buffalo, and studied theology in the Cathedral Seminary, where he was prefect for two years. He was ordained priest on Sept. 15, 1850, in the St. Louis German Catholic Church at Buffalo. At different times he had charge of churches at Corning, Batavia, and Elmira, having been in Elmira since 1873.

## SISTERS.

DIED, at the convent in Cambridgeport, Feb. 16, Sister Louise Magdaline, Sister of Notre Dame, and daughter of Edward and Elizabeth Reynolds.

SISTER MARY CECELIA SMITH died at the Convent of the Visitation, Baltimore, Md., in the eighty-first year of her age. She was the widow of Gen. P. F. Smith, of the United States army, who was a distinguished officer in the Mexican war.

SISTER MARY REGINA died at St. Francis Academy, Council Bluff, Iowa, on Feb. 18. She was forty-nine years of age, and had been thirty-five years a member of the Order of the Sisters of Charity. Her revered brother, the Bishop of Davenport, Iowa, will have the sympathy of all in her loss.

SISTER MARY ANN, of the Sisters of Charity, died at St. Agnes Hospital, Baltimore, Md., of pneumonia. She was a daughter of the late Thomas McAleer, once a prominent citizen of York, Pa., and was one of the oldest and best known nurses in America.

## LAY PEOPLE.

JUDGE WILLIAM M. MERRICK, associate justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and one of the most distinguished and highly esteemed Catholics of the country, died at his residence in Washington, D. C., on the 4th of January. Judge Merrick was born in Charles county, Md., Sept. 1, 1818.

W. J. LALLY, an old and respected citizen of Woonsocket, R. I., died in that city on Sunday, Feb. 24th. He was long connected with the old Pilot establishment, and was an active passenger agent for many of the steamship companies. He was much respected by the people of Woonsocket, in which place he resided for a number of years. May his soul rest in peace.

THERE died at her home in Washington parish, La., a few days ago, Mrs. Nancy Ann Strahan, aged 99, who probably leaves the largest number of descendants of any person in Louisiana. Mrs. Strahan in 1817, married Cornelius Strahan of South Carolina. Mr. Strahan died last year, after seventy-one years of married life. They had sixteen children, who, with their descendants, make up a veritable army, as follows: Children, 16; grandchildren, 99; great grandchildren; 217; great-great-grandchildren, 17. Total 349.

WE regret to announce the death at Aiken, S. C., February 4th, of Thomas B. Horgan of South Boston. Mr. Horgan had long been in the employ of R. H. White & Co., where he had risen to the position of superintendent. Beautiful floral tributes from his fellow-clerks and intimate friends were numerous. Rev. Father Sullivan of the Church of the Holy Rosary conducted the services and paid a glorious tribute to the virtues of the deceased. The sympathy of many friends is with the grief-stricken family, this being the third death they have met within a short time.

WE chronicle with sincere regret the death of Mrs. Jane Dwier, sister of Mr. James Keating, of the firm of Cashman, Keating & Co., Boston. The sad event occurred on Sunday, Feb. 17, at her residence, 86 Chestnut street, Boston. The deceased was a native of Dublin, Ire., but a resident of Boston for many years. She was fifty years of age. Her funeral took place from the Cathedral, Tuesday morning, the Rev. M. A. Corcoran celebrating the Solemn Mass of Requiem. The interment was at Calvary cemetery. The bereaved relatives have our sincerest sympathy. May she rest in peace!

THE famous Irish-American bonanza millionnaire, James C. Flood, died at Heidelburg, Germany, on Feb. 21, of kidney disease. James Clair Flood was born in New York city on Oct. 25, 1826. His parents were Irish, the family depending for a livelihood upon the daily labor of the father. In 1849, attracted by the glowing accounts of the California gold mines, he left his home at Fort Hamilton, and embarked for a trip around the Horn. On arriving in San Francisco he obtained work as a carpenter, for which in those flush times he was paid sixteen dollars a day. His subsequent connection with the firm of Fair, Mackey & O'Brien, is part of the marvellous history of California. Personally, Mr. Flood was of stout build, ruddy complexion, with

a bullet head set on a thick, powerful neck. His manner with friends was cordial; but those having business relations with him were in the habit of calling him "cold-blooded." He performed many acts of charity, of which the most notable was the sending of twenty-five thousand dollars to the suffering people of Ireland. With all his immense fortune Mr. Flood's head was not turned, and for many years after he continued to live in a modest way in a plain house in Eddy street, San Francisco. The deceased leaves an estate valued at $4,200,000. One-half of it goes to his wife, the other half to his daughter, Cora Jane Flood, and son, James L. Flood.

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**Death of a Leading Catholic Journalist.**

WITH sincere sorrow we announce the death of Mr. Patrick V. Hickey, the founder of the leading Catholic journal of the United States. We know of no man whose death will be more regretted among the leading Catholics of the country. The sad event took place on the 20th of February at his residence in Brooklyn. The sacrifices demanded of the Catholic journalist (says the Ave Maria) are too great, and the rewards too small, to induce any man not of the highest aims to devote his life to that career, which is less a profession than a vocation. Mr. Hickey had the highest aims. Nothing turned him aside from the path of duty. That he took a higher view of his duty than some of his best friends was conceded; that he might have adapted his rule of duty to the rule of expediency, with great material gain to himself, was well known; that he never did was acknowledged even by those whom his conservatism had offended.

The Catholic Review, into which Mr. Hickey put the best part of his life, has been since its birth Catholic, charitable, consistent. No attacks on the course of the paper induced Mr. Hickey to turn bitterly on his accusers. Under all temptations he was charitable. He held his soul in peace above the turmoil of the world. The Catholic Review was planned by the young Irish scholar and journalist shortly after he had made the beginning of a successful career on the New York World. With a few devoted friends but with little money, he determined to give New York a journal worthy of her metropolitan reputation. The Freeman's Journal was a personal paper; it filled its own field. Mr. Hickey saw the need of a journal that would be impersonal and yet represent Catholic opinion. He founded The Catholic Review, and, later, other journalistic enterprises; but the Catholic Review was the work on which his reputation as a journalist will rest. He had often said that he had so planned the Review, that, if he should die at any time, the journal would continue as successfully without him. He showed no vanity in his work: he cared most that it should be permanent. He had trained a small band of writers so well that his personal part in the Review had become that of a director rather than an actual editorial writer.

Mr. Hickey was honored by both Pius IX. and Leo XIII. By the former Pope of happy memory he was made Chevalier of the Order of St. Sylvester; by the latter, Commendatore of the Order of St. Chrysostom. He leaves a wife and eight children. Without the hearty sympathy and help of his estimable wife he would never have dared to take the risks and accomplish his work. To her — and he eagerly avowed it on all occasions — is due a great part of the good he succeeded in doing, and which lives after him. May he rest in peace!

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MISS MARY MARGARET CAREY, daughter of Mr. J. Carey, Supervisor of Inland Revenue, Middleton, county Cork, has been declared winner of one of the Queen's scholarships, of the value of two hundred guineas, which entitles her to free education and maintenance for two years in the Convent of Notre Dame, at Liverpool. The examination lasted six days, and was conducted by the Committee of the Council of Education, London.

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MR. JOHN STETSON, proprietor of the Globe Theatre, Boston, has paid $25 for the privilege of using his own box Sunday evening, March 17, on which occasion Miss O'Keeffe, of Lawrence, will deliver her lecture on "Ireland," with stereopticon views, for the benefit of the Working Boy's Home.

# DONAHOE'S

# MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI. BOSTON, MAY, 1889. No. 5.


"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

## The Jesuit "Oaths."

As during the anti-Catholic crusade, which is now, and has for some time past been waged in Boston, the bigots have availed themselves of the bogus so-called Jesuit oath to prejudice the minds of misinformed people against the illustrious Society of Jesus, and through them the Catholic church, of which they are such able advocates and indefatigable defenders, we have taken pains to secure from an undoubted authentic source the real vows which the members of the society take at the different stages of their progress. First come the simple vows, so-called, which are taken after the candidate has passed his novitiate. These vows are not irrevocable. They are renewed every six months. They are as follows:

THE FORM OF THE SIMPLE VOWS.

Almighty, Everlasting God. I, N. N., though altogether most unworthy in Thy Divine Sight, yet trusting in Thy Goodness and Infinite Mercy, and moved with a desire of serving Thee, vow before the most sacred Virgin Mary, and the whole court of heaven, to Thy Divine Majesty, perpetual Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, in the Society of Jesus, forever to lead my life therein, understanding all things according to the constitutions of the same Society. Therefore I most humbly beseech Thee, by Thy Infinite Goodness and Mercy, by the Blood of Jesus Christ, that Thou wilt vouchsafe to admit this holocaust in an odor of sweetness, and that as Thou hast already given me grace to desire and offer it, so Thou wilt also bestow plentiful grace on me to fulfil it. Amen."

After a space of about fifteen years, during which time the members have ample opportunity not only of thorough preparation but also of testing their vocation, they take final vows which are irrevocable and are as follows:

A. M. D. G.

FORMULA OF PROFESSION OF THE FOUR VOWS.

I, N. . . ., make profession and promise to Almighty God, before His Virgin Mother, the whole Heavenly Court and all here present, and to you Reverend Father N., General of the Society of Jesus, holding God's place, and to your successors (or to you Reverend Father N., in place of the General of the Society of Jesus), perpetual Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, and I promise a zealous care in the education of youth according to the manner of life laid down in the Apostolic Letters and Constitutions of the Society of Jesus. Moreover, I promise a special obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff, in the matter of Missions, as is set forth in the same Apostolic Letters and Constitutions.

I, N. . . ., a professor of the Society of Jesus, promise to Almighty God, in presence of His Virgin Mother, the whole Court of Heaven, and Reverend Father General (or before N., in place of Reverend Father General), that I shall never in any way cause or consent that the decrees laid down in the Constitutions of the Society relating to Poverty be changed, unless it should sometime seem proper, on account of existing circumstances, that Poverty be made more strict.

I promise besides that I shall never, even indirectly, cause or seek that I be chosen or advanced to any prelature or dignity in the Society. I also promise that I shall never desire or strive after any dignity or prelature outside of the Society. Neither shall I ever consent to my election to any such office unless compelled thereto by his order, who can command me under pain of sin. Again, I promise, that if I come to know of any one who seeks or strives after any of the above-named dignities, I shall refer him and the whole matter to the Society or its General. Moreover, if it should ever happen, that, under these conditions, I should be raised to the government of any church, I promise that according to the care which I ought to exercise for the salvation of my soul, and the right administration of the charge imposed upon me, I will hold the General in such esteem and regard that I shall never refuse to listen to the counsels which he himself, or any one else of the Society whom he may appoint in his stead, may deign to bestow on me. I also promise that I shall always follow counsels of this nature, if I judge them to be better than those that occur to my own mind.

These vows may not commend themselves in every particular to the enemies of the Order; but even they must acknowledge, that, if they err at all, they err, according to Protestant notions, on the side of too great strictness. At any rate a comparison of these vows with the bogus Jesuit oath must convince any candid person of the devilish malice of those who will persist in circulating the latter to the great injury of the illustrious Society of Jesus. H. L. R.

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THE first Catholic Governor of New York was Thomas Cogan, an Irishman. His commission bears date of September 30th, 1682.

# Canada of To-day.

ANNA T. SADLIER.

ANNEXATION being the ever-recurrent topic of the hour, there is always room for a few remarks upon that fertile subject, while it suggests or invites a glance at the general history of Canada, its prospects, its resources, and the various subjects which are being agitated there.

The Dominion of Canada, as it is now constituted, dates from the union of the provinces, named respectively, Ontario and Quebec, on the 1st of July, 1867, in pursuance of that noble scheme of Confederation, mainly devised by Sir John A. Macdonald, the late Sir George E. Cartier, and last,— but far, indeed, from being least,— Thomas D'Arcy McGee, afterwards the victim of a political assassination.

It will require but a desultory reading of the history of Canada, past, present, and to come, to convince the average observer that her destiny is a splendid one, and that she is fully capable of realizing it. Ultimately, perhaps, she may establish an independent empire upon this continent, separate from the great adjoining Republic, and freed from dependence upon the mother country. This, however, would seem to be a remote contingency, Canadians having no legitimate cause for dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs. They are, in all essential respects, well governed, the machinery of government runs, for the most part, smoothly, and with little or no collision with the mother country, so that the bulk of the population are loyal. Some, perhaps a sufficiently large class, may sigh for commercial union with the United States. Few desire annexation. The English, whether by birth or descent, have, of course, an inherent love of fatherland, and a degree of pride in her, which, I dare say, exceeds that of the average Londoner. The Scotch are pre-eminently loyal, as, discarding past traditions, they have been, and are, in modern Scotland. The Irish are no whit behind the others, and though keen is their sympathy with recent national movements in Ireland, they have no personal cause of complaint, and have prospered in this land of legislative freedom.

And now as to the French Canadian? The eyes of the world are upon him,— that is to say, the Canadian world. There is a certain clique in Ontario who would rush into the Charybdis of annexation to escape the Scylla of what they hold to be inevitable French Canadian domination. Yet, although they would seem to be the cause of disloyalty in others, they are loyal themselves. Every once in awhile, there is an effort made to prove that they are not so. The wish is probably father to the thought. On such occasions, some prominent name is mentioned; lately, Monseigneur Lafleche, of Three Rivers, was quoted as an annexationist, and promptly denied the charge. Occasionally, indeed, some obscure individual, or some small clique, with a grievance, cries out for annexation. But the still, small voice is lost on his countrymen. I am not denying that deep in the heart of every French Canadian there is a deep-seated love for France, which is always to them the mother country. I suspect, with many of them it is France of the past, and, at all events, not France revolutionary or France infidel. Even admitting the ties of a common language and a common religion, this is only a chivalrous raising of the hat to a dead king. It by no means

interferes with full allegiance to another and living one. Though they talk lovingly of *la mere patrie*, and delight in remembering that they, her vigorous offshoot, were the first to conquer this rude North by their toils, their privations, and their blood, still they give their full adhesion to the British crown, and, I believe, as regards the great majority of them, desire no change. One cannot say what would be the result of coercion in matters of religion, of attempts to deprive them of their language, or of oppression of any sort. The rebellion of 1837, a curious chapter, with its attendant circumstances, in the history of constitutional government, and which failed to assume larger proportions, chiefly because the Catholic clergy were opposed to it, is a proof of the above assertion.

As to the views of the Catholic clergy, as a body, on annexation, there is every reason to believe that they are opposed to it, and are content with the existing order of things. They enjoy religious toleration; hitherto, their rights have been, for the most part, respected. From the writer's observations among various classes of people, from an attentive study of public and private utterances, the conclusion is that annexation is not at all, by the bulk of the people, desired; and many reasons be adduced, on the one hand or the other, to prove that it is not desirable. Of course some of these reasons apply as well to the United States as to Canada.

Canada embraces an area of 3,470,257 square miles, or, including its water surface, 3,610,000 square miles. This as to its extent. As to its advantages: Its climate is excellent. The winter, though severe, is usually salubrious, and, in duration, does not exceed four and a half months. A Canadian winter is not without its delights, as many a visitor to this genial North will bear testimony. Apart from its sports, its snow-shoeing, sleighing, skating, and tobogganing, it has its own special beauties, clear, blue skies, brilliant sunshine, hills mantled with northern pines, sunsets that fall upon frozen streams, moonlight that makes fairy-land of frost-silvered trees and snow-laden roofs, stars endowed with a brightness which only these high latitudes can show, and those mysterious lights which brighten the northerly skies into such rare splendor. Still, the visitor does not know Canada who has seen it only under the shroud of snow. The summer is warm, though not, as a rule, immoderately so; and the country abounds in exquisite spots, many of them still unknown to the ordinary tourist, and often enriched by historic association. The autumn is usually delightful,—I cannot say as much for the spring,—with cool, crisp days, abundant masses of variegated foliage, whether on mountain heights, low-lying woodlands, or the streets of cities. From a mere material point of view, the climate of Canada is such that the crops are no later than those in England, notwithstanding that the spring is late.

Attention has often been called to the physical features of Canada. Yet I will venture to say a word of them here. Its great rivers, the St. Lawrence, mighty as an inland sea, with its tributaries, the Ottawa and Richelieu; the Red river of the North, the Mackenzie, the Fraser, the Columbia, the Restigouche, the Saskatchewan, the Great Fish, the St. Maurice, the St. Charles, the Miramichi. I might easily double the list.

More wonderful still, the great lakes, Superior, Ontario, Huron,

Erie, St. Clair. Lake Michigan is beyond the Canadian border, but is closely connected with Lake Huron by the Strait of Mackinaw. While Lakes Nipissing, Simcoe, Temiscamingue, Great Bear, Great Slave, St. John, Grand, Athabasca, Winnipeg, are but a few of the smaller lakes.

The Rocky Mountains, Cascade, North and South mountains, Notre Dame and Cobequid are the chief mountain ranges. Each has its own scenes of natural beauty and picturesqueness.

As to gulfs and bays, there are the Hudson's bay, Baffin's bay, the Bay of Fundy, Baie de Chaleurs, the Georgian gulf, Gulf of Bothnia, and Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the Queen Charlotte, Lancaster, and Melville sounds, with the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

"The system of inland navigation in Canada," according to the Report on Canals and Inland Revenue, "is the largest and most important in the world. The St. Lawrence system alone, in conjunction with the great lakes, extends for 2,260 miles, viz., from the Straits of Belle Isle to Port Arthur, at the head of Lake Superior; of this distance, seventy-one miles are by artificial navigation by means of canals, and 2,189 miles open navigation; from Port Arthur to Duluth, a arther distance of 124 miles, making altogether 2,384 miles. By this means, unbroken water communication is afforded from Port Arthur to Duluth, and Duluth to Liverpool, a total distance of 4,618 miles."

As to islands, there are Vancouver, Anticosti, Prince Edward, Queen Charlotte, and the Arctic Archipelago, not to speak of many smaller ones. Forest lands still abound in various parts of the Dominion, while, in the north-west, particularly, are vast rolling prairies.

The forests have long provided Canada with one of its chief resources in the lumbering trade. The timber is often very valuable, particularly in the north-west; some of the trees, notably the Douglas pine, which abounds in British Columbia, being the finest in the world. Cedars of unusual size are found in the same vicinity. In considering the material resources of Canada there is but little doubt that the mining industry will have a large share in the future development of the country. Minerals of almost every kind are known to exist. Some of them have been already worked to advantage. Copper has been found in Quebec, Nova Scotia, British Columbia, and in New Brunswick; also, of course, in Ontario. Quite recently large deposits of this ore have been found at Sudbury, Ontario, where there is question of establishing smelting works, the metal having been hitherto exported in its rude state. Gold has been found in British Columbia, Nova Scotia, and Quebec; silver in the neighborhood of Lake Superior. Canadian iron brings a very high price in the foreign markets. Salt mines are numerous especially in Western Canada. Petroleum exists in more than one of the provinces. As to coal, much is expected in the near future from the coal-bearing districts about the Rocky Mountains.

In Ottawa county, Quebec, exist rich mines of phosphate which Prof. Boyd Dawkins prophesies will eventually become "one of the most profitable resources of this country." It is already a valuable export, being in its raw state shipped to England and Germany, and sometimes thence to the United States. Undoubtedly, an important branch of industry, according to the Canadian Mining Review, will be the estab-

lishment of manufactories for fertilizers such as already exist at Brockville and Smith's Falls.

Agriculture is carried on with greater or less success in all the provinces. Manitoba, for instance, is said to produce the finest wheat in the world, and has a soil highly favorable to the production of other cereals. It is proposed to establish experimental farms in various parts of the Provinces and in the North-west Territories, so that the system of farming may gradually be carried to the highest perfection. In connection with this, may be noted the steady increase in the cattle-trade. Stock-raising having become one of the chief industries of the North-west, the number of ranches is ever growing.

According to recent statistics, "the North-west territories which constitute not only the largest, but almost the last remaining fur preserve in the world, every variety of fur being found within their limits, yield three quarters of all the furs sold in the great fur markets of the world.

As to industries, what with ship-building, carriage and wagon building, railroad supplies, including locomotives, tanneries, iron works, cotton, flax, cloth, wool, and saw mills, tobacco, cheese, boot and shoe factories, to mention but a few, there is variety for every taste. No country in the world, perhaps, offers a greater field for enterprise. The amount of its trade, "*in proportion to population*, is considerably in advance of that of the United States," yet the trade of the United States is exceeded only by three countries in the world. "The value of imports has been exceeded six times, and the value of exports five times since confederation." The quotations of prices in Colonial Government securities, for recent years, show that the future of Canada is regarded as promising in the chief financial centres of the world.

Recent years have seen an increase in immigration, and the efforts which are being made, notably by the Catholic Society of Colonization, tends to make this immigration of substantial value to the country. This latter organization, of which the celebrated Cure Labelle is a prime mover, has already accomplished much, both in inducing immigration and in securing for intending settlers land and other advantages at nominal rates. So certain is there a little knot of settlers, than a priest arrives, and, within the sound of church bells, the immigrant sets up his roof-tree, the inevitable hardships of a pioneer's lot alleviated by the consolations of faith. In this work the Jesuits have ably coöperated. Father Nolin, S. J., is the present Diocesan Agent for Montreal in collecting funds for the work.

I have said nothing as yet of railways; but I find from the Statistical Record that Canada has nearly four thousand miles of railway, or more than all the Australian colonies combined. Speaking of the North-west more especially, the late Mr. C. J. Brydges, in a speech delivered in February, 1886, declared "that there is a larger railroad accommodation, in proportion to the population, than anywhere else upon this continent."

Yet, according to statistics, there is still only about one seventh of the total area of this country within reach of railway facilities. What a field for greater enterprise in that direction, and what glorious possibilities of future development are implied by this suggestion!

Sir Richard Temple, a member of the British Association, who,

with that body and within the last few years, made a tour of the North-west, remarks that "that beautiful country, until recently called the 'Lone Land,' may now be considered a land of promise."

He calculates, and he says that the idea is a common one in England, that this great North-west is capable of containing one hundred millions, counting one hundred to the square mile. What an idea of vastness does not this convey! Sir Richard is evidently impressed with the idea himself, and believes that the contemplation of this immensity must tend to broaden the Anglo-Saxon mind. He is full of complacency at the effects of Anglo-Saxon enterprise there manifest. To every one his due; but Sir Richard fails to take note of another kind of enterprise, which went before, and, in many cases, prepared the way. This was the enterprise of the Catholic missionaries, exploring, instructing, civilizing. Nor is their work ended. To-day, we find important testimony to their labors amongst the Indian tribes, so frequently preventing outbreaks. Yet these missionaries were not, for the most part, Anglo-Saxons.

Having briefly called attention to the physical features of Canada, its geographical extent, and its material resources, we are met by other important considerations. Each one is worthy the attention of Canadians, and is one argument more, on the Canadian side of the question, against annexation.

Canada has what may be truly called responsible government. She has all the best features of the British Constitution, and avoids some weak points in that of the United States. The House of Commons here, as in England, is the most important legislative body, because by it the will of the people is made known, and it always has public opinion in the background. It can never be independent of the people. Out of it are chosen the Premier and his ministry, who are responsible to the people for their acts, and must, on an expression of popular dissatisfaction, retire. Besides, there are two wholesome checks upon it: the Senate, or Upper House, presumably composed of men of high character, of definite social standing, and of mature age. This body is independent of the popular vote. The Opposition, comprising all that there is of talent and energy in the party opposed to the Government, and which may be trusted to keep a vigilant eye upon the administrative acts of its opponents. The Queen, or Privy Council, has an ultimate voice in matters of importance, but the privilege is rarely used.

The unpleasantness of vetoes and dead-locks which sometimes occur in the governing system of the United States, and are usually owing to the separation of the legislative and executive powers,—in other words, to the position of the President in regard to the Houses of Congress,—are avoided in the Canadian Constitution. Freedom, without license, is, in fact, the heritage of every inhabitant of the Dominion.

The school system of Canada is peculiarly satisfactory to all the partisans of religious education. Separate schools being permitted and supported by public money, the rights of the Catholic minority in Ontario, and the Protestant minority in Quebec are respected. This would be an important consideration to Catholics, especially in view of the unsatisfactory school laws existing in the United States. How curious is the fact here in Canada, and how illustrative of the workings of sectarian prejudice, that Protestant ministers and others, the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists, are crying out for annexation.

Not for any love for the great Republic, which their fathers deserted in its time of need, still less from any patriotic desire for the welfare of Canada, but out of opposition to their Catholic compatriots. To have part, they say, in the common-school system of the United States, which deals the strongest blow at Papal domination. They are not concerned at the fact that it also strikes a blow at Christianity itself. Could the parent oak be laid low, these dry branches would be willing to die also. It is, moreover, a very naive admission. For, if Catholic schools make children into good Catholics, why should not Protestant schools make good Protestants. As to aggression, on which side does it exist, in Catholic Quebec, where Protestant schools are subsidized by the Government, or in Massachusetts, where Catholic schools, supported by private money, were forcibly closed, and an appeal to the law courts rendered necessary?

One of the most important matters with which the Quebec Provincial Ministry has had to deal, under Mr. Mercier's administration, is unquestionably that of the Jesuits' estates. It should be always borne in mind, that it is not Mr. Mercier's scheme, the matter having occupied the attention of his various predecessors; but Mr. Mercier has had the courage, the manliness, the ability to rise above, or rather to withstand, the vulgar prejudices of a small minority, and carry out this measure of justice. Compensation was due to the Jesuits, and should have been given with the better grace, that the Jesuits were the first and among the principal benefactors of Canada. Mr. Mercier is resolved that this compensation shall be given, notwithstanding the sophistries of those who endeavor to adduce dead-letter laws, which, if strictly carried out, would deprive every Catholic of liberty and even life, to prove that the Jesuits cannot legally hold property. In spite of sensational reports to the contrary, the Protestants of Quebec, with rare good sense, regard the measure as something which does not concern them. In Ontario, it has raised a ferment. But this is not surprising, since the history of Ontario has been marred throughout by the persistent efforts of a certain faction to arouse religious strife. On every available, or unavailable occasion, they are hard at work.

Meetings are held, Catholics are reviled, men of the Fulton type are collected from the north and the south, and the east and the west, and the imminent danger of Canada from the aggression of the Pope is represented. And the years have gone by, but that feeble old man, himself a prisoner in the Vatican, has not raised a finger against the poor fanatics of Western Canada or elsewhere. Yet he seems to grow more terrible to them. Why, it may be asked, are Protestants always afraid of the Pope? His sublime dignity, which sometimes, through familiarity, is overlooked to some degree by Catholics, strikes them with full force. They feel his innate strength.

Here in Quebec, meanwhile, the Catholic majority of Quebec goes carelessly on its way, amused or indifferent, as regards the abuse of them and their religion by their fellow-countrymen of Ontario. They are always willing to assent to any measure in favor of the Protestant minority, and to vote for the Protestant candidate for municipal, provincial, or federal honors, with the utmost impartiality.

Apart from these petty exhibitions of bigotry, which are after all local, and are almost certain, in the spread of enlightenment, to

die out, Canadians have every reason to be proud of their country. Education is becoming more general every day, literature, hitherto almost exclusively the heritage of the French settlers, is beginning to show its head amongst the other nationalities. Art, still in its infancy, gives promise of better things. Religion here in Quebec has a steady hold upon the people, and speaking in general, though more particularly so of the Catholic, it does a great work for the state, in caring for all varieties of the poor and unfortunate. Here, again, bigotry is trying to do harm, by procuring the abolition of all exemption from taxation and the withdrawal of grants from religious and charitable institutions. The blow is aimed at the Catholic church, but it will be a two-edged one, as Protestant establishments receive their full share of the public money, and are exempt from taxation. Besides it is a most short-sighted policy, as by statistics it is proved that these institutions of charity save the government a large sum every year.

From the few suggestions crowded into these pages, it may be seen that Canadians will not readily abandon the idea of making their country a great one. None can penetrate the designs of Providence; but to human eyes there are no apparent reasons, why the two great states upon this continent should not develop side by side, their individuality untouched, their interests separate and yet to some extent the same, united by fraternal cordiality, willing to bear and to forbear. The time may come when Canada shall become independent of the mother country, or when commercial union shall unite it more closely with its great neighbor; but annexation, under any circumstances, would be productive of more harm than good to Canada; and perhaps also to the United States, which, if it absorbed Canada, might be in danger of falling to pieces from overgrowth.

I have not insisted on the many struggles and difficulties encountered by the Catholic minority of Ontario, with regard to separate school education. It was only obtained after a desperate contest. Even yet it is sometimes a bone of contention. In Quebec the right to support their own schools was readily granted to the Protestant minority.

## Popes Sprung From the People.

POPE JOHN XVIII., it is said, sprang from the lowest class. Damascus II. was the son of a Bavarian peasant. Adrian IV. was the son of a woman who depended on the alms of the parish. Urban IV. was the son of a cobbler. Nicholas IV. belonged to a poor family. Celestine V. was the eleventh son of poor people. Benedict XI. was the son of a washer-woman. John XXII. was the son of a collector of old rags. Benedict XII. was the son of a miller. Boniface IX. belonged to a poor family who had fallen from a high station. Alexander V. did not know who his parents were; he only remembered that he got his bread, when a boy, by begging. The mother of Nicholas V. lived by raising poultry. Sixtus IV. was the son of a fisherman whom he aided in his boyhood. Adrian VI. was the son of a shipwright. Pius V. was the son of a shepherd. Sixtus V. was the son of a herdsman.

THE founder of Quebec and discoverer of Lake Champlain and Ontario, was the Catholic, Samuel de Champlain.

# Caoine for Sir Cahir O'Doherty.

THE following splendid ballad by the distinguished Irish authoress and poetess, Mrs. M. T. Pender, is published in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, with her kind permission. Mrs. Pender has written several charming Irish novels, among which may be enumerated, The Green Cockade, Red Hugh O'Donnell, Cahir O'Doherty, the Last of the Irish Chieftains, Married in May, etc. She, more than any other living Irish novelist, seems to have a special knack of making the historical novel interesting; and no one has ever read one of her stories without wishing further acquaintance with the author's work. As a specimen of Mrs. Pender's charming prose style, we quote her description of the mourning of the heroine, in The Last of the Irish Chieftains, over the remains of Sir Cahir O'Doherty: —

"I have tried to sing the death-song of Cahir Mor; all day long and all the night wild songs of sorrow have been surging and swelling through the drear darkness of my heart and brain — surging and swelling like the sea in sunless caves. But a chain was on my tongue; my soul was heavy as death; no light, no voice would come. And he is deserted by all — he, the leader of men; the day-star from whence every eye drank in its beams — *he* lies cold, contemned, deserted, alone with the black strangers around him! Where are the mourners and keeners — the prayers to hallow, the songs to extol? Shall his light go out in darkness and end in shame, because he tried to snatch his country from shame and darkness? Oh, Una, my soul is free; the shadows disappear; my voice returns! Cahir, my chief" — rising to her feet and throwing out her white hands with an upward glance of her luminous, eloquent eyes — "one humble strain shall mourn thy untimely fall; thou shalt not be all unremembered, all unsung!"

Weep, Innishowen, for thy chieftain laid lowly,
But not with his fathers in Fahan the Holy.
He died on the field with his proud banner o'er him,
The foe that he hated, but feared not, before him,
In the front of his clan, where his fierce "Farrah" thundered
Fell he, as beseemed him, with death-wounds a hundred;
But they bore not the chief from that red field of slaughter
To sleep his last sleep by Lough Swilly's blue water.
To-night o'er his pale corse no censer is swinging,
No sad hymn is pealing, no death-bell is ringing;
Nor clansmen nor kinsmen are gathered to bury him,
Prelates to pray for, nor princes to carry him;
Nor keeners, whose loud wail should ring through the island,
And startle the dwellers in valley and highland,
Till, thick as the waves on the wild rocks of Malin
Should gather the mourners for him that is fallen,
Nor bards with their high harps to sing of his glory,
Nor grief-stricken maidens to weep at the story;
Nor warriors to tell of his deeds and his daring,
Nor dolorous mother, nor widow despairing;
Nor torchlight, nor banner, nor monk pacing slowly,
For O'Doherty sleeps not in Fahan the Holy.
Oh, there's woe in proud Aileagh, there's woe in Buncrana,
For the flower of the brave race of *Connor-an-einigh*.*
For the butchering knife of the Sassenach found him,
And the kite and the raven are wheeling around him —
The gled and the eagle his death-keen are shrieking,
For on Derry's dark gateways his young limbs are reeking,
And his head, with its gold locks — God's malison rest where
Rest thou and thy black brood, accursed Chichester! —
That head, like the sun in his splendor and power,
Is set up to blacken on Bermingham Tower.

* *Connor-an-einigh* — *i. e.*, Connor the Generous, an illustrious ancestor of O'Doherty, who became chieftain of Innishowen in the thirteenth century.

Oh, had you been spared us. had you not left us,
Had not this cruel blow robbed us and reft us,
Wide had thy banners streamed over a free land still,
Thick had thy blue spears gleamed,—guarding lake, lea, and hill,—
Every crag was a fort, every clansman a warder,
And the foe ne'er had looked o'er O'Doherty's border!
And, oh, when thy war-cry woke hillside and hollow,
Thought was not fleeter than we were to follow —
Fishers had swarmed from the soft Lake of Shadows,*
Cliffmen of Malin and creaghts of the Meadows,†
Hillmen had rushed from Glengad and Glengannon,
From the Mountain of Snow ‡ they had leaped like the Shannon.
From Aileagh of Kings, and from Burt and Buncrana,
Had mustered the high line of Connor-an-einigh —
Spirits ne'er tamed to the rule of the stranger,
Swords ever first in the red gap of danger;
Hearts that were bravest, and shields that were brightest,
Hands that were truest, and steps that were lightest, —
Well were they set in the arms of the ocean
To guard the Green Isle of their love and devotion;
And well was their trust kept in tumults and troubles,
For the Eye of the North were these daring Dark § Nobles;
In camp or in counsel, oh, they were the men for us,
Heart of our hearts were the sons of the Generous.
*Ululu*, *ululu*, where shall we turn us now?
Slayers may slay us, and burners may burn us now;
Now shall we drink of the red cup of slaughter,
Deep as Pol-iffrin ‖ and dark as its water;
But never again shall that shield be raised o'er us,
That shone like a fortunate planet before us;
Never again shall that wild-ringing warrison
Rouse to destruction fort, city, and garrison;
Or the thunderous flash of that sword smite and scatter
The Sassenach hosts from Lough Foyle to Blackwater.
He is dead! he is dead! but the flower of his glory
Shall burgeon and blossom in song and in story;
While we, up the steeps of our Calvary wending,
'Neath the cross of the conqueror bleeding and bending —
Bending and bleeding in shame and in slavery —
Have no heritage left save the light of his bravery.
Ululu-ai! yon night-cloud that lowers,
Like a legend of doom, over Aileagh's dark towers,
Is red as the gouts on the plume of the heron
That waved o'er the brow of the last Chief of Erin!
The last Chief of Erin! the last Chief of Erin! —
There's woe in the land from Dunaff to Dunkerron,
From Galway to Howth there is dree and despairing
For Cahir the last — the last chieftain of Erin!

* Lake of Shadows, the poetic name of Lough Swilly, so called from the shadows of the mountains being everywhere reflected in its winding creeks and fiords.

† The Meadows, or *Meedians*. There are three townlands of this name — viz., the Meedian-ban, the Meedian-mor, and the Meedian-buidhe.

‡ Slieve Snaght, or the Snow mountain, in Innishowen.

§ The name O'Doherty is derived from *Dhu*, dark, and *ard*, high, noble.

‖ Pol-iffrin — *i. e.*, Hell's Hole, a dark and terrific sea cavern near Malin Head, within which the waves boil and moan in the calmest weather.

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It is now held as a principle of education that the social surroundings of children are either aids or hindrances to education. This is true; and it is one of the reasons why the Catholic church builds schools of her own, where children will grow up morally and mentally sound, in healthy and favorable surroundings.

# The Disposal of the Dead.—Cemeteries.

Not many Sundays ago, an English Vicar, enjoying a holiday in this country, preached in the city of New York. His subject was the disposition of the dead. He advocated the practice of burial in the ground, and opposed cremation. He argued that the frailest possible coffin should be used; that the burial take place as soon as signs of dissolution appeared, and that it should be "in earth sufficient and suitable for the resolution of the body into its constituent elements, in accordance with the law of the land, which assigns six feet of earth." The preacher spoke according to the decent and accepted sentiment of the vast majority of Christians on this matter.

The advocates of cremation, however, do not seem to be on the decrease. They have recourse to every subterfuge in order to justify and popularize their theory and their action. They adduce the expense of funerals and interments. They tell of the broad acres, the cemeteries, "withdrawn forever from the food-producing area of the country." They quote the Earl of Beaconsfield, as exclaiming, in the House of Lords, that he should like to see the shutting up of all the "God's acres" throughout the country, and so forth.

There is no doubt, be it said, in passing, that the cost of funerals is very large, indeed; lavishly large among the rich, cruelly so with the poor. Bishops and rectors have, time and again, made efforts to lessen the abuse, and only with very partial success. Nor is the abuse confined to this hemisphere. It is calculated that the funeral rites of eighty thousand persons, who died in London one of these late years, cost more than four millions of dollars. Another calculation puts the cost of funerals, for England and Wales, at twenty-five millions of dollars a year.

The Catholic church, nevertheless, has always believed that inhumation is at once the most decent and the most religious means of disposing of the dead. It is the method sanctioned by antiquity; it is scriptural; it is ecclesiastical. But, as two other methods have been employed in the disposal of the dead, a passing notice shall be given them in this brief article. And so, with Shakespeare,—

> "Let's talk of worms and graves and epitaphs,
> Make dust our paper, and, with rainy eyes,
> Write sorrow on the bosom of this earth;
> Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;
> And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
> Save our deposéd bodies to the ground."

Nothing gives us a clearer insight into the character of a people, than the manner in which they treat their dead; and you may count that people at once irreligious and uncivilized that respects not its departed ones. Christian people honor their dead, for they know that their bodies were once the temples of the Holy Ghost; that this mortal will yet put on immortality; that these very bodies will rise again, and, in their very flesh, shall see their God. But infidels — those who

believe not in a future state — have no respect for their dead. And how can they bury with honor, who, denying the existence of the soul and of a future state, regard even the living body as a soulless clod of earth? There can be none of the beautiful refinement of poetry, even, in such a people; and we know that a people are refined by the poetry of natural religion.

A belief in the resurrection of the body is the fundamental motive of the Catholic church in her discipline regarding the dead. With her the "*non omnis moriar*" comes ultimately to apply to the body.

The Christian body, if the term may be used, had been too much honored in life to be neglected or dishonored in death. Through that body the sacraments were applied to the soul. On its head once fell the regenerating laver of baptism. Frequently, on the rugged road through life, it was sanctified either by the Chrismal cross in confirmation, or the extreme Unction in dangerous sickness; or yet, grandest of all, fortified by the life-giving "Bread of angels." And so the church, like a mother, clings to the body of her child, even in death. Before God's altar she blesses it, sprinkles it, incenses it. Yea, she blesses the very ground prepared for its reception. How different with the dead in non-Catholic communions! With them all affection for the dead would seem to die out with the life of the lost one. The body is secreted in a dark room and kept out of sight, till, after a few cold psalms are read, the earth mercifully takes it away into its bosom. Then all is over. And this is one of the results of that "glorious" Reformation, whose votaries love the Scriptures, and who so often read: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth. And I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God." *

The first cemetery of which we have notice in history is an Egyptian one. It was situated on the borders of a romantic lake, called Acherusia, which name signified the last state of man. This cemetery and lake gave rise to much of the mythological marvels we read about Charon the ferryman, the ferry-money, and the Elysian Fields. The cemetery itself was called Eliseum, rest.

Nor was every one who died in the vicinity interred here. A board of forty-two judges constituted a committee of investigation; and if the deceased was not of good character his body could not be carried to the cemetery beyond the lake, but was sent down the river to a common ditch, called Tartarus. Hence "the gloomy Tartarus" in mythology. If the deceased died insolvent his body was given to the creditors, who kept it until ransomed.

Then cemeteries began to spread throughout the world; and though various other methods of disposing of the dead crept in, burial in the ground was the most popular and the most general. It is the method referred to in the earliest Scriptures; and all are familiar with the touching scene in which Abraham is described burying his wife, Sara, in a cave in the land of Canaan. I believe there is only once in all ancient Scripture a reference to cremation, and that is in the First Book of Kings, † where we find related the fact that Saul and his

* Job xix., v. 25, 26. † I. Kings, xxxi., v. 12.

three sons were cremated by the men of Jabes Galaad, in order to save the dead bodies from additional insults from the Philistines. The bones that remained, however, were afterward buried in the earth, while the people began a fast of seven days. Nevertheless, burial was only one of three methods of ancient interment. There were, besides, embalmment and cremation.

Of the art of embalming, Egypt is the teacher as well as the originator; and, doubtless, the art had its origin in the desire, which is natural enough, to preserve the objects of affection and of love. The soil and climate of the country were peculiarly favorable to the work, — and Egyptian mummies are now as inoffensive to the senses as any articles of wood or stone. They are scattered all over this earth, through museums, libraries, and even private houses. The great wonder is where the Egyptians could have found all the drugs and spices and resins which we are told are essential to the process of embalming. For it must be borne in mind that they embalmed almost every living thing, especially reptiles and other noxious creatures, such as foxes, apes, and wild-cats. The Romans soon learned and adopted the art of human embalmment. It is strange that the custom of embalming has been found prevalent in the islands of the Southern Ocean. And the Peruvians had a way of preserving their dead by first burying them in snow and then applying a certain kind of bitumen, which kept the body not only perfect, but life-like. In the Monastery of Kreusburg, near Bonn, the monks have been preserved in their costumes for centuries. The bodies, it is said, were first baked in a slow oven, heated in a peculiar way, then covered with gum and kept air-tight for a long time. At all events, the dead monks are there, standing erect in niches, and dressed in the habit of their order.

The practice of cremation was once very general among pre-Christian Gentiles, as we may judge from the urns of the ancients. Indeed, these urns have been found over so extensive a portion of the world that it is difficult to say to what countries in particular the custom belonged. Nearly all the illustrious Romans were cremated and their ashes placed in gorgeous urns. These urns were generally deposited in tombs, or in Columbaria, on the Appian Way. And there is an instance of a statue erected to a Roman Emperor, marble fac-simile of himself, having the urn of his own ashes placed in the right hand of the figure. We know that after the battle of Sevastopol some British officers found mortuary urns in the ground supposed to be occupied by the besiegers of Troy.

At the time of the introduction of Christianity, however, inhumation was the most general method of disposing of the dead. Cemeteries existed everywhere. They were usually placed outside cities, towns and villages; and the words, "Stop, traveller," on the extra-mural tombs of Rome, meet the eye to the present day. Then Christian churches were erected; and those who were eminent for piety in life were buried, not in the cemeteries, but inside the church and near the altar. It became then a prevalent desire among the faithful to be buried near these saints inside the church. Then some

were buried a little outside the church wall; and the extension of this practice was the origin of church yards. These, in crowded towns, especially in the last two centuries, became offensive and unhealthy, and recourse was again had to the cemeteries. So that the order has been: Cemeteries first, before the erection of Christian churches; then church yards for centuries after the introduction of Christianity; finally, in these days of hygiene, back again to the cemeteries.

And so we come down to the Christian cemetery, consecrated, cared for, adorned by the green mantle of nature, decorated by rare works of art; those marble "cities of the dead," spread through the world almost as densely as the noisy cities of the living; those silent homes where kind hands have planted rarest flowers, and loving lips have uttered sweet prayers, and where aching hearts have learned to hope on in expectation of friendly reunions beyond the grave.

A few words may here be devoted to some of the leading Christian cemeteries of the Old World.

Westminster Abbey is a Catholic cemetery. It was built by Catholics, for Catholics, and Catholics were the first interred within its precincts. Its antiquity dates back to the seventh century, and is lost in the twilight of fable. In this grand old Abbey, for centuries one of the most famous burial places in Europe, are interred nearly every English king and queen from Alfred to George III., together with many of the nobles, and nearly all of the eminent men of the land. Its chapels and cloistered corridors are filled with tombs and armorial devices. Here, in "the light of other days," you read the varied epitaphs, or notice the crossed legs of those knights who fought in the Holy Land. In the chapel of Edward the Confessor, side by side with the gorgeous mausoleum of the imperious Elizabeth, you meet the tomb of Mary, the unfortunate Queen of Scots. In this chapel, Catholic mottoes and emblems are all around you, for nearly all here interred were Catholics. Sir James Fullerton, a stanch Catholic of the time of James I., as his epitaph boldly tells, is buried in the chapel of St. Paul.

About one mile from the city of Dublin is situated the now well-known cemetery of Glasnevin. In the beginning of this century, the Catholics of the Irish metropolis were sorely in need of a burying-ground. The old Catholic grave-yards had passed away, with the churches, into Protestant hands; and though the Catholics still continued to bury their dead in these grave-yards, Catholic rites were forbidden, Catholic mourners were insulted, and fees were extorted by the Protestant incumbents. This state of things aroused the people. At a meeting of the Catholic Association, in 1823, the matter was brought up, and Daniel O'Connell, then a lawyer practising in Dublin, proposed "to form an association for the purchase of ground, to serve as an asylum [these are his own words] where their bones might be deposited with the forms of Christian burial, without fear of insult, and where the Irish Catholics might enjoy the exercise of a religious ceremony of which they only, of the whole Christian world, were deprived." O'Connell became the chairman of a committee on this

matter, and thus inaugurated the very cemetery in which he himself was afterwards so honorably interred. It was a memorable day,— in May, 1869,— when his remains were transferred to their final resting place in the "O'Connell Circle" of the cemetery. The eloquent Dominican, who passed through this land a few years after, was the speaker chosen for the occasion. To fifteen thousand people he spoke that day, in the open air, in the presence of the most honored men then living in the land, and over the graves of the most honored of its dead. And then the remains were placed in the monument, under the round tower. "My heart to Rome, my body to Ireland, my soul to God," is the leading legend which you can decipher, as you peer through the iron gate of the vault. There let him rest, with all the other brave ones whose graves are stoneless, and whose epitaphs remain uncarved.

"Far better they suit them, the ruin and gloom,
'Till Ireland, a nation, can build them a tomb."

A distinguished British tourist has called Pere la Chaise the Glasnevin of Paris. This famous cemetery was called from a priest of that name who had a country residence on the site of the present cemetery chapel. He was a Jesuit, and the confessor of Louis XIV. It covers an area of about two hundred acres, and is one of the handsomest burying-grounds in the world. Here are buried the most gifted sons and daughters of a truly gifted land,— names of European celebrity. Intermingled with thousands of silent companions are the names of La Fontaine, Moliere, Bellini, the composer, Talma, the tragedian, Mlle. Mars, the actress, Beranger, the people's poet, and so on, till your eye grows weary of reading famous names. Then come Napoleon's Marshals,— soldiers' graves,— Massena, Macdonald, Junot, Grouchy; and, last of all, in the midst of a pretty little flower garden, letterless and stoneless, is the grave of "the bravest of the brave," Michel Ney.

A new and terrible feature came upon the history of this cemetery on the evening of that dread communist day, May 24th, 1871, when the dead bodies of the archbishop and five of his priests were thrown into its "Fosse Commune." What a grave for the worthiest sons of La Belle France! "Oh, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" The bodies were soon removed, however, and honorably buried. The archbishop was interred with his predecessors around the High Altar of Notre Dame, and in the vestry, his blood-stained soutane, covered over with the mud of the foul prison wall and ground, and torn with seven bullets, is shown to the awe-struck tourist. Notre Dame is, then, the cemetery of the bishops of Paris.

And St. Denis is the burial place of its kings, that is, it was until 1793. But alas for French stability and French respect for governing authority. In that dread year the Westminster of France was all but annihilated. In three days fifty-one royal tombs were swept away, their bodies thrown into the common trenches prepared for them, and the edifice, stripped of its lead to make bullets for the revolution, was used as a cattle-market up to the time of Napoleon. It is now restored after a manner surpassing its former magnificence.

Montmartre, Mont-Parnasse, and the Catacombs are the other great resting-places for the dead of Paris. These last named are quite as ancient, though not as historical as the Roman Catacombs. They were formerly quarries worked as far back as the Roman period, yielding a soft kind of limestone which hardens on exposure to the air. These subterranean passages extend under a great portion of Paris, and, in 1784, threatened to submerge several streets. They were ingeniously propped up, however, named after the streets overhead, and opened up by sixty different entrances in the suburbs. During the revolution and the reign of terror immense numbers of bodies were thrown in confused masses into these cavities; but, in 1810, a regular system was organized for their proper arrangement. The apartments are artistically lined with human bones, intermingled with rows of skulls. Even chapels are formed of these ghastly materials. No interments take place there at present.

It is unnecessary to pen a word here concerning the Roman Catacombs, although they are, perhaps, the most densely thronged cities of the dead within the bosom of the earth. But all Rome is one vast burial ground. The vaults of its churches are filled with the bones of martyrs; the floors of its churches are but the tombs of saints! In the Crypt of the great St. Peter's rest nearly all the Popes. Immense urns in some churches contain the dried-up blood of martyrs collected fourteen or sixteen centuries ago, while the various convents of the older religious orders contain the remains of their departed ones. On the floor of St. Petro in Montorio, you read the epitaph of O'Neill and O'Donnell, the Irish chieftains. In the quiet shrine of St. Agatha rests the great heart of O'Connell.

Yes; and many another Irish troubled heart has stolen to rest in various other cemeteries throughout the length and breadth of Europe. How wistful is a walk through the little cemeteries of Cannes, Nice, Vevey, Aix-le-Bains! Are you not startled to meet in the cemetery of this last-named health resort such an epitaph as "Celestine O'Mahony, 14 Mars, 1846?" Oh, Hibernian Celt, dead or alive, where are you not?

There is a custom so closely allied to our subject, that one feels bound to give it a passing word. It is the custom of *mourning*. The origin of wearing a different dress, after the death of a friend, arose, doubtless, from the carelessness and indifference which is engendered by death in the family. The colors of mourning are different in different countries. In Europe and America, it is black; in China, it is white (it was in white that the Roman ladies mourned); in Turkey, it is blue; in Egypt, yellow; in Ethiopia, brown; and kings and cardinals mourn in purple. The ancient Hebrews tore their garments, threw dust and ashes on their heads, and abstained from washing. The Persians cut off their hair. In ancient Greece, when a general died, the army cut off not only their own hair, but the manes of their horses. Both Greeks and Romans hired for funerals "mourning women;" and in the old tombs, which have been recently opened in Palestine, Greece, and Herculaneum, are found lacrymatories, or tear-

bottles, in which the mourners preserved their tears. The custom of private mourning is universal to-day. Public mourning would appear to be on the wane, though it obtained, in the United States, on the death of Franklin, Washington, Lafayette, and Lincoln.

From what has been seen on this gloomy subject, it is scarcely necessary to state, in closing, that burial in the ground is the method sanctioned by God's wise church regarding the disposal of our dead; that embalmment, in its old forms, is not practicable; and that cremation is irreligious and unchristian, if not infidel. At all events, the advocates of cremation are chiefly agnostics and enemies of revealed and Christian truths; and the practice is certainly meant to assail the dogma of the resurrection of the dead; while their assumption that cremation is a sanitary practice, can be shown to be a mere subterfuge. Many a crime, hurtful to the community, may be shielded by cremation, while humation renders it possible to inspect the corpse, if needed, long after burial. Of course, the church, under certain circumstances, could any day permit cremation; but, as she stands to-day, she prohibits it; and no priest can absolve a dying Catholic, who insists on his own *post-mortem* incineration.

Salutary lessons can be learned from contemplation on this suggestive subject, — death, Christian burial, prayer for the faithful departed! We might endeavor, henceforth, to think more frequently and more kindly of the dead, to pray for them, to imitate the lives of the most virtuous. We might go, in spirit, to the grave of buried friendship, and learn the sadly sweet lessons it cannot fail to teach. Our fancy would place it in a Christian graveyard, where the cross stands at every mound, where the moonbeams fall brightly, like faith conquering doubt; where, ever and anon, as the breeze sweeps by, making wistful melody, the voices of the dead seem speaking golden truths, or begging the charity of our golden prayers. And we shall awake from our happy reverie, feeling better Christians, loving all the more Him who said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and craving, all the more trustingly, for light perpetual on the faithful departed.

JOHN M. KIELY.

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## Bad Books.

"UNLESS it be for purposes of reference, with a useful end, we must confine ourselves to the masterpieces of great names; we have not time enough for the rest. We have, consequently, still less for those writings which are, as it were, the common sewers of the human intellect, and which, notwithstanding their flowers, contain nothing but frightful corruption. Just as a good man shuns the conversation of lost women and of dishonorable men, so a Christian ought to avoid reading works which have never done anything but harm to the human race."— Lacordaire.

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THE Missionary of the Iroquois was the Jesuit Isaac Jogues, and Jesuits are Catholics. The first Missionary of the Hurons was John de Brebœuf.

# The Bride's Death Song.

By Eugene Davis.

I.

My *bouchaleen!* — my *bouchaleen*, a curse upon the sea
That bore you to its ghastly deeps, and stole your love from me!
A curse upon the false white waves that murmured o'er your head,
And danced with all a fiendish glee where you lay cold and dead.

II.

God's light has left the earth around, and summer skies above —
A maid, a bride, a widow, here I mourn my own true love!
And well I might; for scarcely had our marriage vows been said
When ocean's floor became *ochone!* my Donald's nuptial bed!

III.

I cannot bring him back again, though I may cry aloud —
Each billow is his pillowed couch — the sea his wedding shroud!
Oh, could I but have died with him, caressed by raging storms,
I should have found my paradise, while drowning in his arms.

IV.

My *bouchaleen!* my *bouchaleen*, I know your dwelling place —
I'll ask, I'll pray the great, good God to let me see your face;
I'll beg of angel spirits to waft me up to thee
Beyond the grave, and give thee back, lov'd *bouchaleen* to me!

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## Sinhalese Priests.

THERE is a very interesting account in the last number of the Ceylon Catholic Messenger of the ordination of two Sinhalese priests. The native priests' elevation was the source of great rejoicing to all. Very Rev. Father Vistarini said on the happy occasion: "Now we have the largest clergy that had ever existed in this part of Ceylon, and two Sinhalese priests had been ordained." Addressing himself to the young priests, the Rev. Father exhorted them to follow in the footsteps of their worthy Archbishop, in whom they saw an example of the most disinterested zeal and a life wholly devoted to the service of God and Holy Church. On the next morning, Sunday, December 23d, the new priests celebrated their first Masses in several churches and chapels of the town. At the Cathedral of St. Lucia the 7 o'clock Mass was said by the Rev. Father Fonseka, in the presence of his happy mother, brothers, sisters, and other relatives. He was assisted by the Very Rev. Father Vistarini. Father Kartelis said the 8.30 Mass, being assisted by the Very Rev. Father Pulicani, who had baptized him, had heard his first confession, had given him First Communion, had prepared him for Confirmation, and, lastly, had preached to the Brothers the retreat preparatory to the ordination. The Rev. Father, who had long since foretold the priestly vocation of his young pupil, seemed to be very happy in assisting him at the altar. In the evening a large number of old friends of Father Kartelis, and amongst them the members of the Sodality of the B. V., presented him with addresses of congratulation.

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THE discoverer of Lower Canada and the river St. Lawrence was James Cartier, a Catholic.

# The Hercules Stone and the Amber Spirit.

PART II.

HAVING briefly glanced at the traditional history and development of the wonderful properties of the Hercules Stone, we now propose to turn our attention to the study of the progressive steps by which the Amber Spirit, so nearly related to the Hercules Stone, became conjointly therewith a magic power, beside which the fabled wonders of Aladdin's lamp fade into an insignificance as complete as that which befalls the gas-burner when confronted with the overpowering brilliancy of the modern electric light.

Electricity was certainly, though imperfectly, known to the ancients. It derives its name from the Greek word *electron*, which signifies amber, upon which substance its magical phenomena were first discovered by Thales of Miletus; but the application of this name to the newly-discovered sprite was deferred for over two thousand years, and was first brought into use by Dr. Gilbert, early in the seventeenth century. Thales states it to be "an inherent soul, or essence, which, awakened by friction, went forth and brought back the light particles floating around." Theophrastus also wrote upon this subject; and, in the third century of the Christian era, Kuopho wrote: "The magnet attracts iron as amber does the smallest mustard-seed. It is like a breath of wind which mysteriously communicates itself with the rapidity of an arrow."

Dr. Gilbert, in his work *De Magnete*, published about 1600, adds several substances besides amber to the list of electrics, and states that not only light bodies, but all solid bodies whatever, including metals, water, and oil, are attracted by excited electrics. These experiments he directs to be performed "by bringing the excited body near to the end of a light needle of any metal, balanced and turning freely on a pivot, like the magnetic apparatus."

What is electricity?

"It is the most stupendous force in nature, apparently active throughout the universe, the cause of the phenomena described as attraction, gravitation, and magnetism, and, most probably, heat and light. It is incessantly active, and maintains, it would seem, the physical life of the world. Science can only appreciate some of its results, and apply it on a very limited scale to practical purposes; but knowledge of its adaptability is growing every day, and what a few years since was little more than material for brilliant laboratory experiment, or the production of scientific toys, is now becoming a gigantic motive-power, available for the service of practical science and the progress of civilization.

"Already it provides a means of instantaneous communication between portions of the earth's surface most remote from each other. It is gradually superseding all other methods of artificial illumination, and it promises to make steam obsolete as a motive-power. What other aid it may give we know not, and we scarcely dare conjecture,

although it would seem that the most vivid imagination must fail to apprehend its possibilities. It is in the earth beneath us, known as terrestrial magnetism; it is in the atmosphere around us, and its energy is seen in the lightning flashes which mark the discharge of force, between clouds, each of which is a storage of force. . . . It is a force which, so far as human intellect can appreciate it, knows no cessation, diminution, or deterioration. It can be summoned, but not created by any skill of man, — made apparent in the results of friction or chemical action, — but made apparent only; not produced. A spark, the eighth of an inch long, produced by contact with the small electric machine in the lecture room, is precisely similar in character to the terrible flash which splits a tree to fragments, striking it with sudden death, or topples down the most massive tower reared by the skill of man. In Oriental fable we read of lamps, the rubbing of which summoned an obedient *genius*, ready to minister to every want. We can excite the electric force and the most stupendous of all the *genii* of nature, — if not, indeed, the master spirit of which all known natural forces are but variations, — is at our service; our servant, if we will, — our most terrible master, if we have no skill to conciliate him." (Beeton's Dictionary of Science.)

The genius of modern science is a weighing and a measuring one. Physical science of to-day is essentially progressive and aggressive. Yesterday's goal becomes to-morrow's starting-point. Recent discoveries and inventions foreshadow a coming revolution in scientific thought. For almost two hundred years friction was the only known mode of producing the electrical state of bodies, till, in the beginning of the present century, the discovery of galvanism revealed another means. This was but the first of a series of extensions, and what was at one time the whole, forms now but a mere part of the science of electricity.

Ideas are conveyed to the mind by electric signals, and in telegraphy these signals are produced at distant places by two simple elementary electrical effects: —

(1) That a magnetic needle tends to place itself at right angles to a wire through which an electric current is passing; and (2) that that a piece of iron becomes magnetic when an electric current circulates through the convolutions of an insulated wire surrounding it. An innumerable quantity of tunes may be played upon these two strings.

From the following instances we get an idea of a few interesting examples of clear theoretical, even if unpracticable, anticipations of a notable modern discovery. In 1881, Professor Stanley Jevons found allusions to a magnetic telegraph running through many scientific or quasi-scientific works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The poet Addison speaks of "a chimerical correspondence between two friends by means of a loadstone." Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, says: "The conceit is excellent, and, if the effect would follow, somewhat divine." Joseph Glanvill, more than two hundred years ago, wrote: "Though this pretty contrivance, possibly, may not yet answer the expectation of inquisitive experiment, yet 'tis no

despicable item, that, by some other such way of magnetic efficiency, it may hereafter, with success, be attempted, when magical history shall be enlarged by riper inspections; and 'tis not unlikely but that present discoveries might be improved to the performance."

The earliest book in which Professor Jevons found allusion to a magnetic telegraph is the Natural Magic of Baptista Porta, published in 1589. In the seventh section he describes the wonders of the magnet, and says in the preface:

"I do not fear that with a long absent friend, even though he be confined by prison walls, we can communicate what we wish by means of two compass needles circumscribed with an alphabet." In the eighteenth chapter of the same section, he describes the experiment of putting a magnet under a table, and moving thereby a needle above the table. This experiment, as Porta relates, was known to St. Augustine, and an exact description will be found in his *De Civitate Dei*, a work believed to have been begun in the year 413. It seems probable that this passage in St. Augustine suggested the notion either to Porta, Bembo, or some early Italian writer, and that thus it came to be, as Sir Thomas Browne says, "whispered through the world."

Mr. William E. Axon refers to the passage in Strada in which he supposes the loadstone to have such virtue that "if two needles be touched with it and then balanced on separate pivots, and the one be turned in a particular direction, the other will sympathetically move parallel to it. He then directs each of these needles to be poised or mounted on a dial having the letters of the alphabet arranged around it. Accordingly, if one person has one of the dials, and another person the other, by a little prearrangement as to details, a correspondence can be maintained between them, at any distance, by simply pointing the needles to the letters of the required words."

Having reviewed the early and semi-mythical ideas regarding the mysterious forces of magnetism and electricity, we will bid adieu to the domain of romance, and enter the realm of fact which modern research has opened for us.

If we rub together two bodies of different nature, they develop a remarkable property of attracting light substances, such as small fragments of paper, small balls of elder-pith, feathers, etc., if placed in their vicinity. This attraction is felt at a little distance, and the substances affected thereby adhere to the surface of the rubbed body to which they are attracted,—or, rather, attracted and repelled in alternation. As an explanation of this phenomena, philosophers have assumed the presence of two fluids, or essences, of opposing qualities. They are imponderable, and escape our observation; but their presence can be apprehended and established by the effects they produce. We have already seen, while considering the magnetic phenomena, that magnetism always exhibits a dual polarity which is self-repellent. In electricity, we find analogous effects exhibited. One of the fluids is evoked by friction upon a stick of glass, and was thence called *vitreous* electricity; while the other is evoked by friction upon a stick of resin, and was designated *resinous*. But the terms resinous and vitreous,

though formerly used as absolute definitions, are now known to be not rigorously accurate, as either kind of electricity may be evoked by varying the rubbing substance. Instead of the terms vitreous and resinous, the opposite electricities are now styled *positive* and *negative*. Electricity of the nature of that excited upon glass rubbed with silk being positive, and that which corresponds to the electricity produced by rubbing sealing-wax with flannel being considered negative.

The theory of two fluids is an hypothesis; but it affords a satisfactory manner of explaining the phenomena of electricity, and is the most effective way of applying every-day language to the adequate expression of the facts which present themselves in the study of electricity.

If a metallic body be placed in contact with a body previously electrified, it instantly becomes charged with electricity in all its substance; but a stick of glass or resin, placed in a similar position, merely becomes electrized at its point of contact. Hence, we conclude that certain bodies lend themselves more readily than others to the propagation of the electrical state. The former are called *conductors;* the latter, non-conductors, or *insulators*. Metals are, generally speaking, conductors of high value, subject to slight variations under the influence of temperature; their conductivity being of relative excellence. Other substances conduct with more or less difficulty; for there is no substance of such perfect conductivity, as to offer no resistance to electric propagation, and neither is there any substance whose insulation is so absolute as to completely obstruct the passage of some form of electricity. By ranging the various bodies in the order of their conductibility, we are enabled, with tolerable accuracy, to divide them into conductors and insulators, bearing in mind that the more imperfectly the substance conducts, the better is its insulating power. Wood, pure water, the human body, and a great number of minerals, conduct electricity imperfectly; that is to say, they conduct *powerful* electricity well, but feeble electricity in a lesser degree, and sometimes not at all. Thus we see that while the comparatively weak voltaic electricity used for telegraph purpose is harmless to those engaged in its application, an unguarded touch against a wire carrying the heavy *quantity* currents, produced by induction for illuminating purposes, will result in a severe shock which may cause insensibility, or even death.

Then, again, physical constitution may invert the conductive state of certain bodies. Ice does not conduct, while water is an efficient conductor; tallow and wax conduct only when in the melted state; glass, usually an insulator, becomes a conductor of good value when made red hot. Glass, also, under the influence of moisture, speedily diminishes in value as an insulator, and experienced telegraphists find little difficulty in determining the presence of a rain-fall, even when many miles away, by observing the effects produced upon their apparatus, when the water gathering upon the surface of the glasses which support the wire, from station to station, has materially decreased the insulation of the circuit.

The following is an approximate list of the relative conductivity

of the various bodies, beginning with the conductors in the order of their value. If we read backwards, it will exhibit the same bodies arranged in accordance with their insulating capacity: *Silver*, *copper*, *gold*, *zinc*, *iron*, *lead*, *mercury*, *charcoal*, *acids*, *salt solutions*, *rarified air*, *pure water*, *stone*, *dry ice*, *dry wood*, *porcelain*, *dry paper*, *wool*, *silk*, *glass*, *sealing-wax*, *sulphur*, *resin*, *gutta-percha*, *india-rubber*, *shellac*, *paraffin*, *ebonite*, *dry air*, and *gases*.

All bodies are capable of assuming, by friction, the electrical state; but they differ among themselves with regard to their readiness to allow its transmission. Some receive and transmit it promptly and freely; others more slowly and with difficulty; while others still seem almost incapable of its propagation. But all are susceptible to electrization, only if the *touched* body be an insulator it takes electricity only on that part of its surface which has been in direct contact with the electrifying source; whilst, if it be a conductor, it becomes saturated throughout its whole extent. If the electrifying body be an insulator, it gives out its electricity to the *touched* body only at the point of contact; but if it is a conductor, the electricity is divided between itself and the *touched* body, in accordance with the simple law, that each of the two bodies receives of the total electricity a quantity proportional to its own surface. If we bring into contact two conductors of the same size and oppositely electrified in equal quantities, the two electricities unite and disappear; that is to say, no further electrical effects can be produced. The result is said to prove that all natural bodies possess in equal quantities both kinds of electricity which, when united form a *neutral* fluid, and that friction does not liberate these two kinds of electricity, but only separates them. An electrified body that is put in communication with the earth immediately loses all its electricity. For this reason, the earth is designated the *common reservoir*, because to it is carried the electricity of all bodies placed in connection with it, and this by virtue of its enormous bulk. Any electricity which we can artificially excite must be carefully insulated from it; otherwise, if allowed to spread over the earth, it will be lost in its immensity, like a wave on the boundless sea.

Theoretical views of the nature of electricity are almost as numerous as the experimenters who have devoted themselves to its elucidation; but its real character is, as yet, undetermined. The modern tendency is to depart from all *material* theories, and to adopt one more or less analogous to light and heat. Faraday ascribes all electrical phenomena to a *polarization* of the molecules of bodies, or a setting of the molecules all in one direction, there being no such regularity when bodies are in the unelectrified state. By a series of elaborate experiments, he went far to establish this view, which would demolish all the fluid theories.

"It has been well said, that rarely does a great discovery, as soon as it is made, at once begin to furnish the results which follow as a natural consequence from it. Nearly all important discoveries pass through a stage of neglect or obscurity. Either the public attention is already preoccupied, or the discoveries come at a time when the

public are not prepared for them, and they are disregarded, and may even disappear, with their authors, for a time, to come forward with fresh force in after years, when the world is more in tune to receive them. Sometimes they pass through a stage of quiet development in the laboratory; laws are established and apparatus devised to improve them; public spirit is awakened, and from the higher level of the great discovery flow new facts and new inventions, with astonishing rapidity, in many channels; the potential energy of the discoverer is transformed into energy of action in many directions, with more or less efficiency according to the retarding state of the medium through which that action takes place. The progress of electric science, in its several branches, will afford abundant instances of these several stages. If, for instance, we regard the progress of telegraphy, we find that Sir Francis Ronalds, in 1816, showed that electricity could be practically used for the conveying of messages over long distances; yet so little notice was taken of his discovery by the public, and by the (English) government, who were no longer in need (so they said) of telegraphs, after the battle of Waterloo, that he is almost driven to despair, and speaks of taking leave 'of a science which once afforded him a favorite source of amusement,' and of 'bidding a cordial adieu to electricity.' It is remarkable that he should have said, seventy years ago, 'Let us have electrical conversation offices communicating with each other all over the kingdom,' and yet the electric telegraph was not established till twenty years later (1837), and the system of telephone exchanges is of comparatively recent introduction. We shall also see other instances in which discoveries are neglected and passed by, because, as we may say, the discoverers were men ahead of their time, and, in some cases, the same discoveries are again made, and become known under another name. In 1813, when Sir Francis Ronalds was experimenting on his telegraph at Hammersmith, Sir Humphrey Davy produced the electric light between two carbons which were joined to the poles of a powerful battery. In the year 1820, Oersted observed the action of a current of electricity on the magnetic needles, and thus gave a very ready method of comparing the effects of different currents, by balancing these effects on the needles against the effects of the earth's horizontal magnetic force. In the same year Ampere discovered the law of the action of the current on the magnetic needles, and propounded his celebrated theory of magnets and terrestrial magnetism. According to this theory every particle of steel which forms the magnet has currents of electric circulating round it in the same direction, and the magnetism of the magnet is only the resultant action of all these currents taken through the whole of the piece of steel. Thus magnetism is the resultant action of electric currents. Ampere's experiments showed the mutual attraction and repulsion of parallel currents, and of currents and magnets; also, that a current in a spiral, or in a flat coil, acts as a magnet, and that a hollow coil carrying a current attracts a core of soft iron and holds it up. Again, in 1831, Farady discovered that the sudden removal of a coil of wire from the poles of a magnet gave rise to a current; but for twenty years afterwards nothing what-

ever was done to apply these laws for the purpose of electric lighting. Franklin was asked a hundred years ago what ought to be thought of the balloons that the brothers Montgolfier had just invented. 'Can you foresee,' he replied, 'what will become of the child that has just been born?' This wise answer tells us, that, at the birth of a discovery, we are unable to prejudge the extent of the benefits it has in reserve for us. Had any one foreseen a few years after this answer the importance that the invention of Volta's pile, or battery, was going to acquire? Volta was lead to this discovery in the following manner: In 1800 he found, in the first place, by means of the condensing electrometer, an extremely sensitive instrument that he had previously invented, that two disks, one of copper and the other of zinc, became electrified, the former negatively, the latter positively. These effects being due exclusively to contact, according to him, he imagined that he should increase their intensity by multiplying the number of couples formed by each of the two metals, and by super-posing them each in the same order; but these attempts remained fruitless, until the idea occurred to him to separate each couple by a good non-metallic conductor, such as moist paper. He at once found that in two couples separated in this way the intensity of the electric couple was immediately doubled. This important fact recognized, nothing was more simple than to super-pose a certain number of couples of two metals arranged in the same order, and to separate them in the same way. This is what Volta did, and he found that the apparatus was much more energetic when the disks of paper or cloth that separated the couples were wetted with salt water. Such is the succession of the principal facts which led to the invention of the Voltaic pile, characterized by Prof. Arago as 'the most marvellous instrument that man ever invented, not excepting either the telescope or the steam-engine. The importance of Volta's invention was at once appreciated, and particularly by Bonaparte, who invited him, in 1801, to Paris, and evinced the greatest interest in the experiments repeated by Volta before the learned bodies of that city. In the following year the First Consul created two prizes, one of three thousand francs, for the best experiment made during the course of each year on the electric fluid; and the other of sixty thousand francs 'for the person, who through his experiments and discoveries should advance electricity and galvanism as much as Franklin and Volta had done.' The foundation of the Volta prize having been maintained, it was decreed, in 1880, to Graham Bell, of Boston, for the invention of the telephone."

The foregoing excerpt appeared in the Journal of the Telegraph, and is part of an essay read before one of the scientific bodies in London. It is included here on account of its masterly summarizations.

Electricity exercises the power of attraction and repulsion; produces a spark; charges a Leyden jar; has a heating power; produces chemical decomposition; deflects a magnetic needle, and produces magnetism. By nearly all of these manifestations of the Amber Spirit, it is possible to construct an electric telegraph.

Thus, in 1774, Lesage employed a pith-ball electrometer as the basis of his telegraph.

In 1787, Lomond employed a pith-ball electrometer as a receiver for his system of electric telegraph.

In the same year, Betancourt used a battery of Leyden jars.

In 1794, Reizen employed the power of the electric current to produce sparks, by which the letters of the alphabet, cut upon tin-foil, were rendered visible.

In 1795, Cavallo used the number of sparks to designate the various signals, and an explosion of gas for an alarm.

In 1809, Soemmering employed the electric current to decompose water, by which letters were designated.

In 1810, Dr. Coxe proposed both the decomposition of water and of metallic salts.

In 1816, Ronalds constructed a telegraph which depended, for its action, upon the deflection of a pith-ball by the electric discharge.

In 1820, Ampere employed the magnetic needle, the deflections of which, by the electric current, indicated letters. He proposed to have, at every station from which intelligence was to be sent, a galvanic battery, with all necessary keys for putting the battery in communication with the wires, and to have, at the points where intelligence was to be received, as many magnetic needles as there were letters required to be denoted. Each letter was placed upon a different needle, and the needles were surrounded with coils of wire in metallic communication with the wires extending between the stations. It is evident, therefore, that, upon the transmission of a current of electricity through any one of these coils, the needle would move, and with it the letter, and thus letter after letter would be denoted.

In 1827, Dyar used litmus-paper, which was decomposed by electric sparks.

In 1832, Schilling employed the deflective power of the current upon magnetic needles.

In 1833, MM. Gauss and Weber used magneto-electricity to deflect a needle.

In 1837, Vorselman de Heer constructed an electro-physiological telegraph, founded upon the employment of the shocks which the passage of the current brings about in the fingers of the observer.

In the same year, Steinheil invented an electric telegraph, using but one wire, and one or two magnetic needles.

The telegraphs of Morse and Wheatstone were also invented in this year. That of Morse makes use of the direct effects of the electric current upon soft iron.

The Wheatstone system required five conducting wires, acting upon five magnetic needles, the combined movements of which enabled him to produce a variety of signs.

The Bain telegraph, invented in 1840, uses the electro-chemical effects of the current; and

Horn's telegraph uses the electro-thermal, or heating power of the current.

Thus we perceive eight distinct manifestations of the electric current, which have been used in the construction of electric tele-

graphs. At the present date, only two of these systems are in active existence, viz., the deviating influence of the electric current upon a magnetized needle, and the magnetic influence of the electric current when exercised upon soft iron.

The discovery of galvanism, at the end of the last century, opened up a new era in the annals of electric science. No results of any great value had followed the study of frictional electricity. Its capricious and volatile nature, and the uncertainty of its being held under control, with the difficulty experienced in exciting it, made it valuable only to the philosopher in his laboratory, or among the curiosities of the drawing-room. But, as if by magic, the scene was changed. The discoveries of Galvani, improved upon by Volta, and culminating in the famous battery whose name commemorates the name of the latter philosopher, revolutionized the mysterious science, and paved the way for all its wondrous exhibitions in modern days. Henceforth the clumsy and cumbrous mechanism employed for the production of frictional electricity became of mere secondary importance, and the interest of the wise men centered in the new discovery of galvanism, or voltaic electricity.

We may get a general idea of galvanic action from the following experiment: If a plate of copper and a plate of zinc are put into a vessel of water mixed with a little sulphuric acid, and they be kept from touching, nothing is seen and no chemical action goes on. But the moment they touch at any part, either within or out of the liquid, bubbles of gas appear at the copper plate, and they continue to form till we separate them again. We have the same result if we connect the wires, not directly, but by wires fastened to the plates. All that is visible is the production of the gas bubbles, but a hidden and most curious electric action is going on along the wire, and, indeed, through the whole arrangement. For if we bring the connecting wire near a magnetic needle, the latter instantly recognizes its presence, and turns aside from its north and south position. Or if we break the wire and put the two ends to the tongue, we perceive a saltish taste which continues till we lift one of the plates out of the water.

On breaking the connecting wire, we may find by a delicate electroscope that the two wires have feeble charges of opposite electricities; the wire from the copper having the positive quality. There the electricities remain shut up, and the chemical action suspended till we bring the ends together, and instantly the former effect is produced as the result of that cause which is called the galvanic or electric current. While the current flows through the unbroken circuit of liquid, plates, and wire, the electricity is said to be in the *dynamic* or moving state; while when the flow is interrupted it is said to be *static*, or in a condition of rest.

Part III. next month.

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JOHNSON tells us of "A good hater," and MacIntosh, in 1701, the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity."

# Municipal Suffrage for Women.

MUNICIPAL suffrage for women. Will it be granted? If so, should our Catholic women utilize the franchise? To these queries the writer unhesitatingly answers, yes! Under ordinary conditions, the active participation of Catholic women should, perhaps, be deprecated. But under existing conditions, and under conditions that the future assuredly has in store, the practical interest of Catholic women in the suffrage movement is to be commended. Not only is it to be commended as relating to the full suffrage which is to come, but as it relates to the present school committee suffrage, as well.

Municipal suffrage for women will not be enacted without strong opposition. Wise men and thoughtful women will eloquently oppose the bill. Their protests, however, while temporarily successful, will, in the end, prove ineffectual, and the bill will become law. There are two classes of non-Catholics laboring to bring about this general suffrage for women. One of these classes is actuated by good motives. They believe that the sex would be materially benefited by the measure, and that its adoption would be an act of simple justice. With this class we have no contest. Their honest, philanthropic spirit is entitled to our respect. The women who partake of the large-hearted views of this class will form a great conservative element. They will be found with our Catholic women on the side of intelligence, patriotism, and common-sense.

The other class alluded to advocates suffrage for women on far different grounds. Urged on by fanatical preachers and cunning knaves, they hope to secure the passage of the bill, thinking thereby to forever prevent the election of Catholics to any office in the gift of the people. This is the class whose bigoted influence we must counteract. I do not believe that municipal suffrage for women will be conceded for some time to come. It certainly will not be granted this year, probably not next year, but come it will in due time. Governor Ames of Massachusetts, in his late inaugural, earnestly recommended it, and stated that recent political events had confirmed the opinion which he had long held, that if women have sufficient reason to vote, they will do so, and become an important factor in the settlement of great questions. After indulging in the usual buncombe about trusting "uneducated men to vote," he expresses the conviction that we can with greater safety and far more propriety grant the same power to women. "The recent political events," to which Governor Ames alludes, was the late election in Boston, at which every Catholic candidate for the School Board was defeated. There is no evidence, however, that the Governor sympathized with the proscriptive spirit displayed by our opponents on that occasion. He probably advocates woman suffrage on a higher and more creditable ground.

However flippantly we have been wont to regard woman suffrage in the past, we cannot fail to recognize the magnitude of the projected legislation. The whole question has now assumed a new and signifi-

cant phase. Persistent ridicule will no longer satisfy thinking people, while jocular references to the subject are in equally bad taste. It is a living question, and possesses great possibilities for good or evil. If misguided, bigoted zealots seek, by legal means, to ostracize Catholics from office, it is our duty to resort to legal means, that are morally right, to prevent the accomplishment of their design. To do this, our Catholic women must take an active interest in the matter, and must possess such organization, as is best calculated to create and maintain that interest. The anti-Catholic element has already made two erroneous assumptions. First, that Catholic women would not vote. Secondly, that Protestant women would vote as a unit. The recent election in Boston, unmistakably disproved both of these assumptions. Thousands of Catholic women registered and voted. Hundreds of liberal Protestant women voted with them. The unit hallucination was dispelled forever.

It has been said that a woman's place is the home, the family, the domestic circle. This is, in a measure, true. Frequently, however, her place is, of necessity, the business office, the sales-room, the workshop, and the factory. Circumstances exercise a controlling influence. No woman toils in the office, the store, or the shop, twelve months of the year, merely for the pleasure of being so engaged. She does it because she finds it a duty, a necessity. No woman sacrifices her dignity by honest labor, and no woman is less a woman because she goes where duty calls her. So, as regards the suffrage, limited or unrestricted: she may not have yearned for it, and would probably consider her sex very well off without the privilege. She may, too, have been indifferent as to whether it was granted or not. But once it has been granted, in whole or in part, she realizes that further indifference may permit the enactment of unjust and iniquitous laws. She, therefore, awakens to a realization of the crisis, and its possibilities. She recognizes a new duty, and is conscious that great good can be effected by her practical interest in the matter. A mistaken idea prevails among some timid people, that woman suffrage is a synonym for feverish excitement, unhealthy agitation, neglect of duty, degrading influences, and a vast catalogue of other undesirable characteristics. But none of these things constitute woman suffrage. Nor are any of them at all necessary to the exercise thereof. Aggressive, belligerent people are to be found connected with many great movements, but their demonstrative boisterousness is incumbent on nobody but themselves. Good, clear-headed thinking, and a visit to the ballot box for a few moments, once a year, cannot legitimately be termed a sacrifice of womanly dignity. As a rule, the exercise of the right to vote occupies less time than a shopping expedition. The attendant circumstances, too, are fully equal to the latter in point of respectability and courteous treatment.

What will the exercise of the suffrage by Catholic women mean to the latter? It will not mean blind hatred of their neighbor, nor a malicious determination to vilify and bear false witness against that neighbor. But it will mean the exercise of the highest patriotism,

the practice of true loyalty to American institutions, the preservation of religious freedom, the perpetuation of the constitution itself. Our Catholic women are great readers, — both of the religious and secular press. They are careful observers of passing events, and have been prompt to realize the existing condition of affairs. This is especially true of Boston. It is well they have done so. For votes count. Votes elect our legislators. Legislators make our laws. We are governed by those laws. The necessity, therefore, of having good legislators, that we may have good laws and good government, is quite apparent. Liberty is not remotely located from persecution. They are separated only by the barrier of vigilance. Remove or relax that barrier, and the myrmidons of tyranny lay waste the fair landscape of freedom. Votes in the hands of the dangerous classes may become the instruments of oppression, civil and religious. The dangerous classes, in this instance, are those who would sow the demon of religious discord and strife; who would seek to abrogate our laws providing for the civil and religious equality of all citizens, under the law, and who would virtually set up and propagate a state religion. I am not of those who think that this movement is but a temporary ebullition that will run its course, and finally collapse. Woman suffrage must be reckoned with as a permanent institution. That phase of it, however, which preaches hatred to Catholicity, as its fundamental plank, will have a checkered and inglorious career. Nevertheless, this desirable result will only be brought about by the intelligent and prompt action of sensible, patriotic women, — Catholic and Protestant. The united, unrelaxing vigilance of these two wholesome elements will be necessary, first, to beat Know-Nothingism to its knees, and, secondly, to keep it there.

This union of Catholic and Protestant women in a common cause will have another good result, which seems to have been seldom thought of in this connection. It will serve to introduce them to each other, to remove misapprehensions, and to establish a bond of mutual trust, fraternity, and good-will. The progress and welfare of their common country are equally dear to them. They rejoice in her glorious history, her expanding power, her wonderful resources. They are equally proud of the spirit bequeathed by the Maryland pilgrims of 1649, in the celebrated Toleration Act, and of the continuance of that spirit in our national constitution. Sensible women, Catholic and Protestant, strenuously deprecate the religious anarchist. They understand equally well that the bomb of religious hate is as destructive to the peace of society as the bomb of dynamite. The turbulent fanatic is their common foe, and the disturber of their common interests. This bond of sympathy, union, and sociality between Catholic and Protestant women, will necessitate the sacrifice of no religious principle on either side. Among men, the strongest friendships frequently exist between sincere Catholics and Protestants. They dwell together in peace and harmony, and each takes pleasure in the other's success and happiness in life.

One result of woman suffrage, therefore, will be to create and

perpetuate strong social attachments between Protestant and Catholic. The myths of "Romish aggression" and "Papal conspiracies" will lose their effectiveness, and while combative anti-Catholics will continue to sound the tocsin, their professional fears will excite only contempt. These aggressive bigots, however, will always possess vitality enough to make trouble unless closely watched. The way to watch them, and the only effectual way, is by means of the ballot. The vote cast by Catholic women in the recent election at Boston, gives but a vague idea of their possible strength. The registration of anti-Catholic women was well under way before the former took any special interest in the matter. When the full significance of their opponent's motives became apparent, however, they responded nobly. Imperfect as was their organization, and hurried as had been their determination to vote, they, nevertheless, did admirably. Had they been a little earlier in the field, with a perfected suffrage association systematically at work, the result, it is safe to say, would have been different. But experience is a good teacher, and will, no doubt, be profited by hereafter. As time progresses, matters will be greatly simplified. A strong central body of fair-minded Protestant women will be formed, which will co-operate and work in harmony with Catholics. Already ample evidence of this is not wanting, and it will continue to steadily develop day by day. THOMAS HAMILTON MURRAY.

## Protestantism Favors the Rich.

IT is a noticeable fact that Protestantism in New York city, as represented by its churches, follows the tide of wealth and fashion, says the Catholic Review. In the quarters where the poor abide, few or no Protestant churches are to be found. When wealth and fashion desert a certain locality, the church and the ministers desert it also, for the simple reason, to state it in the rough, that there is no more money in the Gospel business round about there. It is in this manner that the poor have the gospel preached to them. What earthly use is there to such pastors of poor souls who cannot afford to pay their way and the pastor's way in this world and be coaxed heavenwards, in purple and fine linen? No earthly use whatever; and, as for heaven, let heaven look after its own. It is a Protestant Episcopal minister, the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, of St. George's, who thus rebukes the worldliness and moral cowardice of his brethren in the ministry, and their abandonment of the poor:

"Who ministers to these increasing multitudes of poor folk south of Fifteenth street? We must answer without hesitation, chiefly the Roman Catholics. We don't hear of them moving uptown. It is true uptown they locate some of their best churches; but this is not done at the expense of moving strong churches from the lower part of the city. Many of the best of these, as we all know, are maintained with a splendid vigor and success in the very heart of the poorest districts. There they have a hold, and retain a hold on the working people, such as no Protestant church can for a moment pretend to. For my own part, I own to an impatient spirit when I hear, as I often do, abuse heaped on the Roman Catholic church of New York. She has her faults — they are not few, but she does what Protestantism has failed to do; she stands her ground in the face of the inrush of immigration; its tide of ignorance, of vice, of utter poverty, does not discourage her; and within her walls may be seen thousands of that class of working people who are so scantily found with us."

# Resurgam.

When Thou, O Christ! moved on this earth,
And bore for us a thousand woes,
E'en from the moment of Thy birth,
Until the grave did on Thee close,
Thou show'd thyself most truly man
In all save that Thou couldst not sin;
Thy life through pain and sorrow ran,
Yet nourished still a peace within.

But oh, 'twas not until that day,
When Mary gazing on Thy tomb,
And gazing where Thy body lay,
Found nothing there but silent gloom,
Thou proved Thyself a God indeed
By rising triumphant o'er the grave,
And opened thus to man a creed —
A universe of souls to save.

John A. Lanigan, M. D., Hyde Park, Mass.

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# Ex-President Cleveland Honors Ireland's Festival.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland made his first public appearance, as a private citizen, in New York, at the one hundred and fifth anniversary of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, at Delmonico's, the night of the 16th. He was in excellent health and spirits, and received an ovation which could not be excelled in point of warmth and sociability, as he entered the banquet hall, on the arm of Joseph J. O'Donoghue. He took the seat on the right of the presiding officer, while Mayor Grant was given the corresponding seat on the other side.

At the speaker's table, besides the ex-president of the United States and Mayor Grant, were Hon. Everett P. Wheeler, Hon. John S. Wise, of Virginia, ex-Judge Charles P. Daly, Elbridge T. Gerry, Delancy Nicoll, Hon. Roswell P. Flower, District Attorney Fellows, Colonel W. L. Brown, and the respective representatives of St. Nicholas', Holland, St. David's, St. Andrew's, and St. George's societies.

Chairman O'Donoghue made the opening address. He said that the future of Ireland never looked so bright as it did to-day. Perjury and treason would no more keep Ireland in political slavery, than dynamite and assassination would set her free. A great party and a great paper, whose influence had been bounded only by the limits of the civilized world, forgetting this great truth had both, through an unholy desire to reach an end, lost a prestige which could never be regained. They had become the dupes of a renegade who had followed the example of Judas Iscariot in his crimes and imitated him in his despair.

After Judge Daly's speech on a history of the society, Chairman

O'Donoghue said: "We will now listen to a modern Cincinnatus,—a man who, a fortnight ago, ruled sixty millions of people, and who, to-night, as a modest citizen, comes here to tell us what he knows of the United States." He then introduced Mr. Cleveland, who was received with loud cheers. At the suggestion of the chairman, Mr. Cleveland was at once made the third adopted son of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, his predecessors being George Washington and Henry Ward Beecher.

Ex-President Cleveland, in response to the toast, "The United States," said: The words to which I respond give rise to such various and impressive reflections that I find it difficult to determine the line of thought which should be followed. What is naturally and obviously suggested by the sentiment proposed, is a country marvellous in its growth and development, great in its power and wealth, and free in the character of its institutions and in the spirit of its people. There is also suggested a broad and hospitable country, which opens its gates to the people of all nations who are willing to assume the duties of American citizenship in exchange for a share in the blessings which God has in store for the American people. Nor can it be said that in national selfishness and sordid complacency our country is blind to the welfare of others. Wherever there exists a struggle for freer government and for man's enfranchisement, there will be found the aid and sympathy of the people of the United States. In this we but follow the promptings which our free condition inspires, and acknowledge the contributions we have received from the sturdy men of other lands to our population, and to every element of our greatness. In this reunion of our ancient and honorable society, reminding us of such contributions, and where the value of American citizenship is fully acknowledged, it is in every way fitting and proper that we should mention with love and with loyalty "the United States." I have referred to the obvious significance of these words as they are related to a great, prosperous, and free nation. But other nations, too, are great, they are prosperous and rich, and, in a measure, they are free. "States" may mean any organized government — tyrannical, monarchical, or free. It is, therefore, most important that we do not miss the reflection that "the United States" alone stand for the one government always free, and founded upon human rights and equality before the law. Thus is presented the unity of states and the fundamental importance of that unity to all we are and all we hope to be. Our national life is inseparable from the union of the states. Thus it was launched upon its career among the nations of the earth. Its machinery is suited to no other condition, and its success depends upon it. Whatever might be the achievements of separate and disjointed states, nothing but the triumph of "the United States" can fully demonstrate in the eyes of the world the success of the American experiment of self-government. To the end that our nation might be called "the United States," the fathers who forged so well the bonds of our union yielded to each other their opinions, and discarded their prejudices. In later years, in order that "the United States" might

be saved as a precious heritage, lives were sacrificed and blood was shed on many a hard-fought battle-field. We should not be content with veneration for those who made us a nation, nor with the sacred and grateful remembrance of those who shed their blood and gave their lives for its perpetuation. We, too, owe a duty to the United States. We can, at least, teach fraternity and toleration, the sure foundations of our unity and of our country's life. If these lessons are firmly established in the hearts of our countrymen, we shall, to the extent that we aid in this consummation, perform the duty required of us in our day and generation. Let us, then, cultivate real and genuine generosity and fraternal kindness among all our people. Let us resolve that no partisan exigency shall excuse the creation or keeping alive of irritation and jealousy among people all charged with the safety, the development, and the triumph of American institutions. Our destiny is before us. It can only be reached by union and harmony. We are not called upon to surrender or jeopardize any results in favor of our Union we may have gained in its armed defence, but rather to foster and secure those results through the patriotism of magnanimity. In the presence of the duty God has laid upon us as a nation, it should never be forgotten that failure waits on dissension and division, and that a grudging acknowledgment of a common brotherhood, or a halting coöperation in a common patriotic purpose, will surely check our national progress. In this assemblage, where so large a representation is found of the race which, in all stages of our national life, has done so much to make our country great, and whose hearts at this time turn lovingly to their brethren who struggle for the blessings which are here enjoyed, I know that reference to any element of our freedom and happiness will meet with a heart-felt response. Here, regardless of place of birth or former allegiance, we meet as American citizens, proud of our country, devoted to her interests and prosperity, and wishing with enthusiasm for those less favored, the happiness, the freedom, the strength, and the peace which are found in the United States.

Mr. Cleveland was liberally applauded.

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EVERY one should resolve upon some work of self-denial or piety during the holy season of Lent. Attend daily Mass, or the week-day evening devotions where it is possible. Where it is not possible, say the Rosary daily, or other prayers, and give alms. If your means do not allow that, give spiritual alms, by praying for the souls in Purgatory. Be sure and do something more than usual for your salvation; for we must not only avoid evil but do good if we would be saved. This is the express command of God.

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THE weight of the great smoke cloud daily hanging over the city of London, England, has been computed, by Prof. Roberts, at fifty tons of solid carbon and two hundred and fifty tons of hydrocarbon and carbonic oxide gases for each day of the year; and its value at ten million dollars per annum.

## How Many Minutes

HAVE passed at the end of the year 1888, calculating from the beginning of the Christian era? This question has recently been answered in an interesting article published in a German journal, the Munich Neueste Nachrichten, with the surprising result that not a milliard minutes have passed. That calculation is as follows: 1888 multiplied by 365 days equals 689,120 days, to which must be added 460 leap days, making a total 689,580 days, which contain 16,549,920 hours, or 992,995,200 minutes, that is 7,004,800 minutes less than a milliard.

The milliard minutes will be reached in the year 1902, on the 28th of April at 10.40 A. M.

Taking into consideration that the indemnity paid by France to Germany, after the war of 1870–71, amounted to five milliard francs, it follows that if this sum were to be paid at the rate of five francs (about $1.00) for every minute since the beginning of the Christian era up to date, that sum would not have been paid yet at the present time.

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## Sympathy for the Imprisoned.

MR. PARNELL said, in the House of Commons, he desired to offer a few words of sympathy to those of his colleagues and friends who had suffered by the principles adopted by the chief secretary for Ireland. He (Parnell) believed they would be richly rewarded in the near future by attaining the object they had at heart. Mr. Balfour tried to degrade them; but they were not degraded, either in their own opinion or in the opinion of their countrymen. Circumstances had been favorable to Mr. Balfour in the rise of agricultural prices, and but for an exceptional law Ireland would, he believed, have been tranquil. The government was responsible for, and must stand or fall by, the results of that law. He would not stop to discuss the conspiracy which had assisted the ministers on the very night of the second reading to steal away the liberties of Ireland. (Loud cheers.) He thought less of the suffering of O'Brien, Carew, and Redmond than of the suffering of the humbler men in their ranks, because the authorities did not dare to kill O'Brien or torture Carew. But men like Mandeville might be done to death in carrying out their system. (Renewed cheers.) If Major Saunderson had got his fifty thousand men in the field they would not long remain there. (Laughter.) There was no example in history of a large section of people rebelling unless stirred up to it by suffering and injustice. How could Saunderson hope to excite Ulstermen to rebel—not against the rest of Ireland, but against England and Scotland — when no oppression or injustice was inflicted upon them? Expressing confidence that Englishmen would soon recognize the possibility of Home Rule for Ireland, he said he only asked that they should deal with the question as an open one, and consider how far they could concede Home Rule with safety to their own greater interests. It was right that the smaller country should conciliate the larger, and agree to all safeguards necessary for the security of the latter's interests. Ireland was willing to do so, and he was convinced that Irishmen, knowing that the people of England and Scotland and Wales had, for the first time, turned the ear of reason to the solution of the question, would steadily resist any incitement to disorder, and hold fast to the true way pointed out to them in 1885 by Mr. Gladstone. (Prolonged cheers.)

# Deceased Bishops of the United States.

## REV. JOHN CONNOLLY, D. D., SECOND BISHOP OF NEW YORK.—III.

As the emigrant stands on the vessel's deck, — straining, with eager eye, to catch a glimpse of the great Empire City which he is approaching, — and, as the ship rounds the Narrows and glides into the bay, the first object that rises on his vision is the Cross, the symbol of salvation, towering above the Mission of the Holy Rosary. If he be one who first drew breath in the far-off Western Isle, whose every foot of soil is sanctified by the blood of saints and patriots, proud thoughts take possession of his heart as he gazes upon that holy sign, for he knows his countrymen were instrumental in placing it there. He knows he is following in the track of his fathers, and that, wherever he may go on this broad continent, he will find the footsteps of the Celt. As he looks around him in the bay, he can see, on the heights of three cities, two of them ranking with the greatest in the world, a hundred spires rise up, emblazoned with the Catholic Cross. Admiration turns to astonishment as he contemplates the scene, till he is lost in wonder at the grand panorama outspread before him. As he treads the streets of New York, he will find them studded with the churches of his faith. Amidst a wilderness of brick and stone and marble stores, public buildings and princely residences, the Cross is seen, and is never lost to view, in the great metropolis or her sister cities. Their churches, in beauty and design, can rank with any in the land, and are in keeping with the grand structures surrounding them. When we recollect that where now stands some of the noblest architectural buildings, their sites were, within the memory of men still living, the seat of the forest and morass, we may well wonder at the advancement we have made, and ask, in amazement, if this be, indeed, the city where, but little over a century ago, the gable-fronted mansions of the Knickerbockers were considered the highest acme of architectural splendor. But, wonderful as the city is, in a hundred ways, nothing can be more interesting, to the children of the church, than the rise and spread of Catholicity within it, and the great state of which it forms a part.

Previous to the Revolution, the Catholics in New York were few and far between. We can form no accurate idea of their numbers, but we know the amount was small. They had no church or priests, and, save the visit of a missionary, now and again, from some of the other colonies or the Canadas, they were debarred from their duty. Persecution, under English law, was rife. Every Catholic was considered a rebel to the existing government, and were hounded down as vigorously, to banishment or death, as were the Irish priests at that date, under the Penal Laws in Ireland. Examples are recorded where Catholics in New York, being unable to approach the sacraments, were obliged to travel to Philadelphia for that purpose. After the battle of Brooklyn, the British took possession of the city, and held it for

more than seven years. Their soldiery — the off-scourings of England, Scotland, and Germany — were as bigoted as they were mercenary, and had little sympathy for a Catholic, which name was synonymous with that of "rebel." Besides, the Tories, or Loyalists, were numerous, and, in an address to King George at this time, boasted that they had more men in their ranks than *Mr.* Washington had in his army. It is but reasonable to suppose that many Catholics, especially those of Irish birth, joined the army of Washington on his evacuation of the city. It is certain that their sympathies were on the side of freedom throughout the revolutionary struggle. The Revolution vanquished bigotry as well as slavery, and, when peace was proclaimed, and the English driven forever from our soil, the Catholic was no longer an outlaw, but a freeman. Then Catholicity began to flourish. Deeper and deeper the good plant took root. It was nourished by the prayers of the faithful, and zealously guarded by the holy missionaries sent to protect it. It spread and flourished under their loving care, until it blossomed into the glorious fruition which we behold to-day.

After Independence was secured, the continental troops occupied New York. Among them were many Catholics, both officers and privates, besides those in the army of our French allies. Along with La Luzerne, or immediately after him, came many foreign missionaries. But there was no Catholic church in the city, nor, indeed, any place in the possession of the Catholics, where the holy sacrifice could be suitably offered. Father Farmer, a zealous and devoted priest, came to New York after its evacuation by the British, and vainly endeavored to find one. The French Consul tried to rent a room in the Exchange, but the authorities denied him, and Father Farmer was obliged to read Mass in any convenient house that might offer. Sometimes Mass was said in a house in Water street, and sometimes in a carpenter's shop in Barclay street. When Congress sat in New York, the Catholic congregation sometimes met in the house of Don Diego de Gardoqui, the Spanish ambassador, who resided on Broadway, near Bowling Green. In 1785, the congregation incorporated St. Peter's Church without consulting ecclesiastical authority. The Rev. Father Whelan, who had been a chaplain in the French fleet, arrived, at this time, in the city, and was given faculties by Bishop Carroll. Father Farmer, however, continued pastor of the community until his death. In 1785, a plot of ground was purchased of Trinity Church, at the corner of Barclay and Church streets, whereon to erect a church for Catholic worship. The corner-stone of St. Peter's, the first Catholic church in New York, was laid on the fourth of November, 1785. In the same year, Bishop Carroll visited New York, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation for the first time on Manhattan Island.

According to the Catholic Directory of 1889, the Archdiocese of New York outranks, in population and importance, the greatest of European Sees. It comprises the city and eight counties in the state. The Catholic population is about one million. Ample provision has been made for the souls of this vast flock. The following churches and institutions are well attended by the faithful: Churches, with resident priests, 144; without resident priests, 46; stations, without

churches, regularly visited, 42; priests, secular, 311; not affiliated, 25; regular, 143; brothers, 398; religious women, 2,182. There is one seminary with 134 students; there are four colleges, with 1,107 students; 32 girls' academies, with 866 students; 32 girls' academies, with 2,957 students; 6 orphanage schools, with 1,201 inmates; 7 industrial schools, with 8,153 inmates; 78 schools for boys, with 18,148 students; 79 schools for girls, with 19,648 students; 6 orphan asylums, with 1,201 inmates; 17 homes for destitute children, with 9,292 inmates; 6 hospitals, with 5,127 inmates; 3 homes for aged, with 814 inmates; 1 insane asylum, with 58 inmates; 1 foundling asylum, with 1,670 inmates; 44 conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, with 1,200 members.

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Right Rev. John Connolly, D. D., was the second Catholic Bishop of New York. He was a native of the county Louth, and was born in the ancient and historic city of Drogheda, in the year 1750. At that time, the penal laws were rigidly enforced in Ireland, and Catholics were debarred the privilege of obtaining the higher branches of education there. It was customary for the Irish student, after receiving all it was possible to obtain in his own land, to finish his studies in some of the Catholic institutions of France or Belgium. Many distinguished men, whose names shed lustre on the page of Irish history, were educated in these continental colleges. Bishop Connolly was educated in Louvain, in early manhood was ordained a priest, and embraced the Order of St. Dominick, and, in St. Clement's Convent, in Rome, and others belonging to the Order, he spent over sixty years of his life. He became Prior of St. Clement's, agent of Rome for the Bishops of Ireland, and filled several professors' chairs with distinguished ability. He continued in Rome during its occupation by the French, and though his Convent stood in great danger of molestation, through his care it emerged safely from all difficulties. While Prior of St. Clement's, he gained, by his learning, the admiration and friendship of the most distinguished men of the Eternal City, and was selected by the Cardinal Bishop of Albano, on account of his learning, to examine the candidates for the priesthood.

Though burdened with many responsibilities, Dr. Connolly was content in the discharge of his duties, and had no desire to leave Rome, which, after many long years of residence, he looked upon as his home. But as soon as the Holy Father, Pius VII., returned from his banishment, he appointed Dr. Connolly to succeed Bishop Concanen, as Bishop of New York. Though altogether unexpected, and, probably, the very last thing the good Doctor would desire, he, nevertheless, cheerfully accepted the appointment. He was, at this time, seventy years old, but did not shrink from encountering the difficulties and dangers before him in the New World. He was consecrated Bishop of New York, at Rome, on Nov. 6, 1814. Believing that he would never return from America, he bade farewell to his friends in the Eternal City, and set out for the scene of his labors. For the last time, he visited Ireland, and, while there, was successful in obtaining the

Rev. Michael O'Gorman, of Kilkenny, to accompany him to America, and aid him in his new diocese. They sailed from Dublin, and, after a stormy passage of sixty-seven days, arrived in New York.

In the year 1810, the population of the state of New York was 959,220, and of the city of New York, 96,373. It is probable that the population of Manhattan Island was verging on one hundred thousand souls, at the time of the arrival of Bishop Connolly. The diocese embraced the whole state of New York and part of New Jersey, and, it is estimated, that, at this time, it contained thirteen thousand Catholics. There were three churches in the diocese,— two at New York and one at Albany. St. Patrick's Church, Mott street, had been erected in 1809. Vast as the diocese was, it contained only a few priests. Of these priests, Dr. Clarke writes: "Of the Jesuit Fathers, two,— Fathers Kohlman and Fenwick,— were, not long afterwards, called to other duties, by their superiors; and Mr. Carbery, the only secular priest, repaired to Norfolk, Virginia; so that, the aged and venerable Father Malon alone remained of the former priests of the diocese. The Bishop sent Father O'Gorman to Albany, and remaining at New York himself, he was both bishop and priest; performing, at his advanced age, the active and laborious duties of a missionary." The majority of his flock were natives of Ireland, or children of Irish parents. They were poor, indeed the poorest class in the city, but they had that which is preferable beyond all wealth,— they had the faith. So among the poor he labored, without exciting any marked attention, caring only for fulfilling his duty and the redemption of souls.

Father O'Gorman, whom the Bishop had stationed in the northern part of the mission, was a zealous and indefatigable worker. His part of the mission was an extensive one, and his flock was far apart and scattered. In a short time, however, he erected a church at Carthage, and his piety and exemplary conduct, at all times, gave great satisfaction to the Bishop. The latter attended to the duties of the southern portion of the diocese, aided by the Rev. Father Shanaghan, who was now on the mission. There was a scarcity of priests still in the diocese, and this void the Bishop endeavored to fill. But he was opposed in his designs by the trustees of the churches, who foolishly reasoned that they, because they supported the priests, had the best right to appoint them. Thus, they endeavored to usurp the functions of the Bishop, which resulted, as in Philadelphia, and elsewhere, in bickerings and scandal. This proved a source of serious annoyance to the Bishop. In one instance, he partially yielded to the desire of the trustees, and the result proved scandalous. Their choice fell on one who turned out to be more pretentious and arrogant than dutiful and pious. He was ambitious, and was not long in his position, as pastor, until he tried to encompass the recall of the Bishop, and have himself appointed to the diocese. He grounded his accusations on the age of the prelate, and his incompetency for the position. Unfortunately, he was joined by many of the laity and some of the clergy, in this disgraceful and scandalous issue. He afterwards went to Rome to obtain the dismissal of the Bishop, but failed in his mission. On his return,

the Bishop refused to recognize him, and, soon afterwards, he left the city.

In 1818 and 1817 two new priests were added to the diocese, the Revs. Fathers Langdill and French. About this time the Bishop ordained several priests whom he had himself prepared for the ministry. He had the satisfaction, also, of receiving many converts into the Catholic fold, among others the Rev. Mr. Kewley, rector of the Episcopal Church of St. George, New York. He visited his entire diocese in 1823, performing good works as he went, and received with joy by all, but especially by the hundreds of Irish laborers then engaged on the construction of the Erie Canal. Previous to this, in 1817, he had visited Philadelphia and Baltimore, and was kindly received in both cities. During his episcopate St. John's Church, at Utica, and St. Patrick's, at Rochester, were erected. He consecrated the cemetery of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York, in 1824, a graphic description of which is quoted by Dr. Clarke in his Lives of the Bishops, from the Charleston Catholic Miscellany of that year. It is there stated that Father O'Gorman preached a charity sermon immediately after consecration, and at vespers preached a similar one in *Irish*.

"Among Bishop Connolly's works," continues Dr. Clarke, "was the founding of the orphan asylum in the city of New York, and the introduction of the Sisters of Charity into the diocese. The asylum was incorporated in 1817, under the title of the 'New York Catholic Benevolent Society.' The Sisters were applied for by Bishop Connolly, and readily granted by Dr. Dubois, their ecclesiastical superior, and by Mother Seton, and the little colony, consisting of Sisters Rose White, Cecilia O'Conway, and Felicitas Brady, arrived in the city June 20, 1817, and commenced, in an humble way, the founding of an institution destined to become one of the finest asylums in the world, and the introduction of a Sisterhood of Charity, whose members have become in our day the ministering angels of many asylums, hospitals, and institutions of education. The small wooden building erected in Prince street, in 1825, and which sufficed barely for the three Sisters and five orphans committed to their care, has long since disappeared from sight, and we can now view with Christian exultation the many magnificent institutions, in what was then Bishop Connolly's diocese, that track back their origin to that humble temple of charity, provided by that good prelate."

Bishop Connolly's life in New York was a busy one. His duties were onerous and exacting, but he found time to correspond with Rome, and the different prelates of the American Sees, regarding the progress of the church and its future extension and welfare. He suggested many things for the propagation of the faith, and was the first to recommend the creation of a See in each state. St. Patrick's Cathedral was overburdened with debt, so much so that it became difficult to pay the yearly interest. To obviate this, he called the people together, and formed a society for the liquidation of the debt. At this meeting Father O'Gorman delivered an eloquent appeal in behalf of the church. The society was inaugurated with the Bishop

for its first treasurer. In 1822, when the yellow fever raged in New York, and hundreds fled the city, fearful of the dread disease, the Bishop remained at his post, visiting the sick and administering to their wants. The fatigues he endured during this pestilence told heavily on his aged frame; but he continued his mission of charity and mercy to the end. Father O'Gorman, who had accompanied him from Ireland, and had been on the mission since his ordination, died in 1824. His loss was a severe blow to the Bishop, and his grief was farther augmented by the death of Father Bulger, who, one week after, followed Father O'Gorman to the grave. Their deaths took place at the episcopal residence, in Broadway. The last days of Bishop Connolly are briefly, but affectionately, described by Dr. Clarke: "The Bishop's health was now worn out with his labors and trials; he had certainly fought the good fight; his good works had accumulated in the treasury of Heaven, and there his reward was awaiting him. On his return from Mr. O'Gorman's funeral, the Bishop was taken ill; he did not relax his labors, however, but continued them — now increased by the death of Mr. O'Gorman — with his usual energy, though he felt conscious of his failing strength. He lingered almost through the winter, always, however, at his post, and with joy at his increased duties and the sufferings he endured. He officiated within a week of his death. Finally, on Sexagesima Sunday, Feb. 6, 1825, attended by Father Shanaghan, he expired at seven o'clock in the evening. His remains lay in state in the central aisle of St. Peter's, in Barclay street, for two days, and were reverently visited by thirty thousand persons. He was solemnly and appropriately buried on the 9th, followed by an immense procession of clergy and laity from St. Peter's to the Cathedral, near whose altar his remains repose. The New York Gazette of Feb. 10, 1825, concludes its notice of the funeral with the remark that it 'reflects much credit on the Catholics of our city.'"

WILLIAM COLLINS.

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## The Decay of Lying.

IN the course of Mr. Oscar Wilde's remarkable essay in the Nineteenth Century, on The Decay of Lying, he has something to say of the English Establishment, which, though it may not be relished by his brethren, is yet, it must be confessed, not far from the truth, says the Catholic Review. Mr. Wilde says: "In the English Church a man succeeds not through his capacity for belief, but through his capacity for disbelief. Ours is the only church where the skeptic stands at the altar and where St. Thomas is regarded as the ideal apostle. Many a worthy clergyman who passes his life in good works and kindly charity, lives and dies unnoticed and unknown; but it is sufficient for some shallow, uneducated passman out of either university to get up in his pulpit and express his doubts about Noah's Ark or Baalam's ass, or Jonah and the whale, for half of London to flock to his church, and to sit open-mouthed in rapt admiration of his superb intellect. The growth of common-sense in the English Church is a thing very much to be regretted. It is really a degrading concession to a low form of realism."

# The Golden Roll.

ONE of the chief sources of the strength, vitality, and influence of the Irish Parliamentary Party is the cheerful willingness of its members to suffer for the cause they voice and represent. The task of the Irish patriot is, under the Balfourian regime, now happily drawing to a close, trying and perilous in the extreme. Balfour does not, it is true, chop off the heads of his political foes as did his prototype, Robespierre. Still more savage and merciless than that infamous wretch, Lord Salisbury's Irish Chief Secretary submits his victim to the slower process of a deadly torture more cruel than death. United Ireland lately published the Golden Roll of Irish members of Parliament that have in Balfourian dungeons expiated the crime of loving Ireland more than their own individual lives and liberties. We unfold that roll to our readers' rapt and earnest gaze:

1. Alexander Blane, M.P., South Armagh — Imprisoned for six months in 1888.

2. Joseph Richard Cox, P.P., East Clare — Twice sentenced and imprisoned in 1888. Again sentenced this year to four months. Awaiting appeal. Arrested in London in 1888.

3. James Christopher Flynn, M.P., North Cork — Imprisoned in 1888.

4. William O'Brien, M.P., North-East Cork, Editor of United Ireland — Imprisoned in 1887, prosecuted and sentenced again in 1888, but conviction quashed on case stated for superior courts. Sentenced at Carrick-on-Suir, January, 1889, to a term of four months' imprisonment, which he is now undergoing. Three fresh prosecutions now being carried out against him while still in prison. Arrested at Manchester.

5. Dr. Charles K. D. Tanner, M.P., Mid-Cork — Prosecuted, not yet sentenced.

6. William J. Lane, M.P., East-Cork — Imprisoned in 1887–8 on two cumulative sentences of a month each, which prevented appeal — crime, taking Alderman Hooper's place as editor of Cork Herald.

7. Alderman John Hooper, M.P., South-East Cork, Editor of Cork Herald — Imprisoned in 1887–8 on cumulative-sentence-plan, which deprived him of right of appeal.

8. James Gilhooly, M.P., West Cork — Imprisoned in 1888. Arrested when leaving House of Commons.

[NOTE. — As Dr. Kenny, M.P. for South Cork was imprisoned under a previous Coercion Act, all the members for Cork county have had the honor of being in jail.]

9. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., College-green Division of Dublin, Editor of Nation — Imprisoned while Lord Mayor of Dublin, 1887–8.

10. Timothy Harrington, M.P., Harbour Division of Dublin — sentenced in 1887, but conviction quashed by superior court.

11. William H. K. Redmond, M.P., North Fermanagh — Imprisoned in 1888.

12. John E. Redmond, M.P., North Wexford — Imprisoned in 1888.

13. David Sheehy, M.P., South Galway — Imprisoned under two sentences in 1888. Sentenced twice in 1889: (1) to six months and (2) to four months — total sentences for 1889, *ten months*. Arrested at Govan after election; served with summons in Lobby of House of Commons.

14. Edward Harrington, M.P., West Kerry, Editor of Kerry Sentinel — Sentenced and imprisoned in 1887–8; undergoing another sentence now of six months' imprisonment with hard labor.

15. Denis Kilbride, M.P., South Kerry — Sentenced in 1889 to three months. Awaiting appeal. Arrested at Leicester.

16. Jeremiah D. Sheehan, M.P., East Kerry — Sentenced in December,

1888, but released owing to effects on health of wound received while serving in Papal army as Zouave.

17. James Lawrence Carew, M.P., North Kildare — Prosecuted, not yet sentenced.

18. John Finuane, M.P., East Limerick — Imprisoned in 1888, prosecuted again in 1889; not yet sentenced.

19. John Dillon, M.P., East Mayo — Imprisoned in 1888.

20. Patrick O'Brien, M.P., North Monaghan — Imprisoned in 1888 for nine months, prosecuted again in 1889; not yet sentenced.

21. James J. O'Kelly, M.P., North Roscommon — Imprisoned in 1888.

22. John O'Connor, M.P., South Tipperary — Sentenced twice and imprisoned, 1888–9. Now awaiting appeal.

23. Jasper Douglas Pyne, (late) M.P. for West Waterford — imprisoned in 1888, after a three months' seige in his Castle of Lisfinny. Arrested when entering House of Commons.

24. Thomas Joseph Condon, Mayor of Clonmel, M.P., East Tipperay — Imprisoned in 1888. Prosecuted again in 1889, and sentenced twice (1) to four months' imprisonment and (2) to two months' imprisonment with hard labor. Latter sentence passed after Mr. Condon had been visiting Mr. W. O'Brien, as one of the magistrates entitled to inspect Clonmel jail.

Total number of Irish Members of Parliament prosecuted, sentenced, and imprisoned under Mr. Balfour's Coercion Act — 24.

United Canada.

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## Mixed Matrimony.

THE WESTERN WATCHMAN: The question arises: Is it ever lawful for a Catholic to have a marriage ceremony performed for him by a Protestant preacher? We answer: It is always unlawful and sinful — unlawful and sinful even when a valid marriage should be contracted thereby. In France a sort of civil covenant takes place previous to the marriage. We sometimes hear of civil ceremonies being performed before legations and afterwards in the church. Where these arrangements are purely civil, they may be tolerated because of the civil advantages they confer. But in this country there is neither occasion nor excuse for them, the law recognizing the marriage of a priest, and giving it every civil and social sanction. Hence, a Catholic who assents to any such ceremony is guilty of insulting his own faith, and betraying his religion. A Catholic who is so accommodating to his Protestant partner as to consent to a double religious ceremony, has about given up the ghost as a Catholic. He will accommodate his wife by accompanying her to church; next by having his children brought up Protestants; and lastly by giving up entirely the practice of religion. With Catholic ladies the case is more hopeless. They begin by yielding; they end by giving up the right to be consulted. Mixed marriages are bad enough; mixed double-ceremony marriages are other names for apostacy.

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HE who is charged with the care and direction of others, and who holds the highest place, should be as the least of all and the servant of his brethren, and use towards each of them the condescension which he would wish to be shown to himself, if he were their inferior. — *St. Francis.*

# Our Catholic Young Men.*

GENTLEMEN:

THE invitation to address you, this evening, when you formally open your club-room, with which you have honored me, was a call so welcome that I made haste to obey it. The objects which you propose, in forming this club, are so worthy and useful in themselves, so alluring to me, as to overcome the doubts I might well entertain of my ability to bring you any thought worthy of your attention. In what I have to say, however, you may be able to find some ideas and principles that may prove of service, in working out the purposes of your admirable organization.

That such a society as yours is not only useful and beneficial to the gentlemen who make up its membership, but, in a sense, necessary, when we take account of the dangers, on the one hand, to which our young men are constantly exposed, and, on the other, their pressing wants or needs, no one, I think, will seriously question.

You come together in this Young Men's Catholic Club, as I understand, chiefly for a three-fold object: to cultivate and promote free social intercourse; to strengthen and develop your mind and character; and to enjoy that proper recreation and amusement that is an indispensable feature of club life. These, I take it, are to form the special characteristics of this Young Men's Catholic Club, which has been so auspiciously inaugurated here to-night.

Now, passing by this three-fold aim of your organization, which has been already fully outlined by your good friend, who has happily conceived the idea of starting this club, and sent it on its career, with every prospect of doing all that is expected from it, allow me to put before you, as briefly as I can, a general thought as to what society at large hopes for,—and quite reasonably so,—from such a body of young men as will make up the membership of this club.

In the first place, let me remark, that we expect a great deal from our Catholic young men. Our highest hopes are centred in them. The future, with its boundless possibilities, is theirs. To-morrow they are to be entrusted with weighty duties, solemn responsibilities. They are to take their place on the stage of the world, to act, each one, his proper part. They will have a voice in the affairs of men, in the government of the Republic; they will be a force, for good or ill, in moulding and directing public opinion; their influence will be felt in church and state, in the administration and making of the laws that govern the community. In short, they will have, each one of them, a man's work to do, and do it they must. Heretofore, you, young Catholic gentlemen, have been preparing yourselves for this world life; you have been gathering power and strength, intellectual and physical and moral, to fit yourselves for this stern and serious business of life. Hard and noble work awaits you in this busy life upon which you are

* This Address was delivered at the opening of the Catholic Young Men's Club, Pittsburgh, Pa., by Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.

entering. The time is at hand, when our young man must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion. And starting out in life, I would have our young man never to forget this great truth, so beautifully expressed by Emerson: "That though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him, but through his toil, bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till." That is the lesson which all experience teaches. We ought never to forget it. If we do, we are lost. Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place Divine Providence has found for you; act your part like a man. It is well, then, that you should come together in such a society as this to continue that preparation for work; to hold counsel with one another, to receive aid and guidance from your spiritual director; to train, still further, your minds and hearts, so that the hopes which we repose in you may be fully realized.

I need not speak to you, my young friends, of the many snares and pit-falls that beset our youth in the large cities of America. Danger signals might be hung out at almost every street corner, and because the signals are absent, the danger, as you know, is all the greater.

As long as you remain steadfast to the spirit, principles, and purpose of this club you are safe, even though a thousand may fall on your right hand and ten thousand on your left. Under the shadow of this glorious Cathedral, and almost within the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, you are safe from danger. Those who will catch the meaning and spirit of this Catholic club will aim to fill their minds with noble thoughts, noble ideals, noble memories; to inspire you with noble aims, noble sentiments, and the courage that is equal to every noble enterprise, are among the great and worthy objects contemplated in the establishment of a society like yours. Said the divine Plato,— "We have two qualities in our souls which we must preserve with equal solicitude; the one which prompts us to dare, and the other which constrains us to fear; to be bold for virtue and to be afraid in respect to vice."

If we cultivate these two noble qualities of the soul, — if we are bold for virtue and afraid in respect to vice, we shall never fail to act well our part. To develop and strengthen these two qualities, let me say to you, learn to ennoble every act of yours by acquiring, before and above all things, to propose as the motive of your entire life, DUTY. The glory of life, my young friends, is the consciousness of having done your duty. Duty to God, to your country, to your fellows. Be bold for virtue, at all times and on all occasions, in the face of raging public opinion and the loudest clamor, — care not what others may think of you, make for the right. Let that be your motto: Be a man. How degrading the tyranny of human respect!

> "Load me with irons, drive me from morn till night,
> I am not the utter slave which that man is,
> Whose sole word, thought, and deed are built on what
> The world may say of him."

The cowardly fear of a false and depraved public opinion, as is

but too well known, is to-day, and has ever been in the past, the deadliest foe of truth and morality. May it never find a lodgement in this society! Again, I repeat, always make for the right; be bold for virtue, and afraid only in respect to vice.

The needs of our age demand that these two qualities of the soul, to which I have referred, be developed and strengthened among us. "If any man consider the present aspects of what is called, by distinction, *society*," observes Emerson, "he will see the need of these ethics." "The sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are become timorous, desponding whimpers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, and afraid of each other. Our age yields no great and perfect persons. We want men and women who shall renovate life and our social state; but we see that most natures are insolvent, cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and do lean and beg, day and night, continually. Our housekeeping is mendicant, our arts, our occupations, our marriages; we have not chosen, but society has chosen for us. We are parlor soldiers; we shun the rugged battle, where strength is born." How strikingly true is not this description of our modern society? With you, and those like you, who are budding into manhood, rests the duty, the solemn duty, of changing things for the better, — of putting more virtue into society. Great hopes, as I have said, are centred in our Catholic young men. Let us not be disappointed. Show us what *you* can do.

To this idea of duty and self-reliance, I would have you add two other virtues: *temperance and piety*. These, also, are requisite to your success in life. Without them, you cannot hope to prosper. And now I have spoken what has occurred to me as useful and proper to speak to you on this occasion. To sum up: let each one aim at proving that he is an

> "Active doer, noble liver,
> Strong to labor, sure to conquer."

Let me warn you to beware of false doctrines, false leaders, false principles, false practices. The world, to-day, is filled with falsehoods. In presence of wide-spread political corruption, do your duty as good citizens of this specially-favored land; in presence of the social evils of the day, stand immovable for virtue, and make boldly for the right.

I need not tell you, what is known to all, that if the Catholic citizen acts consistently with his religious principles, he will be the model of political virtue to his fellow-citizens. The better Catholic, the better citizen. The good Catholic will show that he considers, as all ought to consider, the proper performance of his civic duty as a sacred obligation. Catholic citizens, whose consciences are guided by their religion, and who love the institutions of our country, should lose no time in calling to their aid men of integrity and intelligence; and, uniting with every honorable movement, seek to purify the public morals of our great cities, and restore to them that good name which has been so long tarnished by political crime. Keeping these things before your mind, and acting on the principles which should always

guide a Catholic society, never once forgetting that you are Christian gentlemen, your newly-formed club must prosper, and its influence for good be sensibly felt in this community. That it may be so, is my fervent prayer! God speed the Young Men's Catholic Club of Pittsburgh!

## Masked Balls, etc.

REV. P. F. O'HARE, pastor of St. Anthony's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., whose attacks on the indecent cigarette pictures, and his crusade against the liquor dealers are of prominence, delivered a sermon recently against masked balls. "I have no respect," he said, "for the woman who will attend such a place. If she is not already lost to honor she is on a fair road to it. In those places a woman is lead and tempted to do that which she would not do without a mask. Her face was not given her to cover." Of the men he said: "They go there for the gratification of all that is vile. And when they invite a woman to those places they do not hold her in respect."

Father O'Hare, in his lecture on Rome, said Freemasons were seeking to destroy the spiritual power of the Pope, and that in a recent procession in Rome they openly appealed to Satan for his help. A black flag was carried and Satan was cheered and lauded. In concluding his lecture, he said: "It is the duty of every Catholic to look for the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope. The robbers who have deprived him of it should be driven out, and the Pope should have that which belongs to the church by a clearer and better title than any held by the rulers of the earth in their possessions."

## The Coming Doom.

MR. GLADSTONE, in his recent great speech, said that the breach between the people and the government was now widening, and that the confidence of the people in the law and in the administrators of the law was impaired and almost gone. (Cheers.) Ireland was now governed in conflict with five sixths of her representatives in Parliament, one fourth of whom it had been necessary to send to prisons, which, through the action of the government, became temples of honor. (Cheers.) In conclusion, he said: "To continue the state of things under which so many representatives of this House are placed under a ban of proscription is impossible. You may deprive of its grace and freedom the act you are asked to do; but avert it you cannot. (Prolonged cheers.) To prevent the consummation of it is utterly beyond your power. It seems to approach at an accelerated rate; but come slower or quicker it is sure to come, and many of you who have opposed it must already see in the hand-writing on the wall signs of the coming doom." (Cheers.)

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THE Lord has given me such faith when in His temples, that simply adoring Him, I say: "We adore Thee, most holy Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, here and in all Thy temples, and bless Thee, because by Thy holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world."—*St. Francis.*

# Stage-Struck Girls.

ONE of the wide-spread delusions of the present time is the theory that the stage offers a swift and easy avenue to wealth and fame. A few society women, by methods more or less reprehensible, have attained sudden notoriety, and one or two of them have managed to secure some of the wealth which has been attendant upon that delectable possession. But what is the fate of the majority of them?

In the first place, each new candidate for dramatic honors thinks she is divinely commissioned either to bring about a grand reform in the Thespian world, or, at least, conquer a peerless position for herself. She is honest and conscientious in her ideals, painstaking, and industrious in her preparation — aye, may even foresee, and be willing to bear, some of the privations and drawbacks which must, in the nature of things, beset her ambition. Indeed, she may rise to heroism in her willingness to sacrifice her personal comfort for many years, in order to attain the summit of what she considers her art.

But, oh, if she could only appreciate what those "many years" mean! When she comes to realize that they stand for separation from friends, the wear and tear of travel, the utter loss of companionship, save the too often reckless and un-ideal association of her fellow-actors, the flitting from town to town and city to city, the everlasting motion, the never-ending work, the night hours, the tedious rehearsals, the wearing performances, the sleepless journeys, the pitiful salary, the hollowness of the praise and the emptiness of the applause, the unstable chances of it all, surely a girl, however venturesome, would pause before taking such a step from which there is no recall. For, like marriage, the stage once trod, changes the tenor of a life forever.

No, girls, don't be carried away with the glamor. After all, the splendor is only that of a few footlights, a few tinsel jewels, a few tawdry dresses, frayed and poor enough when viewed in the sunlight, a few tricks of colored light and tin-pan thunder, a few shiftings of painted scenes, a swarm of petty jealousies, and much weariness of the flesh. The star, meanwhile, sweeps the profits into his pocket, and all that the subordinates get is but a burdensome and precarious living. And you can count the present succcessful stars on the fingers of your two hands!

Regarding the temptations which beset a young girl on the stage — especially if she is beautiful, and none but beautiful girls stand much chance of dramatic success these days, — we need not enlarge. Too often young girls step from the protection of — it may be — humble homes only to yield to the tempter after weary struggles for virtue. Then comes the period of "fool's paradise" only for them to find the deceptive glamor fade away into eternal night.

Young girls, who contemplate studying for the stage, consider well the step you are about to take, and do not make the venture unless, humanly speaking, the chances of success are ten to one in your favor.

The Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y.

From the German.

# The Kings of the East.

## TENTH PART: THE RETURN.

I.

THE kings o'er whom the Star once floated,
Whose cheering rays their course had steered,
That they nor leagues of distance noted,
Nor felt fatigue, nor dangers feared,
Are now their way together wending
Homeward 'mid toils unknown before;
The journey seemeth never-ending
They once so swiftly traversed o'er.

II.

Abysses yawn before them ever,
O'er snowy peaks that seek the stars
They climb; at times a swift-flowing river,
Rugged with rocks, their progress bars;
When bridged or forded by their legions
The torrent is, wild pathless lands
They enter, while 'mid peopled regions
Is none their speech who understands.

III.

But when their thought can find expression
By sign, by gesture, or by word,
They tell the tidings of salvation,
The wonders they had seen and heard;
With ardent love their bosoms burning,
They tell of Mary and the Child,
Kindling a strange unwonted yearning
In hearts to sudden tears beguiled.

IV.

And thus they travel on contented,
And calm and constant still in mind,
Tho' in their course ofttimes tormented
By baffling storms of rain and wind;
They keep together still unsundered,
Till on their journey's second year
Loomed up the mount from which they wandered,
On which the Star did first appear.

V.

And gathered now around that mountain,
They send their followers o'er earth,
To souls long thirsting for Life's fountain,
With tidings of the Saviour's birth;
They come from every clime and nation
The poor, with willing hearts and hands;
Soon on that mountain's topmost station,
A stately temple gleaming stands.

VI.

That shrine no Pagan idols entered,
The graven gods are banished far,
No emblem there but Jesus centered
Within a golden-hearted Star;
The Pagan temples stand forsaken,
In ruins lie their gods of stone;
The people from their sleep awaken,
They worship Jesus — Him alone.

VII.

Dowered with Heaven's richest graces,
The kings now seek their native land;
They part with tearful, fond embraces,
And lingering clasp of hand in hand.
Tho' sundered far, their hearts together
Are linked in bonds of love divine,
And each recurring year they gather
For prayer within that mountain shrine.

VIII.

And ever as they come their gracious
Pledges of friendship they renew,
And sow in human hearts the precious
Seedlings of grace and truth anew.
A hand unseen doth safely lead them,
From hostile foes doth shield them well,
And Faith and Hope and Love and Freedom
Among their people ever dwell.

IX.

Full many a year had now passed o'er them,
Tinged with the Star's celestial ray,
Still each revolving season bore them
Within that mountain shrine to pray;
A century's weight of years now presses
On Baltassar and bows him low,
While Kaspar's flowing raven tresses
Are white as tempest-sifted snow.

X.

Once as they knelt before the Altar,
Their faithful followers among,
Worshipping there with prayer and psalter,
Entered amid the kneeling throng
A figure travel-stained, appareled
In pilgrim garb, with stave in hand,
Meagre and wan, he seemed a herald,
On mission from some distant land.

XI.

He comes from far, sent by his Master,
Charged with a message to the kings;
How hearts are throbbing fast and faster
To hear the tidings that he brings:
The Martyr's death by Crucifixion,
On Calvary's summit thunder-riven,
The ever-glorious resurrection,
And the ascension into Heaven.

XII.

No witness he who without question
Believes what he hears, unseen, untried,
He at the Saviour's own suggestion,
His hand placed in the wounded side;
The doubting heart then believed and trembled,
And he went forth to preach the Word;
And on the kings and those assembled
He baptism's cleansing dews now poured.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

## Women as Workers in the Church.

THE late Very Rev. I. T. Hecker, founder of the Paulist Congregation, wrote many excellent works during his lifetime, but we know of none which is likely to please Catholic readers so well as his latest production, The Church and the Age. Glancing over this interesting book the other day, we came across the following paragraph which tends to show how the church utilizes the services of the female portion of the community in every civilized country, making many of them heroines of Christianity in the highest sphere of supernatural perfection:

"One has but to open his eyes and read the pages of ecclesiastical history to be convinced that in the Catholic church there has been no lack of freedom of action for women. Look for a moment at the countless number of sisterhoods in the church, some count their members by thousands, all under the government of one head, a woman, and elected by themselves for life; others, again, each house forming a separate organization, with a superior of its own, elected for a limited period. In fact, there is no form of organization and government of which they do not give us an example, and carried on successfully, showing a practical ability in this field of action which no one can call in question. Then there is no kind of labor, literary, scientific, mechanical, as well as charitable, in which they may not engage, according to their abilities and strength. Who shall enumerate the different kinds of literary institutions, schools, and academies under their direction, and confessedly superior in their kind? Who shall count the hospitals, the orphanages, the reformatories, the insane asylums, and other similar institutions, where they proved their capacity to be above that of men? All roads in the church are open to woman's energies and capacities, and she knows and is conscious of this freedom; and, what is more, she is equally aware that whatever she has to do will receive from the church encouragement, sanction, and the honor which is due to her labor, her devotion, and her genius. Few great undertakings in the church have been conceived and carried on to success without the co-operation, in some shape, of women. The great majority of her saints are of their sex, and they are honored and placed on her altars equally with men. It is not an unheard-of event that women, by their scientific and literary attainments, have won from Catholic universities the title of doctor. St. Teresa is represented as a teacher, with a pen in hand and with a doctor's cap. It would carry us altogether too far beyond our limits to show how largely the writings of women in the church have contributed to the body and the perfection of the science of theology."

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SOMETIMES the jokes played upon friends end seriously. No manner of play, in this direction, has accomplished more deadly results than the taking of a chair from beneath a companion. The latest case is reported from Erie, Penn., on Jan. 21: "As the inmates of the Soldiers and Sailors' Home were being seated at their evening meal, a singular fatality occurred. John McQuinlan, who came from Philadelphia, and was full of pranks, pulled the chair from under Louis Baichler, of Mahanoy City, Penn. The veterans enjoyed the joke for a second; but, when Baichler did not rise, they were horror-stricken to find him prostrate. The blood gushed from his mouth and ears. The fall had burst a blood-vessel. Before relief could reach Baichler, he died. McQuinlan gave himself up, and is in jail, awaiting the action of the Grand Jury. He is on the verge of distraction, as he and the victim of his sad joke were bosom friends."

# Christian Civilization and the Perils that Now Threaten It.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S GREAT LECTURE.

THE distinguished lecturer prefaced his discourse with a brief reference to the celebration of the feast day of Ireland's patron saint. National apostles, he said, are the civilizers of the nations to whom they preach the Gospel. In this capacity St. Patrick converted Ireland from pagan to Christian civilization; and this latter condition of human existence His Grace had chosen for his theme. In substance, he spoke as follows:

I propose to speak to you this evening, ladies and gentlemen, on the subject of "Christian civilization and the perils that now threaten it." I have selected the subject because I deem it a very important one at the present time. I feel, too, that it is not inappropriate to this occasion. The national apostles of all countries have been also their great civilizers, in the highest sense of that term. No matter how great may have been its material wealth and progress before its advent, the introduction of Christianity into any country marks a new and most interesting era in its history; hence, St. Patrick, the Irish Apostle, was not only the Apostle of the Christian religion of that Island, but was also the Apostle there of that Christian civilization which is the offspring of that religion, and his children should preserve from peril the heritage of that civilization. The term civilization is a very general and somewhat vague one, and various definitions and descriptions of it have been given. I think, with Edmund Burke, that the essence of civilization consists in the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion; that is, the union of all that is noble and sacred in religion with all that is gentle and strong in our humanity. Emerson says: "The truest test of civilization is not the census, not the size of cities, nor the crops, but the kind of a man the country turns out." Our highest conception of a perfect man is the union of religion and gentle manhood, realized in the person of Christ, the Founder of Christian civilization. Christianity is Christ continued, and its civilization is His continued influence on the outside world. I think the best test of the civilization of an individual, or of a nation, is unselfishness, and the best test of unselfishness is care for the poor and oppressed of our race. Mr. Lecky complains of this age as defective in the spirit of self-sacrifice. Its defect is in proportion to its forgetfulness of the teachings and the spirit of Christianity, which is pre-eminently the religion of self-sacrifice.

PRINCIPLES OF COHESION NECESSARY TO SOCIETY.

This spirit of self-sacrifice is essential to the continued existence of civilized society. Each man must pay a little of personal comfort to the general fund of society. Selfishness led to the fall of pagan civilization, and threatens our own. Carlyle says "that men of learning and profound reflection begin to doubt whether it is possible

for the existing framework of civil society to hold together without the principle of cohesion, supplied by the truths which it has cast away."

Fortunately, only a portion of society has been rash enough to reject them; and, as Christianity is immortal, like its Founder, that rejection can never become universal. It is, however, the duty of Christians to keep it within as narrow limits as possible.

### PAGANISM, CHRISTIANITY, AND CIVILIZATION.

To do this intelligently and effectually, we have to fully appreciate the connection between Christianity and the civilization to which it has given name. To see that this civilization is based on, and motived by, great Christian doctrines, which, if weakened or denied, will weaken or ruin the great superstructure itself, and send us back not merely to pagan civilization, but much farther. For you will observe, ladies and gentlemen, even paganism taught great conservative truths, such as the existence of the Supreme Being, and His providence over men, and the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, which modern unbelief affects to deny. It may be some time before the dangers which we apprehend will fully develop themselves. The flower that is plucked from its stem retains its fragrance for a time afterwards. The morality and public conscience which Christianity has produced will influence men for a time also, after they shall have ceased to believe, but this influence must be necessarily temporary. The restraint which even paganism placed on human passion being removed, and God blotted out in the midst of His own creation, self-will becomes the worshipped deity. To avert this, let us first understand the connection between Christianity and its civilization.

### HISTORICAL IMPORTANCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity is a fact in the history of the human race, the most mysterious in its nature, the most stupendous and universal in its effects: a fact which philosophy cannot ignore, nor infidelity deny, nor skepticism doubt; which has influenced religion, arts, arms, sciences, literature, social life, politics, human happiness, human suffering, human progress, more than any other fact in the history of our race. The unbeliever who regards it lightly as one of the many false religions embraced by man, at various periods of his history, who thinks that its influences were simply and exclusively confined to the secret intercourse between the Creator and the creature, such a one can never adequately understand the philosophy of human history. Christianity refashioned the whole being of man, politically and socially, as well as religiously. It formed not only the Christian saint, but the Christian statesman, the Christian warrior, the Christian citizen, the Christian artist, the Christian soldier, and the Christian philanthropist.

"Christianity," says Mr. Gladstone in his Studies of Homer, speaking of it from the third century upwards, "has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of human civilization, and has driven, harnessed to its chariot as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world. Its learning has been

the learning of the world; its art the art of the world; its genius the genius of the world; its greatness, glory, grandeur, and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely, all that in these respects the world has had to boast of." But in no sphere, ladies and gentlemen, did it effect so signal a revolution as in the formation of Christian philanthropy. To understand this fully, we have but to view the poor, helpless, and suffering, under pagan and Christian civilization, to behold the spirit of Christ passing along the wayside of human history, bending, good Samaritan-like, over the wounded and robbed sufferers of our race under paganism, and not only pouring into their wounds the balmy and strengthening oil and wine, but also bearing the sufferers to the inn — that is, founding institutions for their permanent cure and comfort, and promising that when the Lord shall return in the end, He shall pay whatever is over and above to the caretakers of wounded humanity. To see the condition of the unfortunate under pagan civilization, we need not take examples from the rude, untaught children of the forest, who are called the barbarians of antiquity; but to look to the polished, educated, highly cultured nations of Greece and Rome. It is the fashion of a class of modern humanitarian political philosophers, who have some influence in this age and country, to praise classic antiquity, to exhibit its virtues, as proofs of what unaided man can do, to practically ignore the civilization of Christianity, and to hold forth the pagan nations as magnificent models for the emulation of our own young Republic. God forbid that we should ever adopt these models. If we do, our moral corruption will, like theirs, increase with our material greatness, and a false civilization, with a terrible power for evil, will, like the strong man of Scripture, soon twine its mighty arms round the great pillars that support the national edifice, shake them to their foundations, and be destroyed only in the crumbling ruins of the edifice itself. I am far from denying to these classic nations of antiquity many glorious natural qualities. Their learning, military prowess, exalted patriotism, their cultivation of the arts, and their spirit of material progress, are unquestioned and unquestionable. But for their morality, for their care of the poor and the suffering, for disinterested sacrifice for others, requiring self-sacrifice, for genuine civilization, we look almost in vain until the rising Orient of the Christian day, the "Light of Light," appeared above the troubled waters of paganism, and illumined the dark passage of this valley of tears.

### ANCIENT PAGANISM AND CHILD-MURDER.

Aristotle tells us that it was a common practice in his day for parents to expose their children to death. This was no secret crime for which there was punishment as now, but it was a public, recognized, legalized act. One of the laws of Lycurgus commanded that all children born with any deformity should be immediately put to death. He claimed the children as the property of the state, and treated them as such. Infanticide was not uncommon in Greece. In Rome the fourth of the twelve "Tables of the Law" enacted that the father should have the right of life, death, and sale of his child,

and it also decreed that the deformed ones should be put to death. The result of these laws was that the parents kept as many of their children as they pleased, sold or killed the others, treated them as men do newly-born whelps. In some instances, as Lactantius and Minutius Felix tell us, they cast forth their children to be devoured by dogs. You shudder at this; why? Were not these men and women with human hearts like our own, not barbarian men and women, but graceful Greeks and cultured Romans? You shudder because the civilization of Christianity has softened your hearts, and protects you from the splendid classic barbarism of these nations. Tacitus tells us that the Romans smiled at the scruples of the Jews for holding the doctrine that infanticide was a crime. We find men, like Solon and Quintilian, defending child-murder when the children became inconveniently numerous.

BY CHRIST'S COMING INFANCY WAS SANCTIFIED.

Behold, then, the appalling spectacle! Helpless infancy exposed, killed, cast to dogs. See the yellow Tiber, as it sweeps by the marble palaces, by the temples and luxuriant baths of ancient Rome, bearing upon its waters the floating bodies of pure, innocent, holy childhood! Such, ladies and gentlemen, was the state of the world when a voice was heard from obscure Palestine. It was but the feeble cry of a child; but it was to reverberate in thunder-tones through the universe and to awaken and purify the echoes of the seven-hilled city. It was the cry of infancy from the stable of Bethlehem. It was the deep, solemn protest of the Child-God against the barbarism of infanticide. It was the proclamation of the young King, that infancy was now sanctified and should be reverenced; that Divinity itself had descended from on high, and appeared in the vesture of infantine humanity. "A Child is born to us, and a Son is given to us, and the government is upon His shoulders, and His name shall be called Wonderful Councillor, God the Mighty, Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace." Behold Him afterwards in that sweet scene of His public life, when the children clustered around Him, and the disciples would keep them at a distance, and when He restrained these disciples, saying, "Suffer the little children to come to Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." When protecting the virtue of little children from scandalizers He seems for the time to lose His sublime habitual calm. He pardons the greatest sinners with gentle pity; He cries out from the cross to His Heavenly Father for mercy on those who mock and crucify Him; but when He speaks of those who, by word or deed, injure the soul of only one of His little ones, "the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world" becomes "the Lion of the fold of Judah"; the benediction becomes a malediction, and the scandalizer of childhood, like the barren fig-tree, falls beneath his withering curse: "Woe to the man that shall scandalize one of these little ones. It were better for him that a mill-stone should be hanged about his neck and he should be drowned in the depths of the sea." Again, He says: "See that you despise not one of these little ones, for I say to you

that their angels in heaven always see the face of My Father who is in heaven."

THE CHURCH LEGISLATING AGAINST CHILD-MURDER.

Sublime dignity of these little ones! God's angels are their angels also, appointed to shield them, and only wait the Divine permission to strike down the scandalizers and persecutors of their charge. Therefore, "despise them not," defend, cherish, embrace them. Great has always been the care of the Christian church for holy childhood. For centuries she had to fight alone for these little ones of Christ. Child-murder was so common that it required her entire power to abolish it. Even as late as the years 546 and 589 of the Christian era we find her in the Councils of Lerida and Toledo enacting penalties against child-murder. We see this care through all the ages of history in the numerous lying-in hospitals, orphans' asylums, and protectories, established by her in all the countries of her extensive domain. But behold a picture which will vividly show you the value Christianity sets upon childhood! It is a cold winter's morning, but a few hours after midnight, in the deserted, snow-covered streets of the great city of Paris; the gay revellers of last night are asleep; but see the form that stalks around the by-streets, lanes, and alleys, like a spirit of ill-omen; see that woman shivering with the cold, and her soul shivering with a moral chill of the terrible, unnatural crime she is about to perpetrate. She gazes around to be certain that no one sees her, nor thinks that the withering glance of our Common Parent is upon her. Nervously she draws from beneath her shawl the concealed off-spring of her sin. She looks at its face for the last moment with the glare of a maniac, for, with all her crimes, she is a mother. She leaves it in the snow to perish, and flies to hide her face from every human eye. The child weeps, and soon the chill of death will stop its young heart's pulsations. Is there no hand near to lift it up, no breast that will press this young heart to it to continue life, until the waters of the regeneration shall sanctify it? Behold that tottering old man of seventy winters. Time has laid its hand upon his head and frozen his hairs into gray. He is out thus early to seek poor outcasts like this. Between three and four hundred of them were baptized every year. He takes the child in his arms, lifts his eyes to Heaven, thanks God, and thinks of the infant in Bethlehem, on that cold December night, when "there was no room for him in the inns." He is the priest of Christianity, the true philanthropist, the great-hearted Vincent de Paul. He takes the child home to his Sisters of Charity, in whose virginal bosoms throb mothers' hearts. Thus what Christ commenced, Christianity perpetuates. The child is the image of God, undimmed by sin. Its soul is of priceless value, no matter how deformed its body, or how impure the blood that courses through its veins. Its body came from its parents, but that soul, came out from the Heaven of God, and is destined to return to its portals, and to adore God with his angels and its angels, "who always see His face." From this great truth springs a principle of Christian civilization, which must ever protect childhood. Let unbelief deny it, and let men act out this

unbelief, and we shall, in time, return to the barbarism of pagan civilization; as great principles act themselves out into great institutions, so it is true that he who would strike down the principle must also crush the institution and rob childhood of its loving protectors.

### RELATIVE CONDITION OF WOMAN UNDER PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

From the consideration of childhood under pagan and Christian civilization, we come naturally to consider the condition of woman under like influences. Before the advent of Christianity, woman was, in most countries, little more than the white slave of man, who had dominion over her property, and, in some places, over her life. The degradation which polygamy stamped on her was everywhere felt. It was sometimes simultaneous polygamy, when a man kept several wives at once, and sometimes it was the no less criminal, but more comfortable and convenient, successive polygamy of divorce.

Seneca laments the fact of almost daily divorce in Rome in her most cultured period. Juvenal, who lashed the vices and vicious of his day, tells us of one woman who by divorce married legally eight husbands in five months. Even the "divine" Plato, the most "naturally Christian" of the pagan philosophers, advocated a community of wives, and on the ground that the children would then become more exclusively the property of the state. Hymen, the god of marriage, was represented in Roman mythology as the son of Venus, the goddess of impurity, by Bacchus, the god of drunkenness. How degraded was woman, whom God made far purer than man! Such was the world when in the stable of Bethlehem, the birthplace of civilization, stood a woman. Her arms formed the throne of the new-born King who proclaimed the new civilization. The blood with which He paid the ransom of redemption had come from her alone. Filled with the Spirit of God, she, representing, as it were, the whole sex, cried out in her sublime Magnificat, "He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaid; from henceforth all nations shall call me blessed, for He that is mighty hath done great things for me, and holy is His name."

### THE MOTHER OF CHRIST THE MODEL OF WOMANHOOD.

Woman was exalted in the person of the Mother of Christ. Therefore it was, as it were, the triumphant Magnificat canticle of liberated womanhood! The Christian Church abolished at once simultaneous and successive polygamy, and thus preserved the dignity and freedom of woman. Should she ever become degraded again, it will be by the modern paganism that ignores Christianity. Already perils surround her. For nearly nineteen centuries Christianity, organized in the Catholic Church, has contended for the indissolubility of the marriage tie, which is woman's only hope of retaining the position which she now possesses. Unfortunately, this doctrine has been disregarded, and divorce, with permission to marry again, is drifting us back to successive pagan polygamy. The twentieth century will see and feel and acknowledge the wisdom of the old church in repressing, rather than partially indulging, human passion, by sweeping away the very

possibility of marriage after divorce. The world will yet do justice to Christian Rome as the only power to save her from pagan Rome, and will address her with the author of Childe Harold:

> "Parent of our religion, whom the wide
> Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven,
> Europe, repentant of her parricide,
> Shall yet redeem thee, and all backward driven
> Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven."

THE RECLAMATION OF FALLEN WOMANHOOD.

And not only over woman, noble and virtuous, but also over her fallen sisters, who are popularly supposed to be like fallen angels, destined never to rise again, has Christianity spread the ægis of her protection, and inspires hope of reformation, by institutions such as that in favor of which I speak to-night. Under pagan civilization this unhappy class of women was simply ignored, and their case deemed hopeless. Of all the beings on this earth who drink the bitter waters of human misery, the most truly wretched is that outcast woman who has lost virtue, and has come to know and to feel her supreme solitude and wretchedness, whom the world in its cold-heartedness or pharisaical prudery deems it pollution even to mention; who, crushed by sin and sorrow, and all social proscription, wanders in the world like a moral leper, parentless, friendless, homeless; whose heart is a wild waste, without tree, or fruit, or flower, or one gleam of joyous sunshine, whose hopes like fallen leaves, are withered forever, and who wishes to sink like these leaves into the earth and be forgotten. Only Christian charity could reach her; fallen as she is, she is a glorious subject of that charity. Fallen as she is, yet remember that there was a time when that young heart beat high and joyous to a pure and holy love. There was a time when a mother's kiss was imprinted as a signet upon her yet unprofaned lips; when the eyes, now closed in sorrow, and scorching under her warm tears, laughed out the ingenuousness of her simple heart. There was a time, but it is gone — gone forever; then why enumerate? The world that allured and fascinated and ruined her, now flings her from its bosom, like a scorpion, or smiles scornfully at her misery, looks upon her as Satan looked upon Eve after he had wrought her fall.

THE HEROIC MAGDALEN.

Such was the fallen woman under paganism and stern Judaism, when one of her class, with singular apparent audacity, which was really supernatural courage, entered the banquet hall of Simon, and, unterrified by the presence of indignant scribes and self-righteous Pharisees, fell weeping and broken-hearted at the feet of the Founder of Christian civilization. It was her only resting-place on God's earth. She washes His feet with her tears, and wipes them with her dishevelled hair. She kisses these feet in reverential love, for they are beautiful. Yes, Mary, beautiful are the feet of Him on the mountains, high above the low prejudices of men; of Him who evangelizes good things evangelizes peace to thy broken spirit, which, like thy broken alabaster box, sends upwards to Him the odor of sweetness. Mocking Pharisees

understand it not and are scandalized. "If this man were a prophet," they whispered to each other, "he would have known what manner of woman this is that touches him, that she is a sinner." But see, the Lord repels her not; she looks not into the heaven of His face, for well she knows that, like the heaven beyond the stars, "nothing defiled should enter there." She speaks not, but only weeps. He who esteems most the heart eloquence of such penitential tears, heard and blessed and forgave her. He defends her apparent boldness before the assembled guests. And how faithful this "sinner of the city" afterwards proved! How, when the Scribes and Pharisees sought His death, when Judas betrayed and Peter denied, and even John followed but at a distance, she ever remained the same devoted, penitential lover.

MAGDALEN'S PLACE IN CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION.

She was found on Calvary at her old place, at His feet, His bleeding feet; she threw her arms around the bloody rood as He hung expiring upon it. She knew Him in the Garden of the Resurrection when he pronounced her name and awoke the memories of Simon's banquet hall. How she fell again at His feet, and exclaimed, "Rabboni, Master!" And now in Heaven she still clings to her old place, at Jesus' feet, the "part that shall not be taken from her forever," and prays for her poor outcast sisters — the sinners of the cities of the world. She became a factor in the great work of Christian civilization. From the time of Magdalen the fallen penitent women became favorite objects of Christian charity, and institutions for their reformation have sprung up in every portion of the Christian world. For one of these I am here to-night to plead. They are appropriately called "Houses of the Good Shepherd." There are of this order alone one hundred and seventy-five houses, some of them of vast capacity, of which number thirty-three are in the United States. In the houses in Philadelphia, Norristown, and Scranton there are eight hundred and thirty-four inmates, and a new institution has just been opened in Reading. Quite a number of these poor penitents desire to remain all their lives under the protection of the Sisters, and a religious order called that of the "Magdalens," with vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, has been instituted for them. Of the penitents who leave, the greater number persevere in virtue, and get happily married. Of those who relapse into sin, quite a number return again to the house, as the vivid impressions made on them during their former residence there almost invariably revive. Amongst the penitents, especially in England, are found highly educated women, and it has sometimes occurred that the pure virginal Sister of the Good Shepherd received as a penitent one whom she knew in the world as a dear friend. We can well imagine such a scene! The Sister attempting to throw her arms around her, and the penitent recoiling from her and exclaiming, "Oh, don't; it will kill me! Angels should not touch demons such as I have been." And then behold the Sister leading her to the Convent Chapel, and leaving her before the tabernacle — Magdalen at the feet of Jesus!

[Conclusion in June issue.]

# Thou Silver Star of Evening.

By Daniel J. Donahoe.

THOU silver star of evening, in smiling beauty beaming,
How calm thy rays are shining adown the halls of Night!
Thou wakest in my bosom sweet thought and gentle dreaming, —
Oh, lovely star of evening, I bless thy liquid light!

Full often down the valley, sweet star, when dews were falling,
We walked in love and pleasure beneath thy tender rays,
And now thy mellow beaming, each gentle dream recalling,
Uplifts my soul from sorrow to soar through brighter ways.

Oh, full of joy and sweetness the visions are that greet me!
Oh, flown are all the shadows, the darkness of the night!
A sweeter dawn is waking, the lost is here to meet me!
Oh, gentle star of evening, I love thy blessed light.

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## Proposed Increase of the British Navy.

THE intentions of the English government with regard to the navy have recently been formulated by the First Lord of the Admiralty before Parliament. It is proposed to build eight first-class men-of-war, of fourteen thousand tons each, and two of nine thousand tons, besides nine first-class cruisers and twenty-nine smaller vessels. A total tonnage of three hundred and eighteen thousand is represented, and a cost of about one hundred millions of dollars is predicated. Four and a half years are allowed for carrying out the programme. The work, it is proposed, shall be divided between the government ship yards and private firms. The recent accessions to the navy of France and of America are probably among the incentives to this action. Formerly the United States, by their isolated position, felt, to a considerable extent, exempt from the necessity of entering into competition with other powers in the matter of armament. It is to be hoped that a race for nominal supremacy on the sea shall not be participated in by this country. The construction and maintenance of useless ironclads is only a degree removed from the almost intolerable burden of a standing army. It is really to be hoped that the improvement of ordnance will make these expensive and useless ships as extinct in naval warfare as personal armor is in land fighting. Then passenger ships could be pressed into service if needed. Apart from this, the proposal is a very impressive one. The ships will compare in tonnage with the Great Eastern, and will be the precursors of fleets that will dwarf all existing craft from their number and weight. This is certain to ensue, because the other great nations will follow in the lead of England. Yet the hope is expressed by the government that other powers will not attempt to rival England, as she has not attempted to rival them in her land forces. This reads like an apology for so immense a demand, but it is to be feared that the Continental powers will not see it in that light. If carried out, it probably will mean increased expenditure of national revenues by all nations, so that England's hundred millions will be but a fraction of the useless expense that will be lavished on the world's destructive navies.

# Irish Informers.

THE demonstration at London in honor of Mr. Parnell, gives a good idea of the extent of the revulsion of feeling in favor of him and the cause he represents. Among Englishmen who desire to preserve self-respect, there is a general hastening to clear themselves of the imputation of sympathy with the forgeries, perjuries, and infamies of the Times. The Government and the newspaper stood together, worked together, helped each other; the power, resources, officials and machinery of the nation were used to help the prosecution; but, having failed, they must fall together. It is another illustration of these lines:

> "On our side is virtue and Erin,
> On theirs is the Saxon and guilt."

But this collapse of the Times case is only a final and emphatic reiteration of a lesson which history has taught successive British governments, generation after generation, but which those governments stupidly refuse to learn and apply. That lesson is, that no reliance is to be placed on Irish informers. For once an Irishman betrays his country, he becomes utterly abandoned, thoroughly depraved. He falls like Lucifer, never to rise again.

> "He falls from the patriot's heaven
> Down to the loyalist's hell,"

and is just as likely to betray those for whom he works, as those whom he works against. At war with himself, maddened by an accusing conscience, as one

> "Who falls from all he knows of bliss
> Cares nothing into what abyss,"

he becomes manical in his purposes, and generally ends his career after the manner of Castlereagh and Pigott. How can British ministers expect men to be true to them whom they have proved to be traitors to their country and to their kindred? Nowhere is an informer detested with greater loathing than in Ireland, and with good reason. Irishmen know that when an Irishman is false to Ireland, it is all up with him. Like an Irish woman who becomes bad, he is thoroughly, irreclaimably bad. Death is the penalty for Englishmen who turn traitors to their country. Are Irish traitors to their country less worthy of the same fate in the eyes of Irishmen? How foolish of Englishmen to reward treachery and hope to find it true. It is like

> "The very fiend's archmock—
> To lip a wanton and believe her chaste."

But a new light is dawning on the English mind. The Parnell Commission has taught Englishmen what an unscrupulous breed of rapscallions has been produced in Ireland by Castle methods of informer culture. Fellows who will do anything, swear to anything. Look at "Balfour's Removables." Was there ever such a pack of unmitigated scoundrels seen on earth before? Take Captain Plunkett and Mr.

Cecil Roach for instance. Is it possible for humanity to be more degraded? Yet they and their like are the product of the devilish system which has long prevailed in Ireland as "government." When that system is abolished, they will disappear with it. The sooner the better must be the prayer of Englishmen, as well as Irishmen.

The True Witness and Chronicle, Montreal, Canada.

## Strength of the Ancient Greek Soldiers.

THE physical superiority of the ante-Alexandrian Greeks to the hardiest and most robust nations of modern times is perhaps best illustrated by the military statistics of Xenophon. According to the author of Anabasis, the complete accoutrements of a Spartan soldier, in what we would call heavy marching order, weighed seventy-five pounds, exclusive of the camp, mining and bridge-building tools, and the rations of bread and dried fruit, which were issued in weekly instalments, and increased the burden of the infantry soldier to ninety, ninety-five, or even to a full one hundred pounds. This load was often carried at the rate of four English miles for twelve hours per diem, day after day; and only in the burning deserts of Southern Syria the commander of the Grecian auxiliaries thought it prudent to shorten the usual length of a day's march by one fourth. The gymnastic tests applied by the *systanchus*, or recruiting officer of a picked corps, would appear even more preposterous to the uniformed exquisites of a modern "crack regiment." Even tall, well-shaped men, of the soundest constitution, could not pass the preliminary examination unless they were able to jump their own height vertically and thrice their own length horizontally, and two thirds of those distances in full armor; pitch a weight equal to one third of their own to a distance of twenty yards, and throw a javelin with such dexterity that they would not miss a mark of the size of a man's head more than four out of ten times at a distance of fifty yards, beside other tests referring to their experiences in the use of the bow and the broadsword.

## The Pope and the Emperor.

THE Roman correspondent of the London Standard says: "Pope Leo XIII. is probably the only person living, besides the parents of the late Crown Prince of Austria, who knows every detail that can be known respecting the circumstances of his untimely death. His Holiness has received a private telegram of two thousand words from the Emperor Francis Joseph, in which it is believed that every detail is set forth in order that the Supreme Pontiff might judge what comfort he could give the bereaved father as to his son's spiritual state. I learn that in a second telegram from the Emperor, in reply to the Pope's answer, his Majesty says that the greatest consolation he can now have on earth are the comforting words of the Supreme Head of the Church. In the case of so devoutly Catholic a family as that of the Austrian Royal House, and in all the tragic circumstances of the case, it will be readily understood that this must be literally true."

THE first Missionary in Maryland was Andrew White, Jesuit.

## Reparation for Confiscated Church Property in Canada.

IT seems strange that non-Catholic newspapers are unable to understand so simple a transaction as that by which the Provincial Government of Quebec restores to the Catholic Church of that province four hundred thousand dollars by way of recompense for a most unrighteous seizure of church property many years ago. That property was held by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. When that society was suppressed, whatever property it possessed rightfully belonged, and should have gone, to the Catholic Church, which created the society.

But the Canadian Government, in the name of the British Crown, confiscated the property, and diverted it to civil uses. It was simply an act of robbery, as much so as it would be for the Government of the United States to seize the property of the Presbyterian Board of Missions in case the Presbyterian General Assembly should decide to suppress that Board and carry on its missionary operations in some other way.

The Government of Quebec, at last, by way of reparation for the wrong, has consented to return about one-fifth of the value of the property which it seized and diverted from religious to secular purposes. It is simply an act of justice, though of very tardy and partial justice, at that.

Why should Protestants, either those of Canada or the United States, make an ado about the matter? It does not injure them, nor does it concern them in any way or manner. But, then, a part of the money which the Government of Quebec has resolved to repay will go to the "Jesuits"! What of that? The money is paid by way of restitution to the church. The Sovereign Pontiff, the highest authority in the church, directs that half of it shall go to the Society of Jesus. He has a perfect right to do this. It was within the scope of his authority to have decided, had he thought it right to do so, that the whole amount of the money, or none of it whatever, should ensure to that society. The question, What use is to be made of the money? is one with which Protestants, and other non-Catholics, have no concern about.

This is a plain and simple statement of the whole matter which the Canadian Orangemen are howling over, as though it were a wrong done to themselves and to their civil and religious rights.

Catholic Standard, Philadelphia, Pa.

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## Persecution.

CHRIST foretells that it will be the lot of all those who follow Him to suffer persecution: "They will put you out of the synagogues; yea, the hour cometh when whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth a service to God." He encouraged His disciples to bear all these patiently, from three considerations: 1. "The servant is not greater than his lord; if they have persecuted Me, they will persecute you." 2. By pronouncing it a sign of predestination: "Because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you." 3. By proposing the reward: "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy." Offer yourself to suffer what your Saviour may please to send you.

# The Lesson of Easter.

THIS is a day of universal joy throughout the Christian world. We no longer behold our altars covered with badges of mourning to commemorate the passion, crucifixion, and death of our Saviour; they are decked in gleaming white to celebrate His glorious resurrection. No longer does the Stabat Mater, or the Miserere, or the Lamentations, those plaintive notes of the church, resound in our temples; the Gloria in Excelsis, with frequent Alleluias, greets our ears once more. No more do penitent multitudes strike their breasts in anguish of heart, and follow their suffering Redeemer, as He bears His cross to Calvary; but, in spirit, we see Mary Magdalene, and the other Marys, with the Apostles, hastening with joyful and eager steps to the tomb from which their Lord had risen.

The elements are no longer in wild confusion, as on Good Friday; the rocks no longer rent asunder; no more does darkness hang, pall-like, over the face of the earth, but all nature appears to be animated with fresh joy, as if to testify its gladness that the Son of Justice is risen. The festival is the solemnity of solemnities, the great keystone in the triumphal arch of our salvation, the finishing stroke in the work of our redemption. Among the other festivals, it holds the same pre-eminence that the sun in the heavens holds among the other luminous bodies, and is ranked by the church as the first of the year.

THE JEWISH NATION

consecrated to the special worship of God the last day of the week, because on that day the Almighty rested, after creating the visible world; but the Catholic Church, in the exercise of her authority, has transferred His solemn worship from Saturday to Sunday, and why? Chiefly to commemorate the festival of this day,—the resurrection of Christ from the dead. And, in truth, the change was most appropriate; for, if God is to be honored and glorified for having created the world, much more does he deserve our praise and gratitude for having redeemed it; because, as much as the soul is above matter, and heaven above earth, so much is God more glorified in His resurrection than in the creation of the world. Therefore, can we say with more truth than the Psalmist, "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein."

The Paschal solemnity among the Jews, as among the Christians, was their principal festival; in fact, their Paschal festival was a figure of ours. They celebrated the day on which, under the guidance of Moses, they were delivered from the bondage of Pharaoh and the Egyptian people; we celebrate the day on which, under the leadership of one mightier than Moses, Jesus Christ Himself, we were rescued from the slavery of sin and Satan, and "restored to the liberty of the glory of the children of God."

It would, however, profit us but little to celebrate resurrection, if we had no hope of rising ourselves. But, thanks be to God, we can also, to-day, celebrate by anticipation, with humble hope, our own future resurrection. "I believe in the resurrection of the body."

There are few doctrines more frequently or more forcibly taught

in the Sacred Scriptures than that of the resurrection of the flesh. Almighty God has been mercifully pleased to lay before us this great truth for two reasons — to inspire the wicked with a salutary fear and recall them from their sins, and to console the good amid the afflictions of this life.

THE PATRIARCHS, PROPHETS, THE APOSTLES,

Jesus Christ, and even Nature herself, proclaim a future resurrection. "I know," says Job, "that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth, . . . and in my flesh I shall see my God. . . . This my hope is laid up in my bosom." Job saw with prophetic eye his future resurrection, and based his hope on the resurrection of Christ. My Redeemer, though dead, shall rise again, and in virtue of His resurrection, though I am now covered with ulcers from head to foot, though my body is a mass of corruption, I shall rise again from the dust.

The prophet Daniel not only clearly announces the same doctrine, but also points out the different state of those who will rise according as they have done good or evil; some will rise to possess eternal joy, others eternal misery. Many of those that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake; some to eternal life, others to disgrace to see it always. (Daniel xii. 2.)

We find another beautiful testimony in favor of the resurrection given in the Book of Maccabees. The impious King Antiochus condemned seven brothers to death because they refused at his command to abandon the religion of their fathers. One of these devoted martyrs, when but a spark of life remained, summoned sufficient strength to confront the tyrant and say to him: "Thou, indeed, O most wicked man, destroyest us out of this present life; but the King of the world will raise us up who die for His laws, in the resurrection of eternal life." (II. Macc. vii. 9.) How many thousands of other martyrs has not this sublime doctrine of the resurrection sustained in their hour of trial! Nay, as if to show us the importance of this dogma, our Lord Himself confirms it by His divine authority. The Sadducees, a sect who did not believe in a future resurrection, sought on one occasion to entrap our Lord in His words, or to extort from Him a confession that there was no resurrection. Jesus replied to them, saying: "You err, not knowing the Sacred Scriptures nor the power of God, for in the resurrection they shall neither marry nor be married, but shall be as the angels of heaven; and touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not heard that which was spoken by God, I am the God of Abraham," etc. (Matt. xxii. 30.) He is not the God of the dead, but of the living. And in the Gospel of St. John our Lord declares: "Wonder not at this, for the hour cometh wherein all that are within their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that have done well shall come forth to the resurrection of life, and they that have done ill to the resurrection of judgment."

THE APOSTLES, AFTER OUR DIVINE SAVIOUR,

laid great stress on this fundamental dogma, for they knew well the great influence which the doctrine of the resurrection would exercise in promoting good morals and consoling the afflicted. St. Paul, having

heard that the Christians of Thessalonica, whom he had converted to the faith, gave way to excessive grief at the death of their friends and relatives, and did not maintain that fortitude and patience which their religion taught, wrote them a letter gently reproving them for their excessive sorrow, and full of consolation from the hope of our future resurrection. He calls death by the name of sleep, which suggests a future awakening; invites their attention to the certainty of the resurrection, and bids them not imitate the pagans, who have no hope. "And we will not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that ye be not sorrowful, even as others who have no hope. (I. Thessal. iv. 12.) For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them who have slept through Jesus, will God bring with Him. . . . For the Lord himself shall come down from heaven, with commandment, and with the voice of an archangel, and the sound of trumpets, and the dead who are in Christ shall rise, . . . and we shall always be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort yourselves with these words." The same apostle frequently inculcates this doctrine. He tells us that Christ is the first fruit of them that rise, and the first fruits suppose a harvest to follow, and thus the resurrection of our Lord is the forerunner of our resurrection.

Nature itself suggests the reality of a resurrection. The winter and the spring are a lively figure of our death and resurrection. We have observed during the past winter how the rivers were frozen and motionless; the branches of the trees became sapless and leafless; the flowers of the field were withered; the birds of the air had ceased to cheer us with their song, all nature was silent beneath her pall of snow. But now, in the spring, the sun's heat quickens all things — the river glides once more free in its channel, fresh buds and leaves clothe the lifeless branches, the faded grass puts on a fresher, tenderer green, flowers bloom again, and birds come forth from their winter hiding-places to chant again

THEIR MATIN AND EVENING SONG TO THEIR CREATOR.

In all this what a striking figure we have of death and resurrection! Christ Jesus, who is called the Sun of Justice, will exercise upon our bodies the same influence which the material sun exerts on visible and created objects. When He shall come in dread majesty to judge the world, He will raise to life all that were dead. The blood frozen within us by the icy hand of death will again flow in our veins by the vivifying influence of the Son of God; those bones upon which the rains and snows of centuries shall have fallen, will again stand erect and be clothed with flesh, even as the trees of the forest with leaves; and that voice which was hushed in silence will again find utterance and be ever afterwards engaged in singing the praises of the Almighty. It matters not whether our bodies be buried in consecrated ground, or cast into the ocean to become the food of fishes, or whether our bones are left to bleach in the desert, or whether our flesh was reduced to ashes and cast to the four winds of heaven, those scattered parts will again be gathered together by the Omnipotent, for He who created us out of nothing can form us again. "It is easier," says Tertullian, "to remake from old material than to create anew."

In short, so far from demonstration of the resurrection being meagre,

we are embarrassed by our very wealth of proof. And, indeed, there is no need among us Christians of proof. The great want of our generation is to take to heart the lessons which flow from the truth — the lesson of our immortality, and of the passing nature of the things of this world! JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

## The Bogus Oath.

THE Toronto (Canada) Mail, a violent anti-Catholic paper published the bogus oath in a recent number. An action for fifty thousand dollars damages was entered against the paper by Senator Trudel representing the Society of Jesus, for alleged libellous articles published against the Order in connection with the grant of four hundred thousand dollars by the Quebec government, and more particularly for the publication of an oath alleged to be subscribed to by all the Order in which they renounce all allegiance to Protestant or heretical kings, princes, or rulers, and promising to do all in their power to extirpate such doctrine and to break down all such authority either legal or otherwise. The Jesuits say they know of no such oath, and only take a vow of chastity, poverty, and obedience. The case is causing great excitement in the Dominion.

## Father Boucher's Victory.

THE Rev. Oliver Boucher, a zealous and respectable priest, well known in the Ottawa Valley, where he for many years very acceptably discharged the functions of pastor of Pembroke, is at present rector of St. Joseph's Church, Haverhill, Mass. This church is, we believe, wholly attended by French Canadian Catholics. It has, of course, its parochial school, and this parochial school has, it would appear, given umbrage to the Puritanical fanatics of Haverhill, the decaying remnant of a dying religious system. The Puritans would have, by means of a state of inspection of Father Boucher's school — through the instrumentality of odious orders and restrictive regulations, issued and established by a state authority which contributes not a cent to its support — the doors of this house of education for the children of Haverhill's sons of toil closed against Christian teaching. The hypocritical agents of the semi-effete Puritanism of New England profess a solicitude for the raising of the standard of education in the parochial schools! The truth is that these men, like their prompter from away below, would prefer to have Catholic children deprived of all schooling, rather than have them trained under the eye of Holy Church in the parochial schools. We congratulate Father Boucher on his victory in the courts, whither the School Committee carried the case.

When it is borne in mind that Catholics not only support their own schools, but contribute to the public school tax as well, it will be seen that the aggressiveness of the enemy of the light is, indeed, active, fearless, and unscrupulous. A paper called the Haverhill Gazette considers Judge Carter's decision wrong and untenable. Truth will prevail — the Haverhill Gazette to the contrary notwithstanding.

United Canada, Ottawa.

# JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

## What's the Use of Grumbling?

SUPPOSE, my little baby,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad "'t was Dolly's
And not your head that broke."

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser,
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say "It isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

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NOTHING charms me so much as the remembrance of the life and Passion of Our Saviour, which is almost always in my thoughts; and if I were to live until the end of time, I would need no other meditation. — *St. Francis.*

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SELF-LOVE is the source of every vice and evil, and is fatal to all the virtues; so self-hatred is the principle and basis of these same virtues, and the destruction of every vice. — *St. Francis.*

# The Rock Hopper Penguin.

THE ROCK HOPPER PENGUIN

Among the additions made lately to the collection of birds in the Zoological Society's Gardens, Regent's Park, the specimens of the rock hopper penguin, from New Zealand, are certainly worthy of attention. The one forming the subject of our illustration is an exceptionally handsome representative of that, in many ways, remarkable group of aquatic and flightless birds known as penguins, constituting the family *Spheniscidæ* of ornithologists. In these birds the wings are totally unfitted for flight in the air, but, being small and covered with short, rigid feathers, they are, by being used as paddles, admirably adapted for swimming beneath the surface of the water. As their legs, which are not so long as those of an ordinary sized duck, are situated far back on the body, the birds stand perfectly upright upon them, — a formation that renders their movements on land somewhat awkward and ungainly. In the water, however, when engaged in hunting their finny prey, they are extraordinarily active. The name "rock hopper" was given to this genus of the family by the sailors, who noticed the peculiar way they had of jumping, with curious little hops, from one rocky projection to another. They are also known as "macarones," and as "yellow-crested penguins," for from the base of the upper mandible on each side, a broad line of golden yellow passes over the eyes, and is continued for two inches beyond the head in a crest of fine pointed feathers. Although these birds are plentiful in their chief *habitat*, the Falkland Islands, yet, strange to say, they are rarely seen in confinement. The specimens the Zoological Society have lately acquired are lodged in the fish house in a large cage, which is well supplied with water and artificial rock work, so that the peculiar actions of the birds in both elements can be observed. At feeding time a large glass-fronted water tank also enables visitors to watch and admire their rapid flight through the water in pursuit of the fish with which it has been previously stocked. The crowds that daily assemble here, at the hour when this performance takes place, testify to the fact that it is one of the sights.

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The first newspaper in America that gave accurate reports of the legislature debates was established by Mathew Carey, a Catholic.

# The Girl from Under the Lake.

A Fairy Tale.

## CHAPTER IV.

When Nira went to her room that night, she threw the window wide open and stood looking towards the bend in the mountain, beyond which lay Lough Neagh. A golden moon was just rising from behind the hollow, and the heaven around it was full of silvery clouds that looked like wings of angels clustering together. But Nira was not thinking of heaven or of her old longing to go there; she had now only one thought: of Pedro, alone in his ruined castle, mourning over his misfortunes, and of the power she possessed to fulfil all his impatient wishes.

With both hands clasping the shining pearls round her throat, she wished with all her strength that Pedro might, in that very hour, have all the desires of his heart; that he might be strong, handsome, brave, accomplished, high of spirit, and full of confidence in himself. Then she leaned out of the window, almost expecting to see the air quiver with the force of her will as it went forth to work its wonders. She listened intently, as if to catch Pedro's cry of delight as happy changes were wrought in him; but all was so silent that you could almost hear the grass growing, or Nira's heart beating with excitement and suspense. Suddenly she felt a great fear that after all the fox had deceived her, that she had only dreamed about the heather having changed into a rose; and, wearied out with strange experiences, she threw herself on her bed and fell fast asleep.

Next morning she wakened with the sound of gay voices and laughter under her window, and, springing up, knew that here were Alick, Owen and Fergus, all come back with Maeve and Daireen, and a number of young friends, invited to have a merry time. Nira hurried down to meet them, and sat at the head of the breakfast-table, serving them all, as she was accustomed to do. Her adopted brothers were still angry with her, and asked her mocking questions about Pedro.

"Will he come to join us at the hunt?" they asked; and then said to their guests, "We are speaking of a friend of Nira's, who is a capital rider, and mounts a splendid horse. He is also very handsome, and a finer figure than any of us."

Nira dropped her head, and a crimson spot burned on each of her cheeks. Involuntarily her fingers went up to her throat. Yes, the necklace was there under the frill of her white dress. What had happened to Pedro? Would he appear, and would there be any change visible in him? Her heart throbbed, and her face was now red and now white.

"You tease Nira too much," said Daireen. "Even Nira's sweetness can hardly endure your impertinence."

"We are longing to see this wonder," said one of the young girls who had come on a visit. "Ah, here he is, I imagine. I see a dashing-looking horseman galloping towards the house."

They all laughed.

"Then it can't be Pedro," said Fergus. "My brother was joking.

Pedro is a poor crippled chap, who is afraid to come within a yard of a horse."

"At all events, here is a handsome cavalier," persisted the girl who stood at the window; and they all rose from the table to see who the stranger might be.

Indeed it was Pedro; but so transformed that it was after some time and with difficulty that he was recognized. There he was, seated on a magnificent black hunter, tall, straight, strong, with well-formed limbs, and a flush of health on his beaming face. Pedro's large, fine eyes, Pedro's peculiar mouth and brow were there; but the face was larger, fuller, richly colored, and crowned with thick, curling locks, crisp with health and the vigor of manhood. He wore a handsome hunting suit, and reined in his horse, waving his hand towards the window, and crying out "Tally-ho" in a clear, ringing voice.

"You see he is come," said Nira, softly. "Pedro is going to turn huntsman."

"Pedro!" cried Alick. "That is not Pedro."

"It is curiously like him," said Owen. "It must be a brother of his come over from Spain."

"This is witchcraft," stammered Fergus. "I'll swear that is Pedro's face."

"What a noble-looking fellow!" murmured the girl-guests, while Maeve and Daireen rubbed their eyes, declaring one moment that it was Pedro and the next that it was not.

"I think you will find that it is himself," said Nira, who was trembling with pride and delight.

Meanwhile a groom had taken his horse, remarking with widely opened eyes as he did so, "Good Lord, sir; but it's you that have growed up intirely in the coorse of wan night! Good-luck to ye!" Pedro then walked into the house, as stalwart and handsome a youth as ever entered a drawing-room.

"I hope I am not late," he said gaily. "You see I have taken a fancy to be a huntsman at last."

"Oh, come, I say," said Alick; "what have you been doing to yourself? You are not Pedro, are you?"

"I rather think I am," said Pedro, laughing. "You see me changed? Yes, I feel it myself. Health is improved. That is about it. And, then, you have all roused me up with your tongues a bit, haven't you?"

Silence reigned in the room. All felt that something unspeakably extraordinary had taken place. What had bewitched the crippled lad, and changed him into a handsome man? Could hope effect such a transformation? It must be that Nira's love had been able to work a miracle. Speechless with amazement, the young people all went away to get ready for the hunt, and, left alone with Nira, Pedro grasped her hands.

"Nira," he said, "this wonderful change has come from you. Last night I felt your hands laid upon me, and your breath breathing over me, and an indescribable change beginning to take place within me. All night it went on, and this morning I saw myself what I now am. I was wild with delight; I wept, I laughed, I was like a madman in my raptures when the sun shone into my room, and showed me my own

form in the glass. I then exclaimed, 'Oh, that I had a horse, a dress, and all the rest that is necessary for a huntsman, that I might ride away to Nira, and show her friends that Pedro no longer disgraces her.' No sooner had I spoken than I saw them at my service. Speak, Nira; tell me that it is not all a wonderful dream that will fade away."

"No, Pedro, it is true," said Nira, looking at him with pride; "and if we are wise and good, Heaven will preserve this blessing to us, and perhaps will give us more."

That day, Pedro, in the hunting field, eclipsed all his friends; and so annoyed were the other youths that quarrels arose, and Fergus at last declared aloud, that this was not Pedro at all, but an impostor. Pedro, he said, must have run away to Spain, and a brother strongly resembling him, must have come to take his place.

"If that could all be done in one night," said Pedro, "it were as wonderful as anything else."

Challenges were given, and Pedro fought them all three, one after the other, disarmed them, and brought them to the ground without wounding them. After that, they all swore to leave off quarrelling with him, and to live at peace with him forevermore.

Nira now began to think deeply as to how she should proceed in producing these other changes in Pedro's circumstances which she possessed the power to bring about. Too much that was sudden and mysterious would attract such notice as might make things worse for Pedro, instead of insuring his happiness. Therefore, she must go to work cautiously. It would not do to restore the ruined castle, and fill it with everything desirable in one night, to pour heaps of gold on the floor of his chamber, to hang costly tapestries on the walls at a breath, and fill the halls at a moment's notice with servants ready to do his bidding.

After long reflection, she decided upon what she thought the safest course to pursue, and she said privately to Pedro, "Pedro, I have a fancy that a treasure is hidden somewhere in your castle, and I can make a guess as to the place where you will find it."

Pedro stared at her in amazement. "So many good things, so many wonders have happened to me," he said, "since you gave me your love, that I can hardly be surprised at anything further that takes place. I will look in the spot you indicate."

A few days afterwards it was know that Pedro had become the master of a vast treasure which had been found in the ruins of his ancestral castle. Great was the astonishment of every one at his extraordinary luck.

Granny said, "I am not surprised at it. A blessing has fallen upon him ever since Nira's noble and compassionate love began to comfort his heart. First, it expanded and ennobled his whole being, so that even physical strength and beauty were the result. And now, he has had energy and determination to explore the ruins, in search of the wealth which many have always thought might be buried there. In ancient days the family had to fly from their home, and it was burned by Cromwell's soldiers. Before their flight they probably had, from time to time, stored this great treasure in its hiding-place."

Pedro now began to rebuild the castle, and his workmen worked with marvellous quickness. In a short time the ruin was transformed

into a splendid dwelling, and furnished with all luxuries that mortal could desire. Nira's delicate taste chose the ornaments, and she would have nothing but what was pure in design and beautiful in execution. The rich stuffs that hung on the walls, the pictures, the statues, the carvings, all were her choice; and when the whole was complete it was acknowledged that never had been seen a dwelling so princely in its style, and, at the same time, so filled with the atmosphere of beauty and repose. Only to enter the chambers of Nira's future home, made one feel happy and at rest; joy and peace seemed already to have taken up their abode in Pedro's castle.

At the same time all difficulties, all ill-feeling seemed to have been at once swept out of his path. Jealousy and envy were exchanged for good-will on all sides. Alick, Fergus, and Owen had found charming brides for themselves, and now only felt proud of having so wealthy and honorable and altogether so delightful a friend and neighbor as Pedro. Maeve and Daireen were already happily married, and were full of sympathy and delight in Nira's happiness. She had been always different from other people, and her conduct seemed peculiar; but certainly, she had worked wonders in Pedro, and never could they question her wisdom again.

As the work of Pedro's improvements went on, every effort was made by Nira to bring a blessing on what was being done. As each fresh stage was reached, alms were given to the poor, and prayers were asked for the young lord of Lough Neagh, and the work he had undertaken in restoring the honors and glories of his family. When a certain point had been reached in the great undertaking, Pedro tried to persuade Nira that it was time that their marriage should take place; but Nira insisted upon waiting a full year, during which time they should both practise a great deal of charity, and pray very earnestly that heaven would bless and approve all these wonderful worldly benefits which had been so strangely and suddenly put into their hands

Pedro could scarcely understand Nira. He was getting quite accustomed to his health and strength and wealth, and saw no reason for being afraid of prosperity. He could not understand why Nira should shrink from their good fortune, and why she should prefer troubling herself with sick and poor folks, and thinking about their wants, when other people could do that as well, and she could enter at once into the possession of the kingdom of her happiness. However, he loved Nira too well, and was too grateful to her to quarrel with her seriously; and he allowed her to have her way.

In the meantime Pedro began to give *fêtes* and entertainments, and people came from a long way off to attend them, to see the wonderful castle of the young lord of Lough Neagh, and to rave afterwards about his wealth, his stately establishment, and his manly, handsome looks. The great people who came would not believe it could be true that he was engaged to a poor young girl, a mere foundling, brought up by a lady of the country. That was nonsense, of course. It might have been so while he was a boy, a minor, living here unknown to, and unnoticed by, any one, in care of his tutor, occupying a few chambers in the old castle, then a ruin, not yet restored as they now saw it. But now that he was of age, come into the possession of his estates in Spain, and the great wealth belonging to them, of course

he would marry as became his station, and found a new family worthy of the old name.

Pedro heard the echo of all this and laughed within himself to think of what an important person he had become; but he did not for a moment think any of the handsome ladies who came to his house anything like half so beautiful as his Nira.

"How they will stare," he said, "when I introduce her to them as my bride-elect! In spite of her retiring ways, she cannot help looking like a queen amongst them!"

Now all this time the fox had been in the habit of coming to inspect the progress of the improvements. Day after day he sat on the grass in front of the castle and watched the workmen at work, and saw Pedro walking in and out, giving his orders, or riding off on his fine horse in the midst of a crowd of friends. It was all exceedingly pleasing to the fox; everything satisfied him, except the one fact that the marriage of Pedro and Nira was not to take place for nearly a year.

"Well," he said one day at last, "I am tired waiting, and the fun may as well begin at once. The sooner the mischief gets to work the better."

So he whisked up his tail and ran round the shore of the lake, looking for his friend, the frog.

The frog was sitting on a wet stone, croaking with all his might, when the fox found him, and he took a few flying leaps through the grass to show his pleasure at seeing his friend.

"Stop that now, will you?" said the fox; "I can't do it myself, and it takes my breath away to see you at it. Keep quiet, like a good fellow, and listen to what I have to say."

"All right," croaked the frog, "I haven't such a finished way of expressing myself as you have; but you needn't be too severe upon my little gambols."

"Now listen to what I am saying," said the fox; "I want you to go an important errand for me."

"Then you might treat me with a little more civility," grumbled the frog.

"I am going to give you a great reward by-and-by," said the fox. "Such a surprise as you will have! You haven't the least idea how delighted you are going to be when you see the present I am getting ready for you."

"All right," croaked the frog, whose eyes goggled in his head with wonder and expectation. "Tell me what I am to do, and I will do it."

"You must go down under the lake," said the fox, "and you must seek through the city under the water till you meet with a girl called Runa, who formerly lived on dry land, but threw herself into the lough in a fit of bad temper to spite her friends. When you find Runa, ask her what she has done with the pearl necklace that Nira left with her; and if she says Nira gave her no necklace, tell her then that she has been robbed. You may say to her that Nira is practising fairy powers here on earth at her expense, and that if she cares to return to the dry world, she can do so at once, and claim her necklace. If she does not believe you, refer her to the ugly old fairy who lives out in the seaweed country."

"I will do your bidding," said the frog; "but mind you do not forget about the present;" and he dived instantly under the lake.

Runa was sitting on a rock at the bottom of the lough, combing her hair with a coral comb, and wishing with all her heart that she had never been so foolish as to throw herself into the water. She was thoroughly tired of swimming about all day, dressing herself with shells, quarrelling with the water-people, and annoying the fairies. She had made up her mind long ago that it was an exceedingly foolish thing to destroy one's self for the sake of vexing other people, and thought she must have been mad to allow Nira to go up on dry land in her place. But she knew no way of undoing the mistake she had made.

"Croak! croak!" said the frog beside her; and, looking around, Runa recognized him as a messenger from the dry land country.

"Why have you come down here?" she asked; "and I hope you have brought me a little news. How I wish you could take me up there on your back."

"I am quite too small," said the frog, in a fright. "But, by-the-by, what have you done with the pearl necklace that Nira left with you?"

"Pearl necklace!" cried Runa; "she gave me no pearl necklace. I have her robe of fish's glitter, her mantle of seaweed, and her coral comb; but I never heard anything about a necklace."

"Then you ought to have had it," said the frog; "and as Nira has robbed you of it, you are at liberty to return to earth and take it from her."

"You are trying to make sport of me," cried Runa, flying into a violent passion.

But just then the great fairy from the seaweed country was passing by, and the frog remembered the fox's instructions, and, respectfully stopping her, he laid the whole case before her.

The fairy turned several shades of green, one after another, for she liked Nira much better than Runa, and was very sorry to hear that the necklace had been forgotten, and that her favorite was in the power of this ill-conditioned and unscrupulous girl. She was obliged, however, to admit that, Nira, having taken away the necklace, Runa was free to follow her to the dry world, and to insist on having her necklace back again.

As soon as Runa was assured of this, she clapped her hands in triumph, and rose instantly to the surface of the lake. The frog hopped up after her; but he was not as quick as she was, and arrived just in time to see her shaking out her long locks of ruddy gold in the sunshine, and wringing the water out of them, arranging her garment of fish's glitter to the best advantage, and altogether making herself presentable to go among men and women once more.

She looked round and recognized the shores of the lough on which she had played as a child when brought from some distance to spend a day on the spot. But where the ruined castle used to stand she beheld, at some distance, Pedro's magnificent dwelling, with all its terraces and parapets rising proudly above the water. Beautiful gardens spread around where formerly all had been a wilderness, and groups of gaily-dressed people were wandering about among the flowers. Gazing about and taking in all these novelties, she suddenly heard a little barking cough by her side, and, starting, saw the fox sitting on his tail at her feet.

"You are welcome back to the green earth, my pretty lady," he said, obsequiously; "and a great lady you ought to be if you are properly treated. I hope you are going to demand back the necklace that Nira stole from you so long ago."

"Certainly," said Runa; "but what has that to do with my being a great lady?"

"Why, everything," said the fox. "The person who possesses the necklace here on earth may swiftly have anything and be everything she pleases; and I must tell you that this Nira has stepped completely into your shoes. Perhaps you do not remember that you were, in your childhood, betrothed to one Pedro, then a boy in Spain, whose mother was your mother's friend, and who was the heir of the old castle which, till lately, stood here a ruin on the shores of the lough. At that time it was thought Pedro would have inherited a fortune; but he did not do so. However, you are his betrothed. See this curious old Spanish ring, and this old document signed by your two mothers. I stole them from a casket on your mother's dressing-table, a short time before she died of grief from your bad — ahem — your spirited conduct, in throwing yourself into the lake to vex her."

Runa looked at the ring and paper contemptuously.

"But if this Pedro has no fortune, why should I trouble about him?" she said.

The fox laughed. "Some time ago you would not have cared much about him; but, as Nira's betrothed, Nira being in possession of your necklace, he has become a very splendid person, owner of unlimited treasure, handsome, accomplished, master of this splendid castle, and the most admired and envied person in the world. Even at this moment he is giving a noble entertainment to all the country-side. See his guests disporting themselves among his gardens. Yonder, on a terrace of the castle, flanked by cannons, and wreathed with flowers, you may see, even from here, two figures, side by side, — they are Nira and Pedro, soon to become man and wife. This day he has introduced her as his future bride. She stands in your place, your necklace round her throat, while you are a wanderer and an outcast, without a home to receive you. But, if I judge your character rightly, you are not a person tamely to stand aside and refrain from asserting your rights."

The fox was right in this opinion, for, before he had ceased speaking, Runa's face had become white with envy and rage, and she stretched forth her hands to clutch the ring and paper.

"Never fear," she said; "I will be revenged on her for keeping me down in that hideous water-prison all these years, while she has been up here in my place, enjoying all the good things of the world!"

"Just so," said the fox; "do not lose a moment;" and he sat laughing to himself, as Runa left him abruptly, and set off, running with all her might towards the castle.

Nira and Pedro were sitting on the terrace together, as the fox had said, happy as two birds, enjoying together the glory of the setting sun. It had been a delightful day; Pedro had presented his beautiful bride-elect to his friends, and all but the most ill-disposed had been forced to acknowledge the wisdom and good-taste of his choice. Nira was dressed as usual, in simple white, but her hair and bosom were adorned with the loveliest flowers, placed there by Pedro's own hands. All eyes were

upon her, wherever she went; the good admired and loved her, the wicked and discontented envied her, but could find no word to say in her dispraise. It was evening now, and the guests having dispersed themselves about the woods and gardens, Pedro and Nira sat together undisturbed, enjoying a quiet hour after the excitements of the day. Suddenly a peculiar figure was seen mounting the steps that led from the lake shore up to the terrace, and Runa appeared, coming towards them.

Concluded next month.

## Little Richard's Disappointment.

LITTLE RICHARD was all alone in the corridor, very busily engaged in examining a large cloak, that could be rolled around him about a dozen times, it was so very large. It was left on the rack by Mrs. Waterhouse, a nurse who had gone to his mamma's chamber with the family doctor. He pulled it about the floor, turning over and over, and searching the two immense pockets, till at last he went with a sorrowful face and pouted lips, into the dining-room, where his papa and sister Bessie were reading "Mother Goose's Melodies" and laughing, at the funny picture of the curious old woman going up in a basket, with a broom, to sweep the cobwebs off the moon. "Well, my boy," said papa, "where have you been? and what makes my little man look so cross. Come and tell me what the matter is;" and Richard, a sweet little fellow, of just four summers, trying to keep back the tears that had moistened his big blue eyes, came over to his papa's knee saying, "Mamma said the odder day that the next time nursey Watterouse (Waterhouse was too big a word for a little fellow like him to say) came, she was going to bring us a little baby, that mamma said for her to buy at babyland, and I've looked all fro and fro her big pockets and I can't find no baby at all." — "Well, well," said papa, wiping away the big tears that had fallen on his rosy, dimpled cheeks, "Sister Bess and I will go with you, and you show us where the cloak is, and we will see, if we can find a baby." So when Richard saw papa and Bess laughing at him, he laughed too. When papa took the cloak from the floor, where our dear little fellow had left it, he found that one side near one of the pockets was torn from the neck to the hem. Papa did not know what to say, and was just thinking what he had best do with it, when the good old nurse appeared with a bundle of snowy white clothes in her arms, which she carried very carefully. As soon as she saw them, she called, "Come, Richard, Bess and papa, too, and see what I have here for you." They laughed, jumped, and clapped their little hands with glee, when they saw the sweet, tiny baby face that was inclosed in its soft, white blanket. Richard's disappointment was converted to joy, when he was allowed to kiss his dear baby sister.

When nursey learned of the accident that befell her cloak, she kissed the darling, destructive child, telling him that it could be easily mended, and if he would be a very good little boy, he could see the baby again to-morrow. When Richard and Bess went out to play that day, they had the great pleasure of informing all their little playmates of their new baby sister.

## For Our Next War.

THE late war demonstrated the fact that the boys from the city could stand more fatigue and hardship and marching than the country boys. The boys from the country were stronger always, but they were used to a regular life, and when they got into the army, the irregularity of the life, its hardships and exposure, weakened and finally killed many a strong, young farmer boy: while the boys from the big cities, being used to irregular hours, irregular living, and unmethodical ways of life, could stand any amount of hardships without going under. This was proved by the war. I saw it proved in many cases myself. Young city chaps were tougher in every way. They weren't so strong physically as the country boys, but they could stand the irregularity of army life better.

If there's ever a war in this country again, I think the greatest army will be made up of railroad men. In the first place, they are strong physically. In the second place, they have learned obedience, and have learned to obey all orders without questioning them. This wasn't so in the late war, for there men had to be taught obedience, and their lesson was a bitter one sometimes. But, as I was saying, the railroad men will make a grand army. They, above all other things, are inured to a life of irregularity. They are used to the fatigue and the hardships of long hours of work without rest. This irregularity of life, which all trainmen know is a fact more than anything else, will make them the best soldiers in the world, but I hope they will never be called upon to sholder a gun.— GEN. W. T. SHERMAN.

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## Learn a Trade.

THE practical advantage to one who has learned a trade was exemplified the other day in the person of Patrick Gleason, Mayor of Long Island City. The appropriation for the maintenance of the water department having run short, a number of the men have been unpaid for some time. The other day they simply said, that, if they didn't get their money, they would shut down the water-works. Mayor Gleason who has attained fame of late by his manful attack upon the fences and other obstructions of the Long Island Railroad, which he levelled single-handed with an axe, said that he didn't propose that Long Island City should be left without its water supply. He couldn't force the city officials to appropriate the money; but he hitched up his trotters, drove to the water-works, and told the men on duty that if they wanted to leave they could leave; he could run the engine himself, with the assistance of one or two of his friends. As he is an old engineer, says Fire and Water, they all knew he could do what he said. Consequently, there was no strike, Long Island City was not deprived of its water supply; and since then, we understand, the salaries have been paid up. This is the kind of a mayor to have, says the Scientific American.

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KEEP a constant watch over your tongue, and when you are with others speak of important things alone, and then only when you are asked.— *St. Francis.*

## BRING UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered to France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE schools, which aim at teaching children knowledge they will never use, are practically worthless.

The aim of Catholic parochial schools is to give children an elementary education in secular knowledge, and to train them to love God and their neighbor.

The study of Christian doctrine, or the catechism, is ranked highest in Catholic schools, because the study of God transcends all other studies.

The Catholic schools open with prayer to obtain God's blessing on the work of the school-room, and to teach children that every good work must begin with prayer.

Children, as well as men and women, to have God's love, must be in the state of grace. The grace of God comes through the Sacraments, and these the children in Catholic schools receive at frequent intervals. They are trained to go to Confession and Holy Communion, and to ask God for all the graces they need.

The long and careful preparation in Catholic parochial schools for the First Holy Communion of children removes all chance of them receiving this Sacrament without knowing what they are doing; and for that reason alone the schools are worthy of the confidence and the support of Catholic people. Parents can feel satisfied that their children will not only know their faith but that they will practise it.

The best substitute offered by those who want no religion in the school-room is only a refined paganism, and the wonder is that men can call themselves educated who have made this change, when history is so full of the baneful results of paganism and they not to know it.

It was rumored that when Catholic schools were built that the people would grew tired of supporting them, and finally refuse to do so; but the real result is that the people are proud of their schools, and are ready on every occasion to support them. The building of Catholic schools has increased the church attendance; and the school boys and girls going in a body regularly to the Sacraments are leading many to a more exact performance of their Christian duties.

The leading parochial schools are sending in for publication the lists of successful scholars in the half yearly examinations, and it must be remarked that both teachers and pupils have worked hard to attain such splendid results. Catholic parents cannot fail to notice the progress their children have made, and will not refuse to give the schools every encouragement.

The statistics of parochial school growth, although below the mark, are marvellous even now. The Catholic people, with swift obedience, complied with the command of the church to build and support parochial schools, and it is a rarer sight now to see a church without a school than with one.

# DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MAY, 1889.


## NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

ONE in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

NEW HAMPSHIRE has voted against prohibition. Next.

THE spirit of a nation never dieth! God save Ireland.

THE English government has abandoned the idea of prosecuting William O'Brien for conspiracy.

HEREDITARY bondsmen, know you not,
Who would be free?
Themselves must strike the blow.
DANIEL O'CONNELL.

WE were glad to see that the venerable Charitable Irish Society invited the presidents of the British Charitable Society and Scotch Charitable Society to participate in the festivities of St. Patrick's Day. For the sake of Ireland let us bury the hatchet.

THE Orangemen of Canada are preaching rebellion against the Catholics, notably the Jesuits. The Toronto Globe compares one of their meetings to "a big gun, loaded to the muzzle, that fizzled off slowly and harmlessly through the touch-hole."

SOME of the South-American Republics are recovering from the plague of destructive atheism of the secret societies which has afflicted them for many years. The Legislature of the Republic of Columbia (South America) has passed a law decreeing that on each New Year's Day a solemn service shall be held in some form approved by the church, "in public testimony of love and gratitude to the Almighty for the benefits received during the past year, and to implore His divine assistance for the year that has just begun."

Do you read the Boston Daily and Sunday Globe? If you do not, you ought to do so.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.

SOME of our contemporaries are down upon poor Pigott. Why, he has done more for Ireland, in his way, than any one individual of the present generation.

O ERIN, O Erin, tho' long in the shade,
Thy name will shine out when the brightest shall fade.
DANIEL O'CONNELL.

THE hour is passed to fawn or crouch
As suppliants for our right;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might.

Let them who scorned the fountain rill
Now dread the torrent's roar,
And hear our echoed chorus still,
We're Paddies evermore.

### Canada of To-Day.

WE direct the reader to the article in this month's issue. It is by the daughter of a lady who has done more for Catholic and Irish literature than any living authoress. The daughter is, and has been, following in the steps of her mother, and bids fair to fill her place when she has gone to her rest.

EVIDENTLY the Rev. M. J. Farrelly, of Denison, Iowa, is not of the opinion that prohibition does not prohibit. Writing to the C. T. A. News recently, he asserts: "We of this great state know that prohibition has done more towards banishing drunkenness and crime from Iowa in the past seven years than temperance quibblers could accomplish in seventy times seven."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY was celebrated from the "rising to the setting of the sun." No festival is more universally observed.

### The Irish Charitable Society

CELEBRATED its one hundredth and fifty-second anniversary on the 18th of March. The election of officers for the ensuing year took place during the day, and in the evening the society and its guests partook of a banquet at the Parker House. The following are the officers for 1889: President, John H. Burke; vice-president, Michael T. Donohoe; treasurer, Patrick F. Sullivan; secretary, Jeremiah W. Fogarty; assistant secretary, Christopher A. Connor; keeper of the silver key, Patrick Maguire; board of directors, Edward A. McLaughlin, C. V. Dasey, P. D. Dwyer, T. B. Fitz.

### Canada is losing its French Population.

ONCE these people go to the United States they seldom or never return to remain permanently. It is estimated that there are eight hundred thousand of them now in the Republic, and the outflow in the same direction is constant and increasing.

### First in the Field.

THE REPUBLIC: The Catholic Union, an association whose name sufficiently indicates the character of its members, is the first Boston society to announce that it will duly celebrate the approaching centennial of the inauguration of President Washington. The action taken by the union in this matter is not at all surprising, and its example will, unquestionably, be widely imitated by Catholic societies all over the country. In the religious columns of our last issue mention was made of the fact that Bishop Flasch, the Catholic ordinary of La Crosse, in his Lenten pastoral, had drawn the attention of his priests and people to the approaching centennial, and ordered that memorial services should be held in all the churches subject to his jurisdiction. The same spirit of patriotism which prompted Bishop Flasch to do this also inspired the action of the Catholic Union in this city, as it will also inspire all other Catholic celebrations that will occur on April 30. But isn't it something strange that right here in Boston, where just now there are so many mountebanks and fanatics howling at the top of their voices that Catholics are all disloyal citizens, a Catholic society should be the first to move in the matter of celebrating the coming Washington centennial?

MANY foolish Catholics have a notion that the instruction in our parochial schools is vastly inferior to that prevailing in public schools. This impression is often refuted by facts. One of the latest instances occurred, a week or so ago, in the district which includes Buffalo, N. Y., where Master Henry W. Killeen, a pupil of the Christian Brothers, that city, bore off the honors of a Cadetship at West Point against all competitors from the public schools.

### Scoring Salisbury.

THE London Daily News, commenting on Lord Salisbury's speech at Watford, says: "The Prime Minister's speech has sealed the fate of the government. He has drawn his sword and has thrown away the scabbard. He is driven by the course of events into a state of desperate fury. Like Juno, he is glad to eat his enemies, and to eat them raw. If Lord Salisbury were imprisoned for a technical breach of the law, and if any Radical referred to him as he referred to Mr. O'Brien, the offender would deserve to be ignominiously hooted from the society of decent people."

AT the banquet in Rome Cardinal Parocchi, the Pope's vicar, said that if in the future it should become necessary for the Pope to leave Europe, he would find a sure refuge among the American bishops, who would receive him with honorable hospitality. Yes, and the people, particularly the Irish, would give him a *cead mille failtha.*

THE law against the use of cider is being strictly enforced in Iowa. — *New York World.*

But no such law will be put into the Constitution of this state — not unless old Massachusetts is be-cider-self with prohibition fervor. — *Boston Daily Globe.*

THE Parnell Branch, of Philadelphia, sent this message to Charles Stewart Parnell, on March 3d: "Move on the enemy's works. The Times gloated that our fathers had 'gone with a vengeance.' We now demand vengeance upon those who disregarded the cries of justice."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, in a letter to his electors, says he thinks that the time has arrived when the government should prove its readiness to propose a substitute for Mr. Gladstone's rejected Irish bills. He thinks that if a large and final land purchase measure were passed with the consent of all parties, it would immensely lessen the difficulty of giving Ireland a liberal local government measure. This matter, he says, will be openly discussed at the coming Easter conference.

### Help for "Dauntless Donegal."

A PRINTED appeal, dated Feb. 5, and signed by Fathers McFadden and Stephens, who have both since been arrested, has been circulated, appealing for subscriptions in aid of the evicted tenants of "dauntless Donegal," and the imprisoned tenantry, who bravely resisted the "Crowbar Brigade." For this "crime" upwards of forty Donegal men have been arrested, and will almost certainly receive long and savage sentences. Nearly all of these are bread-winners, and their families will have to be sustained until the release of the prisoners, which is not likely to occur until they have completed a term of imprisonment of at least twelve months, with hard labor. The Archbishop of Cashel has forwarded the princely donation of £50, and the Most Rev. Archbishop O'Donnell has also acted with characteristic promptitude and generosity. Remittances may be made to Rev. P. Kelly, P. P., Dunfanaghy, county Donegal; Rev. J. J. Doherty, The Seminary, Letterkenny; Mr. Jeremiah MacVeagh, St. Mary's Hall, Belfast; or to Mr. Edward Hughes, J. P., College square, Belfast. Mr. Donahoe will forward any money entrusted to him for the above purpose.

THERE is a rumor that Parnell will visit the United States the coming summer. The Boston Herald well says that it is probably speaking within bounds to say that he will get the biggest reception that has ever been accorded to a man in this country. Moreover, it will help his cause amazingly on both sides of the water. Let him come ahead.

THE American base ballists kissed the Blarney stone, but we are not informed as to whether they drank any poteen. — *Herald.*

Mountain dew, they call it, with goat's milk.

### Among the Lepers.

KALAWAO, MOLOKAI, S. I., Feb. 21, 1889.

Editor of the San Francisco Monitor:

*Dear Sir:* Knowing the deep interest that the readers of the Monitor take in our welfare here, I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know that we are still alive. Father Damien's hands and eyes are quite sore; but, in spite of that, you might see him every day out at work directing carpenters and masons; lepers as himself. It is now over nine months since I came over. Time flies, and really I find the days much too short to do the work that there is to be done. This shows that I am quite happy here. May God leave with us Father Damien a few years more.

I remain, sincerely yours,
L. L. CONRARDY, C. P.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, after administering the Sacrament of Confirmation at the Immaculate Conception at Stillwater, Minn., addressed the St. Michael's Ladies' Total Abstinence Society in the evening, in the course of which he said he highly approved of the organization of ladies' societies for work in the total abstinence cause. This is one of the rights of women that few will object to.

THE PRAYER at the opening of the United States Court, Boston, was offered, on a recent occasion, by the Rev. James T. Canavan, of Saint Mary's Church, Milford, Mass. Father Canavan is, we believe, the first priest thus officiating since the first opening of the United States Court; but it will not be the last, in all human probability.

### "Hail, Mary."

"HAIL, Mary!" Gabriel cried,
With reverent fear;
She, with sweet, wondering eyes,
Marveled to hear.

"Hail, Mary!" Lo it rings
Through ages on;
"Hail, Mary!" It shall sound
Till time is done.

"Hail, Mary!" Infant lips
Lisp it to-day;
"Hail, Mary!" with faint smile,
The dying say.

"Hail, Mary!" Many a heart,
Broken with grief,
In that angelic prayer
Has found relief.

"Hail, Mary, Queen of heaven!"
Let us repeat,
And place our fair spring flowers
Here at her feet. Adelaide Proctor.

During the month of May.— Donahoe's Magazine.

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MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN refuses to accept his liberty on the condition imposed by Presiding Justice Hannon of the Parnell commission, that he abstain from agitation during the period of his release. Mr. O'Brien says "he will not accept the proffered liberty unless he is released unconditionally."

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IT is a gratifying fact to know that the Jesuit Fathers in Ireland have introduced the study of the Irish language into the curriculum of Clongowes College, Mr. R. J. Duffy, honorary secretary of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language having been appointed Professor of Celtic in that famous institution of learning.

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MANY years ago an exceedingly clever Irishman, Charles G. Halpin, better known in verse and story as "Miles O'Reilly," in high favor with the great journals of his day, wrote an article in the New York Times, which was dead in the teeth of the New York Tribune. The following day a reply appeared in the Tribune so spirited as to demand a rejoinder in the Times, and for days, if not weeks, the controversy, bitter and spicily personal, was continued, Halpin writing on both sides of the question and for both papers.

N. Y. TRIBUNE.— A hole with a self-operating pulling-in attachment would be found serviceable in the office of the London Times just at present.

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THE *Deutsche Volksblatt*, of Vienna, announces that a number of Catholic lawyers in Austria have decided to form an association for the defence of the rights of the church, and the study of social and legal questions from the Catholic point of view. Here is an example for Boston lawyers. Who will start such an association? What says our young friend Lahey?

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### Reception and Profession at Mt. St. Joseph's.

ON the feast of St. Joseph, March 19, which is the patronal feast of the Sisterhood of St. Joseph, eight postulants received the habit of the Sisterhood, and nine novices made their vows at Mt. St. Joseph's, Cambridge, Mass., the Mother House for the Archdiocese of Boston. The ceremonies took place in the pavilion. Archbishop Williams officiated, and these priests were present: The Revs. Thomas Magennis, Jamaica Plain; John Flatley, Cambridge; Richard Neagle, Cathedral; Michael Flatley, Malden; James O'Doherty and Daniel Riordan, Haverhill; James P. Curran O. S. A., Lawrence; W. F. Riordan, Newburyport; James Lee, South Boston; F. H. Burke, Amesbury; M. F. McManus, South Lawrence, and M. J. Phelan, the chaplain of the convent. These are the newly received novices: Miss Anna Curran, sister of Father Curran; in religion Sister Mary Austin; Miss Kate Donovon, Sister Mary Berchmans; Miss Joanna Sullivan, Sister Mary Zita; Miss Mary Curran, Sister Mary Edmund; Miss Mary Ellen Driscoll, Sister Mary Barbara; Miss M. L. Mitchell, Sister Mary Agnes; Miss Annie Norton, Sister St. Thomas; Miss Ella J. Buckley, Sister Mary Benignus. After the ceremony the guests were conducted to the convent, where, through the kindness of one of the reverend friends of the institution, dinner was served for three hundred guests. A boarding school is attached to Mt. St. Joseph's, which, though but three years in existence, is already well known and popular.

MISS MARY REDMOND, who since her return from Italy, where she had studied in the famous schools, including those of Rome, and the "Belli Arti" in Florence, has had her order book well and lucratively filled, has been commissioned by Lady Aberdeen to execute the bust in marble of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. The sittings will be given at Dollis Hill, the charming residence of Lord Aberdeen.


### Sewing Machines.

IF you want a sewing machine, a good sewing machine, a cheap sewing machine, a high-cost sewing machine, or if you want to hire one, call on Stern & Co., 15 Essex street, near Washington street, Boston, who are jobbers and manufacturers of all kinds known to the trade. Sewing machine findings, and all kinds of sewing machines repaired, and to let, at lowest rates. It will pay you to call at 15 Essex street, Boston.


### Homes Wanted for Children.

IN the Home for destitute Catholic children there are over two hundred little boys and girls of from three to thirteen years of age, for whom the Sisters in charge are desirous of finding homes in Catholic families in the country. These little ones are bright, intelligent, healthy, and are not children of the criminal classes, but children who have been deprived of their parents or relations through death or misfortune. The conditions upon which these children are placed into families are very simple, — a recommendation from the resident priest, and a guarantee to the home that they will be kindly treated, and attend church and school regularly. Charitable persons, wishing to provide for any of these poor children, are invited to address the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, Harrison avenue, Boston.

THOMAS KEEGAN, an Irish resident of Juniata township, Pa., died at the advanced age of one hundred and eight years. He carried a pike in the Irish rebellion of 1798, and came to this country seventy-five years ago. His first vote was cast for Andrew Jackson, and his last for Cleveland.

### Patrick Egan.

THE Dublin Freeman's Journal says: The appointment of Mr. Patrick Egan, as American minister to Chili, will keenly delight Irishmen. It is a comment on the policy toward Ireland pursued by England, where Mr. Egan is a hunted outlaw.

SOMEBODY at Catskill, N. Y., has "faked" one of the morning dailies by getting it to publish a story of how a man, calling himself Joseph Reilly, had, because he left the Catholic Church to join the Methodists, received a threatening letter from a supposed Catholic. If the civil authorities are really exerting themselves to discover the criminal, we would recommend them to find out if Joseph or some confederate be not the author. When it is remembered that pious Methodists have suppressed the letters of Wesley condemning the American Revolution, and manufactured others, with their founder's name attached, to make it appear that he approved our struggle for freedom, one will see that pious fraud for the good of the cause is not beyond the shouting brethren, says the N. Y. F. Journal.


### Blarney Mills Suits

ARE all the go. Irish and Scotch fabrics are selling at half price to make room for new spring goods; call at once, if you want a good selection on E. O. Thompson, 344 Washington street, Boston, a few doors from the Old South Church; they cannot be purchased anywhere else so cheap nor so stylish.


GAVAZZI, the apostate priest, who supported Garibaldi, Mazzini, and the rest of the rabble bent on the sacrifice of the Vicar of Christ, fell dead in the street at Rome. Gavazzi had been a Barnabite monk. He apostatized and earned the wages of sin. His unprovided death is what might have been expected. He was taken off in his sins without that respite which the worst of sinners hope may be theirs before death comes to them. On the day before he had attended the great pagan floral procession in honor of the anniversary of the death of Victor Emmanuel.

THE population of Ireland, as indicated by the returns from the Registrar General's office, is 4,777,545, the lowest figure reached in this century. In 1801 it was 8,295,061.

THREE deaths of prominent ecclesiastics are announced — that of Father Neng, General of the Augustinian Order, who, on several occasions, visited the Augustinian Monasteries situate in London, Dublin, and the United States; also the Marquis Francisco Liberati, a priest, and a distinguished canon lawyer; and Cardinal Sacconi.

### No Abstainers in the Cabinet.

NO member of President Harrison's Cabinet is a total abstainer, though Wanamaker publicly frowns upon intoxicants. Mr. Harrison likes a swallow of Irish whiskey now and then; Blaine is a connoisseur of French wines; Windom enjoys a dinner at which each course has its appropriate stimulant; Tracy is fond of a pint of champagne at lunch; Noble likes malt drinks, and indulges every day in a bottle of imported ale; Miller seldom takes anything but rye and seltzer, while Rusk swallows his corn-juice plain. Elijah Halford has never tasted whiskey, but has sipped champagne now and then on convivial occasions.

### Good Shepherd Convent, Boston.

ON Saint Joseph's Day, March 19, the beautiful chapel of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Boston, was the scene of touching and deeply significant religious ceremonies. Two young ladies, Miss Anna Seibert, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Miss Mary Gaffney, of Meriden, Conn., received the white veil at the hands of the Rev. John Frawley, C. SS. R. Miss Seibert's name in religion is Sister Mary of Saint Agnes; Miss Gaffney's, Sister Mary of Saint John. These novices made their vows and received the black veil: Sister Mary of Saint Edward, known in the world as Miss B. Lyons, of Boston; and Sister Mary of the Virtues, Miss Anna Frawley, of Brookline. The latter is the sister of Father Frawley, who officiated. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Charles Sigl, C. SS. R. The altar and sanctuary were exquisitely decorated.

### Statue to Archbishop Hughes.

THE alumni of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., are about to erect on the college grounds, a statue of the first Archbishop of New York, John Hughes, to whom the institution owes its origin and existence. A design by the sculptor, O'Donovan, has been accepted. The cost will be about $10,000, which the committee expects to raise by voluntary contributions. The statue, which will be of bronze and of heroic size, will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on the 2d of October. The annual reunion of the old students of the old college will be held at the same time.

AT the close of Mary Anderson's engagement in St. Louis recently, she presented to the Blessed Virgin's altar at the Cathedral, in that city, a superb carpet, a set of lace curtains, and several sets of metallic flowers. She assisted at Mass every morning during her stay there, coming and going like the humblest worshipper.

### Mass on Shipboard.

ON the receiving ship Vermont, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, there is a regularly established chapel, where services are held every Sunday for the Catholic sailors. The Vermont sometimes has three hundred or four hundred men on board, and very often there are half a dozen or so more of Uncle Sam's ships at the navy yard, and as all who desire may attend Mass on board the Vermont, there are very large congregations on many Sundays. From the first Sunday this custom was put into practice the Rev. Thomas McGivern, one of the priests attached to the Church of the Sacred Heart, has officiated. He is very popular with the sailors of every denomination. The altar before which Father McGivern officiates is a portable one, and when Mass is over, it is wheeled to the end of the ship. The priest visits the navy yard every Saturday, and hears confessions from three to eight o'clock. He also attends sick calls, and provides all necessary spiritual ministrations. One of the most interesting features of the Sunday service is the music. The choir is composed of children from the Sacred Heart parish.

### The Statistics of Divorce

WHICH have been lately submitted to Congress by Commissioner Wright are such as must fill with dismay the hearts of Americans who are anxious for the well-being of their country. They are appalling. During the twenty years between 1867 and 1886 no less than 328,721 divorces were granted in the United States, giving an average of over sixteen thousand in each year; the total number for the year 1886 was over twenty-five thousand. Can any nation go on with impunity despising the marriage bond in this way? Can any nation continue to enjoy prosperity in which the pillar and safeguard of society is so rapidly crumbling away? asks the Ave Maria.

### Free Rum or Cider — Which?

WHETHER the proposed constitutional amendment in Massachusetts against rum is also against cider, is being, as it ought to be, well agitated? We believe fruit-growers feel about manufacturing a home beverage somewhat like the woman whom the learned Dr. Abernethy once remonstrated with for mutilating her husband's face and head with her finger-nails in a family jar. Said the worthy doctor: "Madam, are you not ashamed, treating the head of this family thus? — in fact, your head, madam." The virago retorted fiercely, "Well, doctor, if that be true, haven't I a right to scratch my own head?" It seems to us, prohibition advocates should reflect that, so long as humanity is unfitted to its surroundings and conditions of life, so long evil will exist, and human beings foolishly try to "drown misery" with strong drink. But increase human happiness by every possible means; lessen that mother's burden that she may bear more healthy children; then ameliorate their hunger, disease, and pain by better physical as well as moral training, and you will have plucked out the most deadly fang of the monster — intemperance, while farmers and fruit-growers are left to pursue an honest calling. Acting upon this precept, we would go farther and proclaim that thousands of families are now suffering with troubles that scores of persons have repeatedly tried to relieve with strong drink. "Hot lemonade with a stick," "rock and rye," are familiar recipes. Temperance people should teach others to find some better remedy for hacking coughs, bronchial irritations, catarrhal inflammations, rheumatism, and neuralgia than whiskey. Said a well-known Boston merchant, recently, to a party of friends: "I used to resort to whiskey when attacked with rheumatism and neuralgia; I could get drunk, but I couldn't cure neuralgia. But I know a remedy — Johnson's Anodyne Liniment — that will fix it for me every time." Truly, it is the most certain remedy known for any pain or inflammation. It is used internally as much as externally. Many people do not know this. The manufacturers, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send free to any one a pamphlet telling how to use it. A teaspoonful, *properly* used, will accomplish wonders.

A WORD to the wise ought to be sufficient. Look on the cover of your magazine and you will see how much you owe. Please remit.

THE American pilgrims were warmly welcomed by hospitable French Catholics on their arrival in France.

### Archbishop Ryan on Prohibition.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP RYAN, of Philadelphia, being asked his opinion on the prohibitory amendment replied as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, March 7, 1889.

EDITOR C. T. A. NEWS.

DEAR SIR, — In reply to your question, I beg to state that I believe constitutional amendments to be extreme measures which should be adopted only in cases of supreme necessity. I believe, as far as I am capable of forming a judgment on the subject, that high license and other laws enacted to preserve the people from intemperance, if duly enforced, would be quite sufficient to attain the desired end, — that is, as far as mere legislation can attain it. More stringent laws could be enacted, if found necessary, without touching the Constitution itself.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

P. J. RYAN, *Archbishop.*

FATHER LOCKE, who preached the panegyric of St. Patrick this year at Rome, a distinguished member of the Augustinian Order, and a native of Callan, county Kilkenny, is a brother of the late John Locke, the poet of the '67 days, the sad news of whose death some weeks since, is still fresh in the minds of our readers.

### A Veteran Admiral.

VICE-ADMIRAL STEPHEN C. ROWAN, after sixty years service in the United States Navy, retires of his own accord, on full pay. Admiral Rowan was born in Dublin, Ireland, and bears the Irish characteristics so marked that he has been best known by his brother officers as "Paddy" Rowan. He became celebrated as early as the Seminole War, but earned his laurels by closing up the North Carolina ports and rivers during the war, and by his command of "New Ironsides" in the blockade of Charleston. He will be the last man to bear the title, as the officers of Admiral and Vice-Admiral have been abolished by Congress.

MOST REV. P. A. FEEHAN, D. D., of Chicago, has appointed Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor of St. Bridget's Church, that city, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Chicago, to succeed Rev. P. J. Conway, deceased. Father Dowling is a brother of Bishop Dowling of Toronto, Canada.

New York WORLD: The shareholders of the London Times are having the unpleasant fact forced upon them that they have become a laughing-stock company.

### A Fine Old Steamer.

THE Guion steamship Wyoming finished a trip from Liverpool to Sandy Hook that was as remarkable in point of speed, considering her age, as the Etruria's passage of six days and four hours. She made the trip in eight days and thirteen hours, it being her 369th trip across the ocean, during which she has covered more than 1,017,000 miles. She has been running seventeen years in the trans-atlantic trade.

### The Women's Defeat.

THE women of Massachusetts will have to do without full municipal suffrage for another year at least. By a vote of one hundred and twenty-seven to seventy-eight the House of Representatives said "no" to their request for complete municipal citizenship. The Globe observes, however, with pleasure that the majority of the votes cast for the bill were given by Democrats, while the majority of those cast against it were given by Republicans. This is as it should be. Democracy means equal rights for all, or it means nothing, and the word "all" includes women, or it means nothing either.

### Boom for Parnell.

A MEETING of the citizens of the great city of Philadelphia, to express confidence in the integrity and patriotism of Charles Stewart Parnell, was held at the Academy of Music night of March 13. The large building was crowded by nearly five thousand persons. Mrs. Delia S. Parnell, the mother of the Irish patriot, was greeted with enthusiastic applause as she entered a private box. Governor Beaver presided over the meeting, which was addressed by Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, ex-Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, and others. At the conclusion of the speaking a subscription was started for the Parnell fund and eight thousand dollars was realized, including five hundred dollars each from George W. Childs and A. J. Drexel.

SECRETARY OF STATE BLAINE now has an opportunity of exhibiting that American patriotism with which he is credited, by preventing all diplomatic relations with England during the continuance of that country's inhuman treatment of Irish political prisoners. When King Bomba of Naples imprisoned and maltreated Italian patriots for demanding "Home Rule," Great Britain made a great show of indignation, and severed diplomatic relations with that country until the atrocities ceased. This is a safe precedent, and will justify Blaine if he has the inclination to do what common humanity demands. Will he do it? asks the Catholic Journal of the New South.

### Parnell's Suit Against the Times.

HENRY CAMPBELL, M. P., the private secretary of Mr. Parnell, has brought suit for libel against the London Times. The cause has been set for a hearing, and the trial will probably take place in May. The suit is founded partly on the opening speech made by Attorney General Webster in the case of O'Donnell vs. Walter, and partly on a leading editorial published by the Times on July 7 last. This suit is the first of a series of suits to be brought against the Times.

### Immigration

IS not now so great as in former years. The impression that is formed by new arrivals on our large, over-crowded Eastern cities does not lead to reports that will draw the thousands from their homes in other lands. This view is confirmed by Superintendent Henry J. Jackson, of Castle Garden, N. Y., who, in his semi-annual report, states that the arrivals of immigrants at New York for the six months ending Feb. 28, show a decrease of 21,522 as compared with the corresponding months a year ago. He explains this falling off in the tide of immigration by the fact that foreigners are becoming more prudent. They do not come here now until they are prepared to make their way in the new country. The number of immigrants landed at New York during the past six months follows: During September, 1888, 29,013; October, 27,669; November, 19,099; December, 13,813; January, 1889, 7,431; February, 10,645; total, 107,680.

AN ambiguous phrase was that used by a missionary from the South Sea Islands, who wrote: "Our small force of brethren seems to be absolutely unable to cope with the distress that prevails in this dark and benighted land. Many of the natives are starving for food. Please send at once a few more missionaries."

### Beer and Anarchism.

BEER and whiskey seem to be twin relics of anarchism. Says the Chicago Inter-Ocean: "Some thirteen thousand kegs of beer were consumed at one memorable gathering of the Anarchists of Chicago; and soon afterwards there was an explosion of bombs. There is not a group or assembly of Anarchists or extreme Socialists in America that does not soak its silly and dangerous resolutions in beer. Nor is there a single revolutionary or communistic assembly of total abstainers.

BOSTON DAILY GLOBE: The government has stood behind the Times from the first. That is sufficiently shown by the fact that the government unveiled its mystery of twenty years, and placed its spy, Le Caron, at the disposal of the Times. The government has its part in the storm of indignation and ridicule, which is overwhelming the newspaper. The only decent course for the Salisbury ministry is to resign, and give the people a chance to pass their verdict upon its conduct.

THE German Emperor has sent to Herr Windthorst the Order of the Black Eagle. Although in his seventy-eighth year, Herr Windthorst enjoys excellent health, and is never absent from his place in Parliament when any matter of importance is being discussed. He leads the Catholic party both in the Reichstag and in the Prussian Landtag.

MR. L. W. REILLY, formerly connected with the Catholic Review and Catholic Columbian, has taken an editorial position on the staff of the Colorado Catholic. We congratulate Mr. Reilly and Father Carr on this happy union of forces. — *Western Watchman.*

So do we. — DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND was introduced at a recent reunion of the members of the Grand Army of St. Paul as a "St. Paul boy" who had become a Minnesotian known of all men — who had been raised to be a peer of princes in the old world, but whose proudest title was Comrade John Ireland, late chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota. The archbishop, who was received with cheers, delivered an address to the assembled members.

SPEAKING of the unfortunate Gavazzi, the Worcester (Mass.) Times says: "The hapless Gavazzi, the notorious fallen priest and anti-Papal revolutionist, who, for so many years gave himself body and soul to the services of the enemy of the church, is dead. And lo! the church, which — like other apostates from the days of Julian to those of Voltaire — he swore to destroy, still lives and flourishes with fruitful and glorious life. So it has been from the beginning, and so shall it be to the end."

THE Catholics of the Southern States are beginning to realize the benefits which accrue to all localities through colonists. A Catholic colonization society, with a capital stock of one hundred thousand dollars, divided into four thousand shares, has been formed at Pittsburgh, Pa. The objects of the society are to establish Catholic colonies in the South, engage in manufacturing, mining, lumbering, stock-raising, and so forth. Large tracts of suitable land will be secured in Northern Georgia and Alabama.

EVERY reader will be pleased to learn that Mr. Gladstone has a sister who is a nun in an English convent. Lord Salisbury also has a sister who is in a religious community, and Mr. Balfour is also honored by having a sister who is a Religious. We sincerely hope the holy prayers of these pure Brides of Christ may lead to the conversion of each of these prominent personages.

WE cannot conceal from ourselves that we are only dust and ashes; but we never act as if we believed ourselves to be so. — *Car. Wiseman.*

THE old proverb that "Satan findeth something for idle hands to do" is likely describable to St. Jerome's recommendation to "Be busy about something, so that the devil may always find you occupied."

### The Parnell Inquiry.

BOSTON DAILY HERALD: We fancy the Parnell trial will take in the future a far more dramatic appearance than it has assumed to the eyes of those who have been watching it from day to day; particularly if it should have later on, as it is not unlikely, an immense influence on the political destinies of Ireland. The historian will have opportunities, which are denied the contemporaneous spectator, of knowing the influences that have been brought into play on both sides, and the manner in which these have been exercised. More than this, the last episode, the suicide of Pigott, has turned what at one time promised to be almost a comical into a tragical feature in the development of the drama. If the outcome is a revulsion of English public opinion on the question of Irish Home Rule, the inquiry will rank higher than any other judicial investigation in the annals of England, throwing into the shade, by its national consequences, the trial of Warren Hastings, or, perhaps, even that of Charles I.

### Despatches to Parnell from the U. S.

NONE but the cable companies have any idea of the number of cable despatches sent from this country to Charles Stewart Parnell congratulating him on his victory over the British Tory government and the Times newspaper. From Brooklyn alone, during the past week, upward of one hundred and seventy despatches have been flashed under the ocean, a few from such bodies as the St. Patrick's Society, but the great bulk of them from private individuals whose hearts were so stirred that they had only that way of relieving them. Among the private individuals who congratulated Mr. Parnell was Mme. du Chantail, Superioress of St. John's Orphan Home at the head of Bergen street. Mme. du Chantail has a brother in Dublin named Keating, a brilliant lawyer, and what is known in Ireland as an advanced Nationalist, and the quiet, secluded Brooklyn nun is just as advanced and patriotic. She cabled her congratulation to the Irish leader in the subjoined words:

> From my heart I congratulate you on the victory you have achieved over your and the enemies of Ireland.
>
> MME. DU CHANTAIL.

She received the following reply the same day:

> Thank you sincerely. Your despatch seems like the voice of prophetic hope.
>
> CHAS. S. PARNELL.

### Mr. Gladstone

HAS written a long letter to Mr. Beaufoy, the Gladstonian candidate for Parliament in Kennington, in which he says: "The Irish crisis has become acute to an unusual degree, and is pressing itself beyond all former experience on the mind and conscience of the people of England. A great conspiracy which aimed at the stabbing of the vital interests of Ireland by means of forged letters, through the honor of Mr. Parnell, has been disgracefully exploded, and those who urged the inquisition with such eager glee are now only seeking means to disown and evade the responsibility."

### Prohibition.

THEY are going to vote on a prohibitory amendment in Massachusetts also, and the Boston Republic is moved to narrate that "the father of the American Revolution, the patriotic Samuel Adams, was a Boston brewer. His co-patriot, the first governor of Massachusetts, John Hancock, was an importer of wines and liquors. The wealth which enabled Peter Faneuil to present Faneuil Hall to Boston was made in the liquor business." These things happened over a hundred years ago, says the Milwaukee Catholic Citizen. Since then a marked change has occurred both in public opinion and in the character of the liquor dealers. Even Washington was a slaveholder—ninety years ago.

ONE of the greatest tests of being a good Catholic is zeal for the church, and devotion to Christ's Vicar.

To the cause of the American Revolution Catholics of every race and tongue rallied at once.—*John Gilmary Shea.*

CAPT. ERICSSON, the "creator of the Monitor," in many respects the most colossal personage of the great war between the states, and the savior of the country before Grant, Sherman, or Sheridan was heard of, died last week. The man who "crushed the Rebellion," must yield the palm to the single man who "crushed the Merrimac."

### Protest of the Irish Bishops.

NEARLY all the Prelates of Ireland have signed a protest against the barbarous Balfourian brutality with which William O'Brien is treated by his jailers. In their remonstrance the Bishops say: "We, the undersigned Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, feel imperatively called upon to join in a solemn protest against the shameful indignities and inhuman violence which, as we have learned, have been inflicted upon Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., in Clonmel Jail, to the manifest peril of his life, and the danger of the public peace. In the interest alike of humanity and order, we deem it our duty to declare that her Majesty's government should not suffer a moment to be lost in securing the discontinuance of maltreatment, which is shocking to adherents of all political parties, and opposed to the usages of civilization."

### Great Speed.

THE splendid Inman Line steamship City of New York, on her first trip this year, beat her own best previous record by one hour and thirty-one minutes. Her actual time to Sandy Hook was six days fourteen hours and six minutes. It is presumable that the run just made does not indicate the speed which the new steamer is capable of. She may be expected to improve very considably upon the actual time now made. But in any event she has demonstrated her splendid qualities under twin screw propulsion, and has already won celebrity for great speed. It is not unlikely that before summer she will have beaten all records for speed.

### Italian Catholics.

THE recent letter from the Pope to the American Catholic Bishops, in which his Holiness requests that the prelates of the different dioceses make special efforts to provide for the spiritual welfare of Italian immigrants, has led Archbishop Corrigan to give his sanction to the establishment of two churches exclusively for Italians in New York. These churches, which are conducted by priests sent from Italy for the purpose, are at 174 Centre street and 23 Roosevelt street. To provide for Italians living in other parts of the city the Archbishop has made arrangements with thirty-six of his priests, who are able to speak Italian, to look out for the welfare of the immigrants. Twenty-four of the priests are attached to city parishes and twelve labor in country missions. Are not the proselytisers stealing some of the Italian children at the North End, Boston? Our Italian priests should see to this.

LADY GAVAN DUFFY died on Feb. 17, at her husband's residence in Nice. Lady Duffy, who was the eldest daughter of Mr. George Hall, Ross Cottage, New Ferry, was in her thirtieth year. Her marriage with Sir Charles Gavan Duffy took place in 1881. Up to Christmas last, when she gave birth to a son, she enjoyed fairly good health. Immediately afterwards she had an attack of puerperal fever, from the effects of which, despite the assistance of an eminent London specialist and two skilled local surgeons, and the loving ministrations of husband, parents, and friends, death has thus prematurely resulted. She had four children by her marriage with Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. The youngest is only a few months old, and the eldest is about eight years. The deceased lady was of an exceedingly kind and unaffected disposition, and her early death will be deeply regretted, both at home and abroad, by a wide circle of friends. Much sympathy is also felt for Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who is now in his seventy-third year. In fact fears are entertained that he will not be able to support the severe trial the death of his estimable wife has entailed on his failing strength. The obsequies were held at St. Peter's Church in Nice, and the interment followed immediately afterwards in the Cimetiere du Caucade.

ALL the great universities of Europe were founded prior to the Reformation. — *Brownson.*

THE most suggestive incident in Mr. Parnell's ovation was when a mass meeting in St. James Hall, London, composed largely of Englishmen, rose *en masse* and cheered him for over five minutes. British sentiment is evidently undergoing a complete revolution.

### The Brutal and Bloody Times.

IN a sketch of the centenary of the London Times, M. de Blowitz tells how, in the year 1789, the original John Walter was persecuted. The Times questioned the sincerity of the joy manifested by the Dukes of York, Gloucester, and Cumberland over the recovery of George III. from a serious illness, and for this Mr. Walter was condemned to pay a fine of fifty pounds, to stand in the pillory at Charing Cross and spend twelve months in Newgate prison. While in prison the Times reflected on the Dukes of York and Clarence and Mr. Walter was fined two hundred pounds, and an additional year's imprisonment was added. This was in the first year of the Times existence. Now, in the year 1889, Mr. Walter and the Times, for conspiring with a forger to ruin and destroy a man whose only crime is his devotion to the cause of human rights, have been placed in the pillory of public opinion and fined one million pounds. And the universal sentiment is — served them right.

THE Gladstonian Liberals scored a great victory in the Kensington contest, by carrying a distinctively English constituency. Parnell's calmness and discretion, with Gladstone's ripe wisdom and prestige, make a team that all England is coming to respect.

### A Lame Conclusion.

THE Times' case came to a lame, impotent, and fitting conclusion, the last two witnesses being informers, whose evidence in one instance was utterly discredited, and in the other completely neutralized, by the admissions made in the cross-examination. Sir Charles Russell will have nearly three weeks in which to arrange the course of the defence, and he will receive the assistance of William O'Brien and Edward Harrington, both of whom are to be released from prison for that purpose. Mr. Biggar informs me that his present intention is to make a speech, and call witnesses in his own behalf, entirely irrespective of what the others may do. The Irish leaders and their lawyers will shortly meet to discuss tactics.

### Honor Conferred on a Christian Brother.

THE King of the Belgians has just named brother Alexis, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, Knight of the Order of Leopold. This distinction is the just reward of the geographical work of Brother Alexis, who was the inventor of the improved hysometric maps which are now used in all the schools of France and Belgium. These maps have won for the Institute more than twenty medals at different international exhibitions. Three years ago, Brother Alexis took the second place out of sixty competitors in the concourse of geography for the prize of twenty-five thousand francs offered by King Leopold.

THE Marquis of Queensbury, who is now in this country, says Bob Ingersoll is the noblest man in America; and Bob says the Marquis of Queensbury is the noblest man in England. They are well matched. The one was kicked out of the House of Lords for blasphemy and the other is tabooed by all decent society in this country. *Par nobile fratrum.*

The Western Watchman, St. Louis.

### Forty Men to a Thousand.

IN the Texas House of Representatives, on behalf of the citizens of Houston, Representative Hamblen, on March 5th, presented a beautiful gold medal set with diamonds to Miss Annie E. Dowling, only child of Dick Dowling. The latter, on the 8th of September, 1863, in command of only forty-two men, held at bay and drove off from Sabine Pass Union forces of more than a thousand men. Dowling and his men were nearly all Irish. Miss Annie is twenty years old, prepossessing, and very intelligent. She and her widowed mother reside in this city. Frank Lubbock, treasurer of the state, on behalf of Miss Annie, received the medal, the presentation of which was witnessed by a vast crowd of ladies and gentlemen.

GROVER CLEVELAND, on March 18, celebrated his birthday. He was born on March 18, 1837.

**Messrs Nicholas Frost & Co.,**

SOUTH MARKET STREET, Boston, wholesale and retail dealers in crockery, glass, and china ware, are offering every description of goods in the above line, at lower prices than any house of their kind in the city of Boston. Give them a call and you will be satisfied; their store fronts on Chatham and South Market streets, opposite Faneuil Hall and Quincy Markets.

**The Church Not Opposed to Amusement.**

ARCHBISHOP RYAN: I have always regarded it as a great misfortune to religion that some men have so associated it with unnatural gloom that it became unamiable in the eyes of men, especially of youth. Religion is bright and beautiful, and sanctifies our legitimate recreation, as well as the performance of our most serious acts. I have no sympathy with those who make it a moral strait-jacket, and try to crush out the joy of the young heart. No, enjoy life whilst you remain within the domain, and it is a very extensive and lovely one, on the confines of which the angels of conscience and religion stand and say: "Thus far and no farther."

**William Ralph Emerson, Esq.**

85 Water street, Boston, is one of the most popular architects in this country, and is well deserving of his popularity. He is a gentleman in every respect, and everything he undertakes to do will be done well. We heartily recommend him to the reverend clergy throughout the country for their special patronage.

**Mr. William H. Edmands, Optician,**

47 West street, Boston, is one of the best in the city. Fitting of spectacles and eye-glasses, he makes a specialty, and was formerly with Thaxter & Brother. Any of our numerous readers, who want anything in his line, will do well to give him a trial. His store is 47 West street, a few doors from Tremont street, being easy of access, and on the first floor.

CARDINAL MANNING, in a recent interview with a correspondent of the Paris Univers, very pertinently asks him: "Is it not a strange anomaly that an insignificant minority of free-thinkers should dictate laws in a country (France) where there are at least thirty millions of professed Catholics?

ARCHBISHOP GROSS, of Oregon City, warns his people against the habit of going to theatres or public balls during Lent. The absolution of such as attend public balls is, His Grace says, a reserved case. It is certain that no Catholic worthy of the name would attend such balls. They should also forego theatres during this time of penitence.

**Educate that You May be Free.**

HIS Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane have accepted an invitation to address the annual convention of the American Teachers' National Association, to be held in Nashville, Tenn., early next July. This is the most important educational organization in America, and this invitation to two such distinguished Catholic prelates is significant courtesy at this time and from such a source. The parochial school will be explained and defended by the Cardinal and the Bishop, and great good must come to Christian education from the representations of two such able and eloquent advocates of the Christian school, says the North-western Chronicle.

THE Illustrated London News (American edition), of March 23, has a two-page engraving of the Parnell Inquiry Commission, with Pigott in the witness box. Price 10 cts.

**The Month of May.**

MAY is observed throughout the world as Mary's month. Devotions in honor of the Mother of God are observed in all our churches, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof.

CARDINAL CHARLES SACCONI is dead, aged eighty. He was one of the six suffragan bishops of the Roman Pontiff, and the senior in rank of cardinals.

# Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books." — *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

## BOOKS.

*Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and Chi.*

THE HISTORY OF CONFESSION; Or, the Dogma of Confession Vindicated from the Attacks of Heresies and Infidels. From the French of Rev. A. Guillois, by Bishop L. de Goesbriand, D. D., Bishop of Burlington, Vt. Price, 75 cents.

It is one of the most complete and instructive treatises hitherto written about Confession. Confession was always in use among the Jews; it was also in use among the pagans; that it was instituted by our Saviour; that it has always been practised in the church, both in the West and among the schismatics of the East.

THE GLORIOUS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF JESUS CHRIST. Short Meditations from Easter to the Ascension. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. Price, 20c.

*T. B. Noonan & Co., Boston.*

TOLD BY THE FIRELIGHT. A Collection of Stories for Boys and Girls. Reprinted from the Ave Maria. Price, 75 cts.

There are twenty-two stories in this book, all told in a pleasant and cheerful manner. Just the book for our young people. The book makes 307 pages, and is very handsomely gotten up.

*Notre Dame Pub. House, Notre Dame.*

THE AVE MARIA, a Catholic Family Magazine, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin. Edited by a Priest of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. New series. Vol. XXVII. July-December, 1888.

This is a large, handsome volume of 624 pages, is embellished with a lovely picture of the Virgin and Child. No Catholic library is complete without the Ave Maria.

"Will be read with profound interest." — *Chicago Journal.*

ONCE UPON A TIME: A Collection of Stories and Legends. 297 pages, 16mo. Bound in elegant style. 75c.

FATHER LAMBING'S MASSES FOR THE DEAD, and the Motives for Having them Celebrated. 86 pages. 25 cts.

ALL the above books can be obtained of Messrs. Noonon & Co.

## MUSIC.

*White, Smith & Co., Boston.*

*Vocal:* "Killaloo." Words by Frank N. Scott; music by Robert Martin. "Daphne's Cheeks." Words by Walter Besant; music by J. B. Campbell. "If you want to know the secret," Topical Song. "Our great Pasha," Song. "I will not weep," "Love is a ruler thing," "Life seems only sunshine," quintet. "You shall be rich and powerful," duet. "If some other sweetheart," duet. "They are beautiful," Waltz song.

*Instrumental:* "Elite Newport," by James L. Ross. "Gavotte" and "Lancers' Quadrille," from "Said Pasha," by Richard Stahl.

*Books:* The Folio, for February. A very interesting number of this journal.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MISS MARY C. CROWLEY'S new volume of stories for young folks, which we announced some time ago, will be brought out by Messrs. Sadlier & Co. It is entitled Merry Hearts and True.

A VOLUME, which is sure to be highly interesting, is in preparation by that faithful and distinguished Irishman, Chevalier John P. Leonard, of Paris. In it, he proposes giving a plain narrative of some of the most remarkable things he has seen during his stay in his adopted country. As the gallant patriot has been welcomed to the intimacy of the noblest in France, including MacMahon and the descendants of the flower of the Brigade, and is a veteran of '48 and '70-71, his reminiscences cannot fail to be delightful.

MESSRS. JOHN MURPHY & CO. announce Cardinal Gibbons' new book. Our Christian Heritage, will, he says, aim "to show the beauty and necessity of religion in these days when it is so fashionable to set up the teachings of Paganism, of Buddhism, and even Mohammedanism as more suited than our faith to the wants of humanity. I want to show the need of our clinging to fundamental truths,—to the existence of God, to the doctrine of immortality, to the belief in conscience, and to the truth that conscience is the voice of God. I shall endeavor to show the need of religion to the individual, to the family, and to society. And I shall draw my arguments not alone from Holy Writ, but also from reason, quoting philosophers. historians, and moralists, especially the moderns."

# Obituary.

## CLERGYMEN.

The death is announced of Rev. J. J. O'Carroll, S. J., Professor of Modern Languages, University College, Dublin, and Examiner in these same subjects in the Royal University of Ireland.

Rev. J. B. Weikamp, O. S. F., after a life-time of fruitful service in the Master's vineyard, was called to his eternal reward on March 19. He was for thirty-five years laboring at Cross Village, Emmet county, Mich., and was the friend and protector of the Indians.

Many persons in America will be sorry to learn of the death of Father O'Carroll, S. J., professor in the Catholic University and Examiner in the Royal University. He was a wonderful linguist. Even the obscurest dialect in Eastern Europe was as familiar to him as English. His death will be a great loss to philology.

Father Neck, C. M., of St. Vincent's Church, St. Louis, Mo., died on March 3. Father Neck was born in Emmittsburg, Md., in 1855, and ordained by Archbishop Wood, at Germantown, Pa. He afterwards performed the duties of his sacred office in Brooklyn, and was later attached to St. Vincent's Church, St. Louis, where he died.

One of the oldest priests in the United States died on March 9th, in Dubuque, Iowa. Rev. Patrick Quigley was sixty years engaged in the work of the holy ministry. He had done much for the glory of God and the salvation of souls since his ordination in Maynooth in 1829. For the past thirteen years Father Quigley labored in Independence, Iowa, and previous to this time had done priestly duty in various other parts of the state.

On the 13th of March the Rev. Theodore Thiry, S. J., died at the rectory of St. Francis Xavier's College, in West Sixteenth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, N. Y., after an illness of some five months. The death of Father Thiry, S. J., although for some time past not unexpected, has cast a deep gloom over the entire parish of the church for whose welfare he worked during the past thirty-five years. No event in the history of the church has brought more intense sorrow to the hearts of the priests and parishioners of St. Xavier's Church than the death of Father Thiry, S. J., because no more active, energetic, and self-sacrificing priest could serve in the grand and glorious cause of Catholicity in the Church and College of St. Francis Xaviers. Father Thiry, S. J., was a brilliant ornament, whose loss will be long felt and deplored, but whose services to his church and flock will be ever living monuments of his noblest works.

## SISTERS.

On March 16, Madame Charles, the Mother Superior of the Ursuline Nuns, at Columbia, S. C., died. She was a score and a half of years engaged in her holy work in the religious life.—R. I. P.

Sister Mary Regina died recently at the academy of the Sisters of Charity in Council Bluffs, Iowa. Her name in the world was Helen Cosgrove. She was formerly of Dubuque, and the sister of Bishop Cosgrove of Davenport. She entered the mother-house at Dubuque Sept. 3, 1853.

Mother M. Monica O'Dougherty, one of the original band of Sisters of Mercy, who came to this city from Bagot street, Dublin, thirty years ago, and settled in Houston street, was buried last Thursday, from the Convent of Mercy, Madison avenue and Eighty-first street. She was seventy-nine years of age, and had passed nearly fifty years in the order.

Sister Mary Louise Magdalen, of the Congregation of Notre Dame, and instructor in the convent school connected with St. Mary's parish, Cambridge, died on Sunday, Feb. 17, after a long period of sickness. Funeral services were held at the church of St. Mary's of the Annunciation on the 18th, and the interment took place at Malden. Deceased entered the convent in her teens, and was there about

eight years when she died. She was the daughter of Edward and Elizabeth Reynolds of South Boston. R. I. P.

## LAY PEOPLE.

WE are sorry to hear of the death in Victoria of the Hon. Peter Lalor, formerly Speaker of the Legislative Assembly in that colony. The deceased was a son of honest Pat Lalor of Tenakill, one of the members of the Queen's county in Dan O'Connell's zenith, and brother to the talented Young Irelander, James Finlan Lalor, and the present Honorable member of the Leix division, a stanch Home Ruler. Peter Lalor was elected commander of the Ballarat insurgents in 1852, and fought bravely at the Eureka stockade until his left arm was shattered by a bullet. A price was put upon his head; but Father P. Smyth helped him to escape to Geelong, where he lay in concealment until an amnesty was granted, although scores of Irishmen were aware of his place of refuge. Strange that this proscribed "rebel" should live to enjoy a salary of £1,500 a year from those who cried for his blood. R. I. P.

PATRICK TIERNEY, age 101 years, died at his home, No. 424 East Sixtieth street, New York. He was born in county Westmeath, Ireland, and came to New York forty years ago. He was a shoemaker by trade. Tierney's wife died five years ago at the age of ninety-five years. The couple had four children all of whom are living.

THE funeral of one of Boston's old people was held from St. Joseph's Church, Roxbury, Sunday afternoon, 24th March. It was that of the late Mrs. Mary O'Brien, who had passed the one hundred and second mile post in this battle with life, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. James McCarthy, 47 Quincy street, Roxbury. Mrs. O'Brien was born in Clareda, Limerick, in 1786, and lived in Ireland until fifty-five years ago, when, with her husband, now long dead, she came to this country. She had lived in Boston since coming to America, and at her death left three daughters.

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MAN, without Christianity, is the most dangerous animal that roams the earth.— MONTESQUIEU.

### Archbishop Ryan's Lecture.

NOT since the days of the Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, O. S. A., and Very Rev. Father Burke, O. P., says the Philadelphia Catholic Standard, was such an audience gathered in the American Academy of Music to listen to a lecture by a Catholic priest or prelate, as assembled there on Monday evening, March 18th, to hear the Most Reverend Archbishop Ryan. Every part of the vast auditorium, from the parquet to the highest gallery, was filled to its entire capacity; all the boxes were occupied besides, and the wide stage, too, was crowded with a distinguished array of ecclesiastics and members of the laity. And certainly never before in Philadelphia, on a religious occasion, were so many non-Catholics mingled in a Catholic audience. Some of our most prominent citizens dissenting from us in religious belief were there, some on the platform, and a great many more in the body of the house. A handsome sum must have been realized for the benefit of the Convent of the Good Shepherd.

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### A Protestant Bishop Answered.

BISHOP STEPHEN VINCENT RYAN, of Buffalo, N. Y., has made the following very sensible reply to the attack of Protestant Episcopalian Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe upon the Catholic American University at Washington: "Bishop Coxe is a monomaniac in his opposition to the Catholic Church. He is so radical, so absurd, and false in his statements, that I think the best way is to ignore what he says. So far as the University is concerned, I will say that the gentlemen who are its head are fully as much in sympathy with American institutions as Bishop Coxe, and that one object in planting the University under the walls of the capitol, as Bishop Coxe says, is to show in the capital city, at the seat of government, that our teachings are in faithful accordance with the principles of the Republic." It is a fitting answer to the contortions of a mountebank. The only way to make use of Bishop Coxe is to have fun with him.

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JOHN Bright, the English statesman, died on the 27th of March.

# The Ex-Nun and Donahoe's Magazine.

676 TREMONT ST. BOSTON, March 29th.

*Editor Donahoe's Monthly Magazine.*

SIR, — I find at page 237 of your issue for March, that you have published a scandalous libel on me.

The libel is contained in these words:—

"But the nun went to Knock on a visit, instead of first going to Newry where she was bound to have gone."

On this libel you build a superstructure of calumny, and what I can only call low abuse, such as the statement that I was "playing a little game," a most disgraceful charge to make against any lady, and which I require you to retract and to apologize for.

You also accuse me of having "plans of my own to carry out" and say that "once I was free from control at Kenmare I carried them out as I saw fit." This is a serious libel on my character as a religious. You will have to prove when and where I carried out any plans which were not approved by my superiors, and by the holy Father.

It was decided in Rome that I had not acted in any way contrary to religious obedience. If you or others do not approve of, or discredit the decisions of the Holy See, that is your own affair. You also charge me by "my course of conduct, with placing some of the highest church dignitaries in Ireland in a false position."

This is another libel: I require a full retraction of these libels, and an apology for them, to be published in your next issue and in any papers where your libels have been copied. I must see and approve your retraction and apology, and under all circumstances I reserve the right of taking legal proceedings.

There are many other serious libels in your paper but I pass them by.

The paragraph at page 235 in reference to Mr. O. Hagan is a printer's mistake, for which my publisher takes the responsibility, as my proofs were correct.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) M. T. CUSACK.

☞ Our retraction and apology shall appear in the next number of the MAGAZINE.

We print the ex-nun's letter, *verbatim et literatim.* Not being her publisher, we assume no responsibility for her blunders, errors, or mistakes.

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### The Long Agony is Over.

IN the Canadian Parliament the Jesuit question was decided by a vote of one hundred and eighty-eight votes in favor, to thirteen against, granting the four hundred thousand dollars. This is gall and wormwood to the Orange "boys" all over the continent. What does all their blood and thunder amount to? It is worthy of note that of the thirteen members who voted for the motion, three were Liberals and ten Conservatives. In this minority there was only one member from Quebec, the Orange representative of Huntingdon, the other twelve being from Ontario. Among the majority was Hon. Mackenzie Rowell, Minister of Customs and Post Grand Master of the Orange in North America.

JAMES REDPATH, vice-president of the Anti-Poverty Society, was welcomed by that body at its meeting in Cooper Union, New York. He had just returned from Ireland. In the course of a brief speech Mr. Redpath predicted that Ireland would have Home Rule within three years.

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BOSTON SUNDAY HERALD: Rev. Dr. Miner had his hands pretty full in his sparring with some of the members of the Legislature of Roman Catholic sympathies the other day. It has been remarked of the Massachusetts Legislatures of recent years that the brightest young men in them are those of Irish birth or lineage that are sent to the State House from Boston and other cities of the state.

## PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

### *BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.*

A PROCLAMATION.

A HUNDRED years have passed since the government which our forefathers founded was formally organized. At noon on the thirtieth day of April, 1789, in the city of New York, and in the presence of an assembly of the heroic men whose patriotic devotion had led the colonies to victory and independence, George Washington took the oath of office as chief magistrate of the new-born republic. This impressive act was preceded at nine o'clock in the morning in all the churches of the city by prayer for God's blessing on the government and its first president. The centennial of this illustrious event in our history has been declared a general holiday by act of Congress to the end that the people of the whole country may join in commemorative exercises appropriate to the day. In order that the joy of the occasion may be associated with a deep thankfulness in the minds of the people for all our blessings in the past, and a devout supplication to God for their gracious continuance in the future, the representatives of the religious creeds, both Christian and Hebrew, have memorialized the government to designate an hour for prayer and thanksgiving on that day. Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States of America, in response to this pious and reasonable request, do recommend that on Tuesday, April 30, at the hour of nine o'clock in the morning, the people of the entire country repair to their respective places of divine worship to implore the favor of God that the blessings of liberty, prosperity, and peace may abide with us as a people, and that His hand may lead us in the paths of righteousness and good deeds.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States of America to be affixed.

Done in the city of Washington on the fourth day of April in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, and of the independenee of the United States the one hundred and thirteenth.

[Seal.] BENJAMIN HARRISON.

By the President:

JAMES G. BLAINE, *Secretary of State.*

THE Michigan Catholic says there never was a lovelier St. Patrick's Day since the world began. The editor would not say so were he down this way. Detroit must have been highly favored by Saint Patrick.

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ACCORDING to the report of Commissioner Carroll D. Wright, there are more divorces granted in the United States than in all Europe together. In 1886 there were 25,535 released from their marital bonds in the United States; all Europe, 22,080. Ireland had only seven divorces that year.

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MR. JOHN W. MCDONALD, late superintendent of Boston streets. The Boston Herald says, editorially, that he retires after three years' service, "carrying with him an enviable tribute of public respect and confidence," for the excellent way in which he managed his responsible position under very hampering circumstances. "Mr. McDonald," it adds, "has had to make a great many bricks with very little straw. He has done, we think, all that was possible under such unfavorable conditions. Of one thing we are sure: he has been so uniformly polite and considerate in the administration of his office, that, even when compelled to refuse applications for street improvements, his courteous manner has taken the sting out of the refusal."

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### Colored Catholic Aid Society.

A LARGE number of Catholic colored men of this archdiocese have formed a conference of St. Vincent de Paul for charitable work among the colored poor. Its meetings are held, by invitation, in the rooms of the Catholic Union on Tremont street. A concert and entertainment will be given at the Boston Theatre Sunday evening, April 28, under the auspices of the conference, at which Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly will read his poem on Crispus Attucks, and Mme. Stewart, the well-known colored prima donna, will sing. Other attractive features will be announced later. The proceeds of the concert will be devoted to the special work of the conference. It is estimated that there are about five hundred colored Catholics in and around Boston. The society already numbers about one hunderd active members.

ROBERT F. LINCOLN, son of the martyred president, has been appointed Minister to England.

### "Forty-one Devils."

THE congregation of the First Baptist Church in Norwich, Conn. was treated to a continuation of Rev. Dr. Miller's remarks, on a recent Sunday, in regard to certain of the parishioners, with whom he has sadly disagreed. In concluding his farewell sermon he said that during his pastorage, 29 additions had been made to the church, and 41 dismissals had occurred. Some of them ought to have been dismissed long before they were, and 41 more ought to go. Seventeen of the 41 paid nothing towards the support of the church. Out of the 29, only three have contributed anything directly, while one was contributed for by his friends. "If God only found one devil in the 12 apostles, how many devils have we among us?" inquired the Doctor. "The way I figure it," he continued, "you are entitled to 41 in this church."

### Appointments by the President.

AMONG the recent appointments by President Harrison are —

Patrick Egan of Nebraska, who has been appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Chili. Patrick Egan is one of the best known of the Irish home rulers, and a leading spirit of the Land League. He has lived in this country several years, and has quite recently distinguished himself by unmasking the forgeries of the perjured witness, Pigott, whose testimony had been relied upon to smirch the character of Parnell. He was born in Ballyhanin, county Longford, in 1841.

Thomas Ryan, of Kansas, will be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Mexico. Mr. Ryan is a native of New York, where he was born in 1837, of Irish parents. He served during the war as a volunteer, was severely wounded, and emerged as a captain, in 1861. Since that time he has held various legal positions in Kansas, and has been a representative in congress in six successive congresses.

The salary of Mr. Egan is $10,000 a year, and that of Mr. Ryan, $12,000.

PATRICK FOCHRY, of Rochester, N. Y., is 106 years old. Mr. Fochry was born in King's county, Ireland. He is a very active man for his age.

THE Laetare Medal of Notre Dame University has this year been conferred on Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey. To the recipient of this high honor in 1889 the Catholic world is indebted for many charming works. Mrs. Dorsey has above all been thoroughly Catholic in her writings. This is saying much in an age when to write for the Catholic public is to reap but little earthly reward. The list of those on whom the medal has in former years been bestowed includes John Gilmary Shea, P. C. Keeley, Gen. John Newton and the late Commendatore P. V. Hickey.

### Notice to Subscribers.

REMEMBER that the publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his magazine to be stopped, *and all arrears must be paid.* It has been decided by the courts that subscribers to magazines are held responsible until all arrearages are paid, and that a refusal to take a magazine from a post-office, or a change of residence which, not being notified to the publisher, causes an accumulation of copies of the magazine at the former address, constitutes evidence of a *prima facie* intention to defraud.

### Father Mathew Hall.

THE new building of the Fr. Mathew Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society, at the corner of Green and Harrison streets, Worcester, Mass., was dedicated the evening of the 4th of March. It is a tasteful three-story brick structure. It cost twenty-nine thousand five hundred dollars, and the main hall will seat over one thousand persons. It was crowded at the dedication exercises. These began by the presentation of the building to the society by John Clark, president of the building committee. Richard O'Flynn, president of the society, responded. He introduced Rev. Fr. Thomas Griffin, of St. John's parish, as chairman of the evening. Addresses followed from Rev. J. M. Cruse, of St. John's parish, Rev J. J. McCoy, of Westborough, and Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D.

### The Philo-Celtic Society.

THE sixteenth anniversary of the Boston Philo-Celtic Society will be celebrated in Mechanic's Building, Huntington avenue, on Thursday evening, April 25th. This promises to be one of the most interesting concerts in the history of the society, and we hope the Irish people of Boston who love the grand old tongue of their ancestors will attend. The literary exercises in Irish and English will be held from eight to ten after which dancing will be continued until two o'clock. Tickets can be had from the members at the Irish School, Wells' Memorial Building, and at the door the night of the concert. The price of tickets is fifty cents.

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A PATENT has been granted on an ingenious contrivance, made by Mr. Benjamin D. Milliken, of Somerville, Mass., for the purpose of mixing liquid and powdered substances, where the latter cannot be held in solution. The machine is so constructed that an "agitator" revolving in the tank, keeps the contents in perpetual "boiling spring" motion, and, at the same time, straining the liquid. An additional device measures the quantity required for each bottle, filling the same at the rapid rate of forty-eight bottles per minute, or two hundred gross a day. One of these machines has been in constant use since April of last year, at 140 Commercial street, Boston, where it can be seen by any one interested, pumping Parlor Pride Stove Enamel.—*Exchange.* 1t

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### Pure Altar Wines.

THE following is the result of analyses of the altar wines sold by John Conlon & Co., 198 and 200 Lincoln Street, Boston, made by that well-known scientist, Prof. Babcock, Analytical and Consulting Chemist, State Assayer and Inspector of Liquors, and late Professor of Chemistry in Boston University and Massachusetts College of Pharmacy. The original is on file and can be seen at their office, 1151 Washington Street.

BOSTON, Jan. 5th, 1888.

JOHN CONLON & CO.

Dear Sirs:—This may certify that I have made a chemical analysis of each of the three specimens of wine received from you, and marked respectively, "Altar Wine A," Altar Wine B," and "Altar Wine C." The sample marked "B" is a dry wine, and the sample marked "A" and "C" are sweet wines.

My analayses show that each of these wines is free from any adulteration. I do not hesitate to pronounce them to be pure wines, and well adapted to the purposes indicated by their title

Yours respectfully,

JAMES F. BABCOCK.

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From the Boston Daily Globe.

THE United States has but four first-class missions with a salary of seventeen thousand five hundred dollars each — France, Germany, Russia and England. "Literary fellers" take three of them, and the son of his father gets the fourth. As for the mere politicians, they are left.

THE London News is authority for the statement that the proposed Parnell banquet has been abandoned because a large enough place could not be secured. The Thunderer's editor is more lucky in this respect: a single stall in an eating-house would answer his purpose, but nobody has yet come forward with a proposition to dine him.

THE fact vouched for by T. P. O'Connor, in his London letter in the Globe, that thousands of English men and women are wearing the green at Home Rule meetings in London, seems astonishing. It is the sweetest of spring sunshine breaking through a cloud of race prejudice and hostility that is seven centuries deep.

SOME Canadian legislators are making an absurd fuss over that little award of four hundred thousand dollars to the Jesuits. They evidently think it excessive damages for the seizure of property valued at two hundred million dollars!

Patrick Egan is a hunted outlaw in England, but he is soon to be the honored representative of the United States in Chili. If he goes to Chili by way of England the Tories will have a chance to show whether they dare to arrest him, now that he is an American minister.

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### Real Estate.

IF you want to buy houses, or land, cheap, we advise you to call on Messrs. J. McGinnis & Co., Real Estate and Mortgage Brokers, 247 Washington street, Boston. They lend money and negotiate mortgages. They have offices in Milford, Medway, and Cliftondale, and are very popular throughout the country.

THE city of Montreal, with a population of 225,000, has 130,000 Catholics, 40,000 of whom are Irish.

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. Jeremiah Leahy, of Hopkinton, Mass., which occurred March 22, after a short illness. Mr. Leahy was born in Clonmeen, county Cork, Aug. 10, 1817, and was seventy-two years of age at the time of his death, the immediate cause of which was paralysis, with which he was stricken March 13. He served faithfully in the capacity of sexton of St. Malachi's Church the past twenty years. His funeral was largely attended. May his soul rest in peace.

THE REV. EDWARD CONATY, who is doing such notable missionary work at Grand Forks, Dakota, was formerly a Massachusetts lawyer. He went West and practised his profession for some time at Sioux city. He was then appointed to a government position, and at the expiration of his term of service he resumed his legal practice. On the advice of Bishop Marty, he studied for the priesthood, to which he was ordained on June 24, 1887. On the day of his ordination, he was appointed pastor of Grand Forks, the largest Catholic parish in the jurisdiction of the bishop. Like his namesake in the East, he is an ardent temperance worker.

### Nuns of Mount Carmel.

ONE of the oldest orders of the Catholic church is that of Mount Carmel. The religious of this ancient order maintain that they are the spiritual descendants of the children of the Prophets who dwelt with Elias and Eliseus on the sacred mountain of Carmel. A female branch of the order has existed in the United States for nearly a century. The Discalced Carmelite nuns are the oldest female religieuses in the United States. They were introduced into this country by the first bishop of the American Catholic church, John Carroll, in the year 1790. A centennial history of the Discalced Carmelite nuns of the United States is being prepared by Rev. Charles Warren Currier, C. SS. R., of Boston, which will be a valuable contribution to the history of the Catholic church in this country.

RT. REV. DR. ENGLAND, Bishop of Charleston, S. C., died on the eleventh of April, 1842. We will give an extended biographical sketch of this great bishop in the July issue of our magazine.

THE WASHINGTON CENTENARY: See proclamation of the President of the United States, appointing the 30th of April a holiday, in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of President Washington's Inauguration.

### The Jesuit Claim in Canada.

AFTER all the bluster of the Orange faction in Canada, the Dominion Parliment confirmed the grant of four hundred thousand dollars recently made by the Quebec Legislature to the Jesuits for their confiscated estates. The Protestants of Quebec have not objected to this bill, and the reason as given by Mr. Colby, M. P., himself a Protestant, is exceedingly honorable to the Catholics of that province. "Never," he said, "in any country has a minority been so well treated as in Quebec, and it is a happy condition of affairs which the Protestants of Quebec do not wish to disturb. The Protestants of Quebec are as true to Protestantism, as the *dilettante* men who are now trying to stir up strife, and they understand the situation better."

### Bishop Foley and Parochial Schools.

To the assertion given out in the press dispatches asserting that he believed that the state should provide schools, and that they should be nonsectarian, and, moreover, that there is a party, and a powerful party, within the Roman Catholic Church that is not in harmony with the papal head in regard to American education, Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley, of Detroit, has sent for publication the following letter to our worthy contemporary, the Colorado Catholic:

EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE, 31 and 33 WASHINGTON AVENUE, DETROIT, MICH., March 18, 1889.

MR. L. W. REILLY.

*Dear Sir*:—Yours of the 14th just at hand. I make it a rule never to notice the assertions of newspaper interviewing. My sentiment with regard to the education of Catholic children is evidenced by the fact, that, in the diocese of Detroit "every" Catholic child is carefully, religiously, and thoroughly educated in our own parochial schools. I wish no newspaper notoriety.

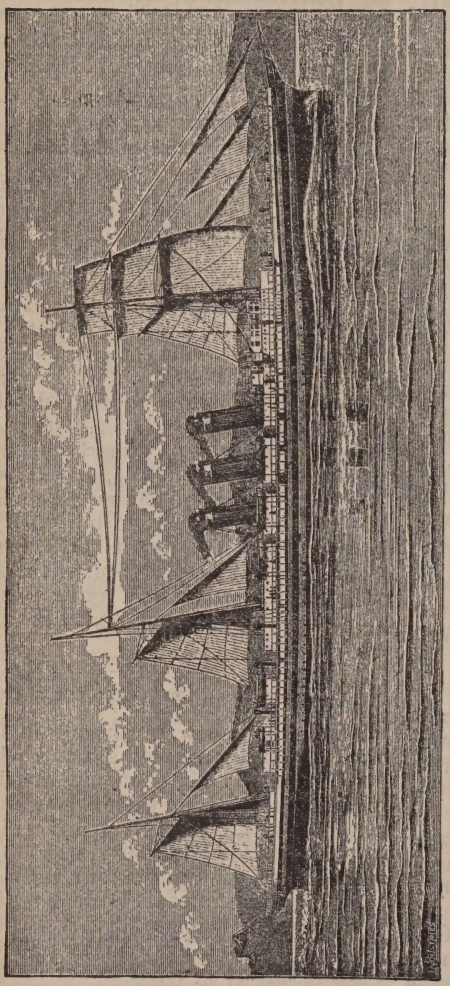
Yours faithfully,

† JOHN FOLEY, *Bishop of Detroit.*

# OLDEST

# PASSAGE AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE OFFICE

## IN BOSTON.



THE NEW STEAMSHIP CITY OF NEW YORK—10,500 TONS. 560 FEET LENGTH.

Since 1835 MR. DONAHOE has done business in Boston. He has brought from Ireland thousands of passengers, and sent thousands to Ireland. No accident, to his knowledge, has befallen those who intrusted their business to him.

MR. DONAHOE sells Passage Tickets on all the Steamship Lines.

**THE RATES ARE:**

**Cabin - - - - - $50 to $80**

**Intermediate or Second Cabin - - - $30 and $35**

**Steerage, to or from Ireland, $16.50, $18, $19, and $20**

**DRAFTS,**

Payable in every part of Ireland for £1 and upwards.

The National Bank Mr. DONAHOE draws on is the BEST in Ireland, and was established by O'Connell in 1835.

MR. DONAHOE solicits the patronage of all who are going, or coming, or sending money to Ireland or England.

## ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS

**BOUGHT AND SOLD.**

## PATRICK DONAHOE,

**19 & 21 BOYLSTON STREET.**

# DONAHOE'S

# MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI. BOSTON, JUNE, 1889. No. 6.


"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

## The Ex-Nun and Her "Libels."

IN the last number of this MAGAZINE there appeared a letter from the ex-Nun of Kenmare, taking exception to some remarks in the review of her autobiography which appeared in the March number, and which she was pleased to characterize as "a scandalous libel." The alleged "libel," she says, was as follows:

(1.) "But the Nun went to Knock on a visit, instead of first going to Newry, where she was bound to have gone." Then, as if afraid of the smallness of her charge, she fishes up a whole batch of "libels" to sustain the first. Here are the additional "libels," in their order as given by the ex-Nun, but not in the order of their occurrence in the review:

(2.) "Playing a little game."

(3.) "Plans of her own to carry out, and, once free from control at Kenmare, she carried them out as she saw fit."

(4.) "Succeeded by her course of conduct in placing some of the highest church dignitaries in Ireland in a false position."

(5.) "Many other libels in your paper, but I pass them by."

To begin with the last paragraph: Why did she pass by the "other libels?" If one has a case to make out, why not strengthen the case, and make the most of it? Or, was it a sudden impulse of generous charity that saved us from the "other libels?"

For all these sins, crimes, high misdemeanors, delinquencies, counts, and charges, this MAGAZINE is called upon to retract and to apologize.

Miss Cusack must learn that we never retract, for the good and simple reason that we never place ourselves in a position making it necessary to retract anything published in these pages. An oversight or mistake is liable to occur anywhere, and then a correction is necessary. We have one retraction, however, to make in Miss Cusack's case, and that is the "libel" marked No. 2, "Playing a little game." We

amend this by saying that Miss Cusack was "playing a *big* game." Is that satisfactory? We are ready, too, with an apology, not to the ex-Nun, however, for there is nothing in her case to apologize for, but to the readers of this MAGAZINE for again bringing the name of this woman before them. However, we shall endeavor to make this brief article of sufficient general interest to compensate in some measure for the painful duty of further alluding to one who has deliberately severed herself from God and His holy church for the miserable return of gaining public notoriety; or, worse still, because she had failed to attain a position of eminence in the church she has so scandalized and libelled.

Exception has been taken many a time to matter that has appeared in print, especially by authors, in notices and reviews of their books, but it is questionable if anything so utterly puerile ever appeared in the shape of alleged "libels" equal to the list at the head of these remarks. A child of common intelligence could perceive that there is not even the ghost of a shadow of libel in those scraps of sentences which the ex-Nun culled from our review of her autobiography. That review was written in a spirit of true charity, and with the hope that it might awaken in the mind of the ex-Nun a thought or two of quiet examination before it was too late, and so defeat the devil in his purpose regarding a woman being led astray, solely by herself. That was the leading intention of the author of the review, and it would not be a matter of difficulty to prove it from the review itself.

Miss Cusack states explicitly that some of her persecutions "arose from literary jealousy" on the part of her "persecutors." As a literary performance, her autobiography is beneath contempt. Like her lecture to the Boston Baptists, when she preferred to "talk" rather than to lecture — the woman is incapable of delivering a lecture — her autobiography is "talk" and clatter. It is only a talking woman's tongue let loose through her pen, whereby she proves that, if she could not be a Sister of Peace, she was determined on being a Sister of Noise.

As to the "libels." What of them? Here they are in a connected form, taken from a paragraph in the review: "But the Nun went to Knock, on a visit, instead of going first to Newry, where she was bound to have gone. It would have been an easy matter for her to have visited Knock immediately after. But her mind was made up. She had certain plans of her own to carry out, and, once free from control at Kenmare, she carried them out as she saw fit; and if she did not succeed in her work, she certainly succeeded, by her course of conduct, in placing some of the highest church dignitaries of Ireland in a false position one with another."

This reads differently from the disjointed pickings made out by the ex-Nun, who, by the way, is very cunning. There is quite a difference in stating that she succeeded, by her course of conduct, in placing some of the highest church dignitaries of Ireland in a false position *one with another*, and the garbled extract which she gives from the review in the hope of making out a "libel" case.

As to the first charge, our authority for saying that Miss Cusack

went to Knock, on a visit, instead of first going to Newry, where she was bound to have gone, was Miss Cusack herself, and Bishop Higgins. The latter, in his letter to the ex-Nun, said: "You left this diocese for Newry," and the ex-Nun tells us how she went to Knock, and the plans she intended to carry out at that famous shrine. She further tells us she was the subject of a miracle at Knock! She was instantaneously cured of some disease with which she had been afflicted for years. Favored child! Well has she repaid the Mother of God since then. Instead of devotion and silent thanksgiving for the favors bestowed upon her, the ex-Nun from then till now has been a source of bitter scandal and trouble. From the time the ex-Nun left Knock until now she has been a kind of Wandering Jew, until, finally, her wanderings have landed her into the lap of the Baptists, far, far away from the happy retreat of her cloistered home. Is she satisfied with this result of her life's labors? Ah, no! She cannot feel satisfied. On the contrary, she carries within her breast the silent, killing sting, the ceaseless torment of a troubled conscience, that knows no rest until peace with God has been obtained. The good Nuns of Kenmare have redoubled their prayers for their whilom Sister and companion. This is *their* answer to all the charges of conspiracy and misconduct, made against them by Miss Cusack. Our authority for this statement is contained in a letter from Kenmare Convent, now lying before us.

The review of the ex-Nun's autobiography covered ten pages of this MAGAZINE; the "libels" are found in ten lines of a paragraph. Of course, the ex-Nun knows as well as we know, that there was no libel uttered against her in that review. What then? She was furnished an opportunity of saying something, such as: "On this libel you build a superstructure of calumny, and what I can only call low abuse, such as the statement that I was playing a little game, a most disgraceful charge to make against any lady, and which I require you to retract, and to apologize for." This was what the poor ex-Nun wanted to get off her mind. She does not point out the "calumny" or the "low abuse," for the reason that she could not. But she is never behind in assertions, and their boldness is sometimes astounding.

The ex-Nun requires every one who disagrees with her to "retract and apologize." She is terribly given to this thing; in fact, it has become a sort of stereotyped phrase with her. Sometimes she herself retracts even in advance. In the advertisement of her pamphlet, "The Question of To-day," she says: "If there is anything herein contrary to the teaching of the Catholic Church, the writer hereby retracts it." She is a wonderful copyist. She saw that the great Balmez did this, and so she follows suit.

Miss Cusack talks almost constantly of her ecclesiastical superior, and of her wonderful obedience! Who was her ecclesiastical superior? Or, how many ecclesiastical superiors has she had altogether? Or, in her own estimation, did she ever have any superior?

It is the very essence of irony for this woman to talk of her ecclesiastical superiors. She never had any superiors, ecclesiastical or

otherwise. People who are filled with the spirit of pride from their toes to their craniums are too big with a swelling of superiority within them to see any one equal to themselves. Their mental vision is bounded by the zone of their own importance, and beyond this there is nothing for them to see. "Priests" told her that the Archbishop (McEvilly) wished to get rid of her, and she herself tells us that spies were placed upon her track by the Sisters at Kenmare.

She was terribly surrounded, and she asks herself: "I now had to consider carefully what I should do. I knew that, according to the canonical law of the Roman Catholic Church, all the bishops concerned (Cardinal McCabe, Bishop Higgins, Archbishop McEvilly, and Dr. Leahy) had made very grievous mistakes."

This is the key-note of the ex-Nun's troubles. Every one was in error but herself. Every one was ignorant but herself. The salvation of Ireland, of the world, was at stake, for did not the poor immigrant girls from Ireland require to be trained in a knowledge of domestic service? and if this were not done, and done immediately, by the ex-Nun, then — chaos! To listen to this woman, one would think that the entire female population of Ireland was dependent upon her teaching in order to produce a decent dinner! This assumed mania in behalf of poor girls was simply a trick, a device, a shibboleth, manufactured to catch, but it did not succeed in catching anything, except, probably, a few gudgeons in Boston, mostly Baptists.

If not successful in this line, the ex-Nun might have been successful in other enterprises. She says: "If I had, as a secular, opened a hotel at Knock, or a liquor saloon in Dublin, or a gambling-house on the corner of the square where Cardinal McCabe lived, I might have gone on in the even tenor of my way." Certainly. And, as there was *money* in those pursuits, the wonder is that the ex-Nun did not engage in them. She further adds: "If I had proposed to establish houses of a doubtful character, no bishop would have interfered to prevent my doing so." Why should they? Police officers are at hand to attend to such establishments.

We sincerely hope that the ex-Nun never did intend to open a hotel at Knock, nor a liquor saloon in Dublin, nor a gambling-house on the corner of the square where Cardinal McCabe lived, nor a house of a doubtful character, anywhere, for in that case the Boston Baptists, who have taken her under their wing — a wet wing — would have repudiated her, and then where would she be?

All this idiotic talk is for the purpose of showing that the ex-Nun might have been guilty of any extravagance without notice from the Catholic hierarchy, but, that the moment she attempted work of a different character, she met nothing but opposition; work, too, "sanctioned by the Pope."

There is a letter lying before us, from which we make an extended extract. It is of the first importance in this connection, and will thus be acceptable to the readers of this MAGAZINE:

"The autobiography of the ex-Nun of Kenmare presents some curious features, amongst which may be noticed the habitual assigning of motives of

conduct to others, which motives are merely known by guesswork on her part. Next, her invariable tendency to quarrel with every ecclesiastic with whom she has had dealings, and, thirdly, the suppression of important facts of her history. Her book is full of instances of her attributing motives to others. A curious illustration of the folly of this conduct was shown some time ago, when the ex-Nun, writing to a distinguished prelate, accused him of acting under the influence of various Irish Bishops with whom she had quarrelled, and threatened to make America ring from end to end with a history of her wrongs. The prelate calmly replied that the first intimation he had of her quarrels with the Hierarchy of Ireland was from her own letter then received. Consequently she did not then rush into print at once as she threatened to do, but discreetly avoided troubling the prelate with any more of her effusions."

"The book also furnishes ample proof of her quarrelling with every one with whom she came in contact, her religious Superior, the Bishop of Nottingham alone excepted, and it remains to be seen how far she had acted towards him as a good and faithful religious, bound by the vow of obedience."

"Regarding the suppression of facts, we offer this additional inside history which does not appear in the autobiography. The ex-Nun came to America in 1884, during the sessions of the Plenary Council. She applied to the diocese of New York for permission to open a house of her order. This permission was not granted, and here it may be stated that according to the only document which she brings from the Holy See, and which she has published time and again under the heading, "Why I left Kenmare, why I left Knock, and why I became a Sister of Peace." In this, the only document from the Holy See which she had produced, it is stated that the Sovereign Pontiff dispensed her from her vows made as a poor Clare in order that she might make new vows, "In the Institution to be founded by her according to rules to be approved by the Ordinary of Nottingham." Not a word or syllable more than this. Hence, first she was to take vows in the new Institute. Secondly, the Institute was not then founded, but was to be founded. Thirdly, the Institute was not then approved, but was to be approved by the Bishop of Nottingham. Fourthly, about the approval of the Holy See, there is neither jot nor tittle."

"After the death of Cardinal McCloskey, the ex-Nun applied to the present Archbishop of New York for permission to establish a house in his diocese. The petition was duly submitted to the Diocesan Council, but was not approved. Not discouraged by this decision, the Nun undertook to bribe the Archbishop by praise and flattery, hoping thereby to obtain the object of her desires. For this purpose she wrote a book against Dr. McGlynn, praising the Archbishop immoderately, exalting him as learned, and pious, and amiable, and all that is of good import; but the Archbishop declined to be caught in the trap, and refused to give the work the official imprimatur. Failing in her attempt, the ex-Nun recast her book, and published to the world a pamphlet entitled, The Question of To-day: Anti-poverty and Progress, Labor and Capital, in which she pours out the vials of a woman's wrath on the head of the devoted Archbishop and his official advisers. In the course of time, her Bishop came across a copy of this pamphlet, and was so indignant at its tone and language that he immediately ordered her to apologize for her performance, as she herself relates in the preface of her book. Not receiving an apology, the Bishop wrote to the Bishop of Nottingham, which she does not relate, desiring him to recall to England the foundress of the Sisters of Peace. An order was accordingly sent to the ex-Nun, and she kept her vow of obedience by disobeying his command, and dispensing herself from her vows by her own supreme authority. In due course of time she resigned the position of Mother General into the hands of the Holy Father, but she still carries with her the chain of her religious vows. Who dispensed her from these? Why does she not tell the world that she refused to obey the order of her legitimate superior? The one ecclesiastic who is not shown by her as having quarreled with her, escapes that distinction only by her suppressing the truth. The ex-Nun would have the world believe that she left the Order and gave up her vows in consequence of the relentless persecution of the Archbishop of New York."

"In the first place, the Archbishop of New York was under no obligation whatsoever of receiving a new religious Community into his diocese. Even the ex-Nun admits this herself in her book. Secondly, the ex-Nun does not produce a particle of proof to show that the Archbishop ever wrote a line to bishop, priest, or layman, to prevent her being received in any other diocese, nor can she do this, because such evidence does not exist. We challenge and defy the ex-Nun to prove that any influence whatever was brought to bear on any bishop in the United States, or elsewhere, on the part of the Archbishop of New York, to prevent this ex-Nun from establishing as many houses as she pleased. In order to make good her case, the ex-Nun must show that the permission granted by the Holy Father to her to begin an institute, to be approved by the Bishop in England, puts on every bishop in the world the obligation of receiving into his diocese such community, if the ex-Nun so desire. Until she can prove this, every bishop has a perfect right to entertain or not entertain her application to settle within the limits of his jurisdiction. Again, the ex-Nun must prove that the Council of Trent, which lays down for the whole world the maxim that no religious house can be established in a diocese without the sanction of the Ordinary, has been amended, and must read henceforth in this way: Every bishop in the world is obliged to receive into his diocese, under pain of disrespect to the Holy See, the ex-Nun of Kenmare. Thirdly, the ex-Nun must also prove that the Constitution of Leo XIII., *Romanos Pontifices*, which is the ecclesiastical law of this land, and which provides that religious foundations are to be made with the approval both of Rome and of the Bishop of the diocese in question, is also abolished in favor of the said Miss Cusack. Until she has established these three points, her statement that a bishop who does not receive her is guilty of irreverence towards the Holy Father is nothing more or less than the hallucination of a lunatic."

Silence is a great virtue, and is beautiful, particularly in woman. The Irish have an old axiom: "Let a woman be seen before she is heard." Miss Cusack must have often heard this homely truth expressed, and admired it, although she probably found it difficult to practise it. Silence is very necessary in a nun, indeed it is often a conventual rule, its value being highly esteemed in the religious life. The example of silence in our Blessed Lady, the Mother of God, is always before the mind of a true nun. Immediately after the divine work of the Incarnation, Mary was silent. Subsequently when a shadow of suspicion passed over the mind of her beloved spouse, St. Joseph, Mary remained silent. As she stood at the foot of the Cross, when her tender heart was reft and torn to pieces, she was silent.

One of the difficulties which presented themselves to Miss Cusack at the time of her "conversion," was, as she assures us, "I was also doubtful and distressed about some of the forms of worship which were paid to the Blessed Virgin." Indeed! We are not told what those "forms of worship" were which distressed the ex-Nun. We know, as every Catholic knows, that next to her divine Son, Catholics love and venerate and worship the Mother of God with exceeding love and veneration. We cannot pay her divine homage, but as near as it is possible for the heart and soul of man to go, outside the thinnest and merest boundary line of divine homage, that length we go in our devotion to the Silent Mother, the co-operator in man's redemption. And yet the ex-Nun, as we have already said, was instantaneously cured at Knock by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin! Strange! And what a return did this ex-Nun make even at Knock,

to the Mother of God for the blessing vouchsafed her. Was she then still "doubtful and distressed" about the forms of worship paid to Mary Immaculate? Is the ex-Nun "doubtful and distressed" now, or was she ever free of her doubts and distresses on this subject. Let the ex-Nun enter into herself — in silence — and for her own sake alone compare the moments of her communions, and her prayers to the Sacred Heart of Mary, to the moments she has spent awaiting the hateful applause of a handful of Baptists in Tremont Temple, Boston, and then tell us, as the fruits of a penitent and contrite heart, her new doubts and distresses about the "forms of worship" paid to the Blessed Mother of God.

Persistence in good works, and the attempt to perform good works, even in the face of opposition, are excellent traits of character, and usually commend themselves to all right thinking people. But when such persistence is in direct opposition to all legitimate authority which rules the places where the alleged good works are sought to be established, then it is no longer good but bad, the opposition to authority detracting from the whole character of the work. But to become vindictively malignant in our covert and open attacks upon those who oppose us, and to whose judgment our acts do not commend themselves, is a matter of simple virulence that poisons and defames the character of those who follow such a course.

This is precisely the position of the ex-Nun. Why she should have persisted in forcing her unsought services on bishops and others, is something that lays her open in the minds of many to grave suspicions that her good works may have had various ends in view apart from their apparent object.

People will say, why did the ex-Nun trouble herself so much, seeing that what she proposed was not acceptable to those to whom her propositions were made? The long reaching grasp she made to capture the Mission of the Holy Rosary in New York city, was exceedingly offensive, and suggested doubts not favorable to the character and name of the ex-Nun. This we gather from her acts, and from her own allusion to the subject.

Miss Cusack should have reminded herself that the history of Knock preceded her appearance in America. Failing at Knock — and oh, what a falling off was there — she should have returned to Newry, that is, if the convent there was big enough to contain her; at all events Newry convent among the Poor Clares was, we think, preferable to Tremont Temple among the Baptists and the Baptist ministers' wives.

Being unjustly accused of libelling Miss Cusack, we were about to retort and show at length that she herself has been the arch libeller of God's Church, and of many of the most distinguished ecclesiastical dignitaries of that Church both in Ireland and America. But of what avail?

The ex-Nun is what she is, and what she knows herself to be. It is not necessary to do more than to resent her imputations, and present to her a partial picture of herself drawn by her own hand.

Would to God she had laid herself less open to the strictures of others; but the course she adopted made it imperative for the sake of truth to unmask, at least partially, her ambitions and pretensions.

This is our retraction and apology.

As to the ex-Nun's threat of "legal proceedings," we have respectfully to inform her that such threats never move us from the discharge of our public duties. The task of reviewing her autobiography was performed in the interests of the Catholics of the United States, an unpleasant and disagreeable task, certainly, but one from which we dare not shrink at any cost.

We are sorry to have given prominence to Miss Cusack, as we believe she earnestly desires notoriety at any price, but duty is inexorable.

PETER MCCORRY.

P. S. — Since the above was put into type we have received a letter from the ex-Nun, in which she says: "*Thank God, I am out of a church which finds calumny necessary for its ends.*"

Madam, there is but one Church in the world, the Church of God. It is not *a* church, but *the* Church. If you thank God that you are "out" of His Church, that concerns you only, and no one else. You know this. God is patient. Mayhap He is now, even now, awaiting you. By your free will you can resist Him. But sometimes there is an end even of God's goodness. Graces rejected are not always again proffered. Think this over. You talk of libel, poor, unfortunate! Here you deliberately libel Christ Himself. You say that His Church "finds calumny necessary for its ends." Ah! no, Madam. This is but the outcome of a disordered mind, the result of a proud and evil spirit. The ends of the Church mean the salvation of souls, even of your soul. Reflect on this atrocious and most infamous libel, and the reflection may arouse within you thoughts of the Poor Clares at Newry and at Kenmare. You are not yet beyond the power of reflection. While we despise your poor, impotent threats of "legal proceedings," we do not despise the possibility of the action of the Holy Ghost in your regard. May the action of the Holy Spirit meet you unresistingly on this side of eternity. Your days are few, and the grave is near at hand!

Note: The writer of this article believing that he knows the mind of the editor of this MAGAZINE, has seen fit to use the editorial "we" throughout the article. The purpose is evident.

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ALMOST every one has heard of the admirable institution called the Truce of God; but its history may not be so familiar. It was a law which forbade the carrying of arms from Wednesday evening till Monday morning throughout the year. Much bloodshed was prevented by it. It was sanctioned by the authority of Popes and of ecclesiastical councils, and enforced by all Christian princes. Anciently no war was carried on during Lent; the Truce of God was an extension of this discipline during four days of each week of the year. Under the saintly king, Edward the Confessor, a law was passed (which was confirmed by his successor, William the Conqueror) that God's Truce should be observed continuously from Advent to Low Sunday, and from Ascension till Trinity Sunday.

# New England a Misnomer.

THE appellation, New England, as applied to the land of the Puritan, has now become a term misapplied. That great tidal wave of a later European emigration whose first surge was felt along these friendly shores a half century ago, is fast transforming the face of the land, as surely as did that wave of an earlier emigration whose initial surge was felt at historic Plymouth Rock! And as certainly as did the Pilgrim work a radical change in aboriginal New England, so assuredly have two generations of this later emigration transformed the land of the Puritan! Three types of Americanism are there from which the youthful mind has been wont to draw inspiration, — the Puritan, the Knickerbocker, and the Chevalier. We would add another, — the poor emigrant exile. It may be called rank heresy, but of the three acknowledged types of heroic Americanism, we always admired the Knickerbocker most. On the escutcheon of the Chevalier there is a blot; in his blood is the taint of crime communicated by the penal colony of Ogelthorpe. The Pilgrim suffered by persecution for conscience's sake and fled from it, only in turn to become persecutor. But on the fame of the Knickerbocker is no cloud of either crime or hypocrisy. He was the Dutch Trader pure and simple, believing in the law of *quid pro quo*, and was the best exponent of civilization in his day, and, therefore, most worthy of admiration. This may be iconoclasm, but it is the iconoclasm of truth!

But what of the added type, the Emigrant Exile? His history has not yet been written; but "on the face of the land is the mark of his hand," and on the spirit of the age is the impress of his genius. Let the descendants of the Pilgrim tell part of the tale.

The nature of the Puritan is cold and narrow and provincial; and he needed contact with the warmer and more impressionable character of the foreigner, to bring out the best in him, and prevent that *dry rot* which was so surely assailing him from dwelling so long on his own perfections. That the influence of the foreigner upon the native population of New England was for good, is admitted by all not gangrened by race or religious prejudices. Even that incarnation of New England Puritanism, Ralph Waldo Emerson, admitted the desirability of, as well as the change, when he wrote: "Let us thank God for being the descendants of the Pilgrims; but thank Him all the more for being a few generations removed from them." In this thinly veiled bit of sarcasm, lies hidden a full measure of credit for the influence of the emigrant upon the later life of New England. But the story of the change now to be told is interesting to the present generation of Americans, and must continue to grow more so as the years pass by.

The history of New England life may properly be divided into three epochs, so well defined are the changes, and the culminations of sentiment in each. The first, or pioneer age, was when the descendants of the Pilgrims, stretching forth into the wilderness to the westward of the first landing-place, made clearings, built houses, and fenced

farms, from whence, by stern toil, they wrenched a bare existence from a naturally sterile soil. The simple implements of their toil were at first the rude contrivances of their own untaught hands. But the law of the subdivision of labor was latent knowledge in the breast of the Puritan, and overcame his inborn repugnance to association. It cracked the shell of acquired barbarism, and forth grew the plant of gregariousness; the Puritan saw the advantage of relegating to one apt man the manufacture of tools, clothing, and articles of such like handicraft; and soon after, their further interdependence upon each other, in order to protect themselves from the death-dealing arrow and axe of the savage Indian of the woods. Hence sprang into existence the palisaded homesteads, the forerunners of a New England village, with the village church, and the village school. The rugged hardness of their lives added an element of rigidity to a naturally stern character; for a harsh mode of living always makes a fierce and unlovable nature; and there never was yet a cheerful soul in a miserable body. Out of the unrelenting severity of their condition grew the *Deus Inexorablis* of the Puritan, and his unnaturally cold form of worship. His religion afforded him no comfort. Hope in this life was starved; and hope in the Hereafter was crushed between the upper and nether millstones, in his efforts to reconcile the doctrine of Fore-ordination with his belief in Free Will. But, believing firmly that he was right, he thought all with opposite convictions wrong. This fanaticism bred intolerance; and both being seeds of wrong, made the witch mania possible, and the persecutions of the Baptists and Quakers a matter of course. Such was the outer and inner life of the Puritan (as written by no uncharitable pen), in this, the pioneer age of New England. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the effects of these long bodily and mental struggles of the Puritans are apparent in the general irreligion of their descendants of to-day? Is it not, rather, an example of cause and effect?

The second, or workshop epoch of New England, began when the sons and daughters of the Puritan grew up and found that the farm would no longer afford support for all; so the minds of a new generation, that had expanded in the warmth of the common school, looked about for other ways of gaining a living. Necessity is the mother of invention; and soon they halted every stream that came rushing down from the blue hills, turned its force into mechanical motion; and thus sprang into being the New England workshop, whose products were carried by the sons of New England into every quarter of the civilized globe. Into these workshops went the surplus population. All living together, each added a modicum to the general welfare, and the standard of living advanced. The intercourse of the workshop, though not of the highest order, served to gradually broaden the minds of the workers; its influence permeated the homes of the people, and made a distinct impression on the character of its inmates. Life no longer was made more miserable by voluntarily willing it to be so; instead of the lamentation, "Woe, woe, miserable sinner!" hitherto heard on every side, there was being preached a new

dispensation, — the Gospel of Hope and Cheerfulness. Amid the darkness of that pessimistic age, rifts of light burst through, and shone into the cheerless recesses of many dark lives. The ringing of the workshop bell ushered in the dawn of a new life; the water that turned its wheel carried with it, as it rushed away, much of the foulness of the age; while the clatter of the machinery was the harbinger of a coming joyful change.

The workshop age gave away in time to the epoch of the Corporation, when the great rush of European emigration began. From the two countries of the Old World, Ireland and Germany, they came chiefly, bringing very little with them but strong hearts and willing hands. The majority came because the laws of their native land denied them a living, and they hoped here to receive a refuge, and they were told they would receive a welcome. European emigration to these shores began, as we understand it, not longer than five decades ago. Before that time emigrants were few and far between; and those who came, quickly lost their distinctively national or race characteristics, and were soon swallowed up in our population. They made no impress on their age. Not so, however, the vast hosts of Irish and German emigrants, who for the past half century, have turned their longing eyes and anxious feet towards the west, and have cast in their fortunes with us. The German emigrants went mainly to the rich western prairie, where though the process of their assimulation is slower than with the Irish in the east, yet they are a strong element of our body-politic, and an important factor of our national greatness. The earliest contingents of the Irish emigrant went to New England, to build its mill-dams and workshops, and work on its farms; the latter arrivals, "to cut the way of the Iron Horse," and act as advance guards to the great army to follow at the behest of the corporation.

The echoes of the firing on Fort Sumter had hardly ceased reverberating among the New England hills, when civil war was upon us, and the hegira of European emigration begun. At the call to arms, from every farm and workshop of the North rushed thousands of native New Englanders, determined to put down rebellion, and preserve the life of the nation. Into the places thus rendered vacant in the workshops and on the farms, went the Irish emigrant and his children. When the New England volunteer returned to his home, his work accomplished, he found, as has been truthfully said: "The Stranger and his children are within thy gates, oh, New England;" but it was not said in the manner of the lamentation of old. The Irish emigrant was no usurper! But the returned patriot departed. He passed away from the New England village to the city or the boundless west, and the home that once knew him, knows him no more. The generation of the nations, who were children when this change was taking place, have since come to manhood's stage. They are passing, or have passed away from the village home to the large cities, into easier and perhaps better-paid employments; and the Irish emigrant and his descendants are fast transforming the land to its core. The Irish emigrants who make up the bulk of the foreign population of New England are, with

few exceptions, adherents of the Roman Catholic religion; and they, with their descendants, constitute the great body of that church. Statistics are usually left out of magazine articles; yet the writer cannot forbear incorporating some figures pregnant of great facts, and greater possibilities, taken from the recent report of R. C. Archiepiscopal See of Boston, which includes all New England. Statistics, it must be admitted, have only a negative value when used in support of an assumption, yet they are always of value by preventing the ignorance, or wrong designs, of others being thrust upon us. We venture to predict that the facts therein presented will be startling as well as new to many. They establish beyond peradventure, the claim of the Roman Catholic Church, to be the leading form of worship in the home of Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards!

The Archiepiscopal See of Boston, besides the archdiocese, has for suffragan sees the dioceses of Hartford, Conn.; Burlington, Vt.; Portland, Me.; Manchester, N. H.; Springfield, Mass., and Providence, R. I. Fifty years ago, there was but one bishopric in all New England, that of Boston, with only a handful of Catholics, ministered to by a few missionary priests. The See of Boston now has a Catholic population of 400,000 souls; Hartford, 200,000; Burlington, 150,000; Springfield, 200,000; Providence, 175,000; Manchester, 75,000 in round thousands. With the exception of the handfuls of French Canadians in Connecticut and Maine, the entire Catholic body is made up of the Irish emigrant and his descendants. Take a map of New England, and think what these figures portend: One-third of the whole population of Connecticut is Irish by birth or extraction. Nearly one-half of the population of the Bay State is Irish, or only once removed; one-half of the people of the land of Roger Williams are Irish immigrants, or their sons, and draw inspiration from a faith not held by the founder of that Commonwealth. Fully forty per cent. of the population of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont is Catholic, and more than half is foreign-born, or one generation removed. Add to these figures the German element of population by birth or ancestry from authentic statistics, and more than one-half of the people in the birthplace of the Puritan claim ancestry from other sources than the inhospitable rock on the Massachusetts shore first trod by the Mayflower Pilgrims. In the strong light of these facts, is it wrong to assume that the name *New England* is a misnomer?

But the change from the various forms of evangelicism to Catholicism, as the leading mode of worship in New England is no more apparent than is the great modification of the faith of the Puritan in our day. It is within the memory of the present generation when evangelicism gloried in its claim that it was a form of worship devoid of religious symbols. Any approach to, or suggestion of, a living form of worship, or symbols, or signs, was looked upon as the emanation of the Evil One! And woe betide the unlucky wight who first suggested the evil thought. He was surely an emissary of Satan who sought to bring about the reign of Popery in their Zion. The two great festivals of the Christian world, Christmas and Easter, were passed over

in silence; any recognition of them was rank heresy; flowers and music were rigidly excluded from rural meeting-houses, and the Puritan idea of the Sabbath prevailed. Note the change: "Praising the Lord by note" is now the rule in the most rural neighborhoods; the idea of proper respect for the Sabbath has assumed normal proportion, — the Puritan Sabbath is a thing of the past,—flowers are found in all the places of worship, and Christmas and Easter are commemorated in every evangelical meeting-house at their annual occurrence, and in most by special services of praise and thanksgiving. On every side may be seen evidences of what is called the "church idea" in the religion of the Puritan. So much so is this, that it is related of an Irishman who was man-of-all-work for the rector of an evangelical parish in a certain New England city, who on being asked what was his opinion of a special High Church service which he witnessed in the way of duty, answered very equivocally: "Oh, it's very good for an *im*mitation!" This commendation of the service by the Catholic servant was one which, it is said, clearly praised too much. Be this as it may, the rector of one of the largest evangelical parishes in New England recently told the writer that another generation would see the end of evangelicism in this country. He did not say that Catholicism would be the existing religion, but that there would then be a *church*, and not a meeting-house, —a church with ritual and government. When that time comes, it is hardly to be doubted that our sincere ministerial friend will not have to seek far to find the church which has the best claim to the possession of the attributes he so much desires. Predictions are idle; but, in all sincerity, we ask the reader of these pages, "Discern ye not the signs of the times?"

It may be said that this is a one-sided report. Consult again the map of New England, and note the cities. Then turn to the governmental reports. It is a truth, not an insinuation, that "Boston is no longer the Boston of the Endicotts and the Winthrops, but the Boston of the Collinses and the O'Briens." There are more foreigners in Boston than descendants of the Pilgrims, and one-half its population is of the Celtic race. Holyoke and Springfield are officered at the date of this writing by the Irish, from mayor down to the lowest guardian of the peace. Worcester, the very heart of Puritan Massachusetts, has a fair sprinkling of foreigners and their sons in its public offices, and a goodly representation in its citizens. Fall River, Lowell, and Lawrence show a greater percentage of population, foreign born, or only once removed, than descendants of the Puritans. And this condition holds good in the remaining chief towns of the state. Nor is there a different state of affairs in the heart of rural Massachusetts. A commercial traveller for a large trade emporium of the "Hub," whose route extends along the line of the railway from Boston to Pittsfield, among the hills of Berkshire, maintains that the type of face most frequently seen in the shops and stores, on the street, in the cars, and in every place, is unmistakably Celtic; — toned down, perhaps, in a new generation, or modified by a few decades' experience of New England climate. He avers, further, that the pungent Irish

brogue is sounded oftener in the ear, than is the nasal whine, popularly supposed to be an infallible indication in its possessor of generations of New England culture! The manufacturing cities and seaports of Maine and New Hampshire contain the bulk of the European foreigners in this section; but across the frontier of Canada have come the French Canadians in numbers, who have settled in Vermont, and give to the See of Burlington their allegiance, making, perhaps, one fourth of its Catholic population, the balance being the Irish exile and his progeny. From the British maritime provinces, another contingent of foreigners has come to the seaports of Northern New England, who have nothing in common with the Puritan but the same mother tongue. Altogether, it is estimated that the foreign population of this section, including descendants once removed, equals, if it does not exceed, the native population for more than a generation.

But it is in the two states of Rhode Island and Connecticut which make the southern tier of New England states, that the facts of Celtic supremacy stare one boldly in the face. In Rhode Island fully one-half the people are Irish by birth or extraction, and three-fifths foreign-born or first generation thereof. The political prominence of the majority of the people of that state is limited necessarily. Rhode Island, until very recent times, did not recognize manhood suffrage. It has been said that it only takes an Irishman twenty-four hours to become an American. When the large number of the men of that race who have served so long an apprenticeship to citizenship in Rhode Island under its old laws, shall have assumed their public rights under the operations of the present laws, we may look for a political revolution in that lately liberal state.

New Haven is the metropolis of Connecticut, and the seat of Yale College. Less than one-half of its population is native for more than a generation. The city is officered mainly by the Irish race. The highest executive position in the gift of the voters of that town has been held for over ten years by the Hon. James Reynolds, whose name and fame is known wherever the scattered Clan-na-Gael may be found. Through his hands pass annually hundreds of thousands of the public money, yet no whisper of dishonesty is heard, or thought of fear felt. He is a credit to the race.

The other cities of the state, Bridgeport, Waterbury, South Norwalk, Meriden, New Britain, and Norwich are in the control, politically, of the Irish foreigners, or their sons, which facts indicate the relative rank of the races in population in those municipalities. At Hartford, the capital, a glance over the legislative rolls will discover a fair sprinkling of names not included, certainly, in the list of passengers of the Mayflower. Connecticut is the most distinctively Celtic state in New England.

All over New England the material welfare and progress of the Irish foreigners and their descendants falls very little short, if at all, of the average of the native "to the manor born." They live as well, dress as well, and have their share of the good things of this life, and of those things which tend to refine life, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Nor is the intellectual development of the first generation

of the foreigner, brought up in the common school, behind the distinctively native. The great body of the Catholic priesthood and hierarchy is Irish by birth or extraction. It is being constantly added to, as the spreading faith demands. Besides, it is the greatest ambition of an Irish Catholic savant to have a son enter the ministry; and they eagerly encourage in their offspring what seems like a vocation for it. Nor are the other professions passed over. The bar association of every important county in New England has among its members descendants of the Celt, not a few of whom are celebrated. In the profession of medicine are hundreds of the children of the Gael, and scores are being launched into it annually. Taking this brief transcript from the history of the Irish race in the land of the Yankee, and construing it carefully, all but a race or religious bigot must acknowledge that the influence of the Irish race upon the life of New England has been salutary.

But it may be contended that the activity of this people in the affairs of New England life, their importance as a ruling factor, in short the prominence of that race, is only noticeable in manufacturing or commercial centres and seaport towns; that the heart of New England is yet Puritan. As an answer to such an objection the *status* of the town in which the writer resides is given. Situated in the heart of Western Connecticut, a mixed agricultural and manufacturing town of perhaps 5,000 population, and just off the line of a railway, it should reflect the sentiment of the heart of New England. In the year of our Lord 1888 may be found a foreigner, an Irishman, as a member of the highest executive board of the town; the man to whom is intrusted the care of the land records and other property interests, the town clerk, as well as he who exercises judicial authority over testamentary actions, the judge of probate, are both only once removed from the Irish foreigner; the son of an Irishman represents the town in the lower house of the law-making power of the state; one of the trial justices, — the starting place of legal proceeding,— is an Irish-American; in the taxing, and police departments of the local government are found Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen. The educational board of a New England community, is said by common consent, to represent the maximum of the intellectuality of such a community. Here two members of the town school board are the sons of foreign born Irishmen, teachers in the common schools, and themselves the product of the same schools. But the best of it is, that the people of the town seem to be satisfied that its affairs are conducted with the average efficiency of former years, when the town was officered by men who were the products of generations of New England self-government. Concerning the material welfare of the race in this community, it may be stated that, while there is no conspicuous example of great wealth among them, yet many are what is called, in country parlance, "*comfortably well-off;*" and fully one-half of the homes of the people are owned by men of the Irish race. More than forty years ago the first contingent of that people,—three laborers,— "cutting the way of the Iron Horse," being attracted by the rich farming lands of this section, threw down shovel and axe, and cast in their lot with us. Time has worked wonders since; but a like condition of affairs may be observed in a thousand New England communities, if only investigated, and a true history written.

The number of the children of the Pilgrim is growing less day by day. Soon that character which has had so much to do with the country we all love so well will have passed away. The Puritan will be known only in story, and in song; but the mark he has made on the country cannot be erased. If it could, we wonder who would do it? Certainly, not one of the children of the Gael, born in New England, who reveres and has profited by all that was good in the Puritan, and who passes lightly over what was false. Yet the hand-writing on the wall is plain; New England is no longer New *England!*

When the Future American, who is sure to come, shall have resulted from an amalgamation of the chief European races which have found refuge here, and shall have combined and blended in himself the good that is in all, the Celtic strain will not be the least in his blood, yielding Celtic fire to his hand and tongue, brain and heart. But when that time comes, the majority of the people of our broad land will not choose to claim ancestry from the Puritan, the Knickerbocker, nor the Chevalier, but, hear it, from Castle Garden!

Sandy Hook, Ct. T. J. CORBETT.

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## The Last of the O'Donnells of France.

A WELL-KNOWN Paris correspondent, writing a short time since, says that Count O'Donnell, conseiller maitre at the Cour des Comtes, died in that city recently. He was the son of Count O'Donnell, Councillor of State, and held a high position as a judge. He leaves no issue, and by his death the O'Donnells of France, who, since the time of James II., were so much distinguished in the army, and in the magistrature, are extinct. The father of the noble Irishman, so much regretted to-day, presided at the dinner of the Anciens Irlandais in 1864. He had married the sister of Madame Emile Girardin (Sophia Gay), and the late Count was consequently the nephew of that celebrated writer.

The coffin was literally covered with wreaths of flowers. Ten members of the Cour des Comtes, in their velvet and satin robes and ermine, accompanied the hearse to the cemetery of Père la Chaise. Ireland was represented by Count de Nugent, Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone, Count O'Mahony, grandson of General O'Mahony, of the Irish Brigade; M. Arthur O'Connor, grandson of Gen. Arthur O'Connor; J. P. Leonard, etc.

By a strange coincidence the priest who read the last prayers when the coffin was lowered into the vault was born in Cork, and is proud of having been baptized by Father Mathew half a century ago — Abbe Vattemare, so well known for his good works and his sympathy with Irishmen in their days of sorrow.

The grave rarely closed over a man of whom a country may be more proud of than Count O'Donnell.

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A MODEST reserve is the surest protection for purity and holds a high place among the principle virtues.—*St. Francis.*

# Christian Civilization and the Perils that Now Threaten It.

## MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S GREAT LECTURE.

### PART II.

### HOW CRUELLY PRISONERS WERE TREATED OF OLD.

PASSING to another class of the unfortunate sufferers of our race, let us consider the condition of prisoners, even those of war, usually supposed to be privileged. Let us consider them under the most refined and cultured pagan civilization. Look at that scene of a Roman triumph. See the kings and generals who are taken prisoners of war, whilst defending their own countries. Behold them led along in melancholy, insulting procession, in chains of gold, silver, or iron, according to their rank, but all bearing the badge of slavery. Jesters are employed to mock at them in their misfortune. No wonder the curse of Rome is burning on their lips and in their hearts, whilst the crowded thoroughfares and peopled housetops peal forth insulting curses on their heads. Worse than this, they force these prisoners to become slaves and gladiators, and to butcher each other for the amusement of their highly civilized Roman conquerors. Brother had to encounter brother in the bloody arena, and when two strong, brave men met in fight and could not vanquish each other, the populace cried out impatiently for others to enter the arena. They were thirsty for blood, and should have it. The wounded gladiator might plead piteously for life, but was laughed to scorn. More than this, but how shall I tell it? Pliny and Tertullian, the Pagan and the Christian, both inform us that it sometimes happened that when the fresh, warm tide of the gladiator's blood gushed out, it was received in drinking cups, handed round to the audience, and sipped by Roman men and Roman women! Great God! how terrible can human nature become, even highly cultured human nature. Man is truly the vilest as well as the grandest of God's creatures, an angel at once and a demon!

### THE CHANGE BROUGHT ABOUT BY CHRIST.

Thus was paganism treating its prisoners when there stood in the hall of Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Judea, a prisoner. He stood there as a malefactor who was to strike off the fetters of the captive, and make the character of the prisoner sacred and inviolate. He identified Himself with the prisoners of all time. He made kindness to prisoners the condition of eternal salvation. "I was in prison and you visited me;" as if He said, I will live in every heart-broken captive until the end of time. His spirit has ever animated that Christianity which he founded. The Roman prisons were deep, dark dungeons, into which one ray of Heaven's white light could never enter. By decrees of the Christian Roman emperors, especially those of Theodosius, the condition of prisons and prisoners was mercifully ameliorated. Christians visited them, according to the command of our Lord. The Christian Church perpetuated this charity. In the Twentieth Canon of the Council of Orleans, in 549, and in the great Council of Chalce-

don in 451, it was ordered that prisoners should be most kindly treated, visited, and consoled by the faithful, according, says the Council of Chalcedon, "to the traditions of the Holy Fathers," showing that it ever had been the teaching and practice of the Christian Church.

### ABOLITION OF GLADIATORIAL COMBAT.

You know how the dreadful gladiatorial combats were finally abolished. Men continued them in spite of the church's protests, when a monk of the distant Thebaid heard of the terrible excesses. A light flashed on his soul like inspirations on the souls of the prophets. He left the desert and journeyed on to Rome. Though an old man, his spirit was young and fearless, and he bounded into the midst of the Coliseum whilst the gladiators were fighting, and commanded them in the name of God to desist. Eighty thousand people filled the mighty building and looked in wonder at the audacious stranger. He appealed to them and to the Emperor, in the name of Christ, to stop this terrible combat. The appeal was not heeded. The populace demanded the blood of the intruder, and he was stoned to death. But this scene ended the gladiatorial combats. They never revived after it, and the monk is honored now as Saint Telemachus, truly a hero of Christian civilization!

### AN ORDER FOR THE REDEMPTION OF CAPTIVES.

Time and suffering quenched not the fire of zeal in the old church. On the contrary, we behold her in the time of the Crusades establishing that wonderful Order for the "Redemption of Captives," the members of which bound themselves by vows, not only to collect money to redeem the Christian prisoners retained by the Turks, but to actually go, as they not unfrequently did, to exchange places with the prisoners, in order that men of family could return to their homes to support their wives and children. Behold them, offering their hands for the prison chains of the Mussulman, and their bodies to the lashes of their taskmasters, for they thought of One on whose sacred flesh fell the scourges of the Roman soldiers!

### FAR-REACHING EFFECT OF CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES.

We beheld the same spirit animating the various religious Orders, as well as private individuals, during the late civil war, in a less heroic degree, it is true, because such sacrifice was not demanded, but still influenced by the same principles and motives. It continues still, and shall continue whilst the name, the memory, and the love for the prisoner of Pontius Pilate shall endure. What Christianity has done for the prisoner national usage has now confirmed, and no nation can, with impunity, treat its prisoners with insult and contempt. Treating a prisoner cruelly is like striking a man when down, and hence nothing so justly excites the indignation of mankind. I recall some personal recollection of this feeling in myself. About this time one year ago I had the honor of dining in Dublin with Sir Wilfrid Blunt and Lady Blunt, his wife, who is a granddaughter of Lord Byron. Sir Wilfrid had gone to Ireland to study for himself the national question, as some other of the English members of Parliament ought to do. The result was that he became an ardent Home Ruler, and his wife, who inherits

what, with all his faults, distinguished her gifted grandfather, love and pity for oppressed nationalities, shared his sentiments. Sir Wilfrid Blunt had the courage of his convictions, boldly opposed the government, and delivered what was regarded as dangerous speeches. He was accordingly cast into prison for some months. I first met him on the day of his liberation, and at the first dinner of which he partook outside the prison gates. "It is a relief to be able to use a knife and fork again," he said to me as dinner commenced. "Is it possible," I asked, "that they deprived you, a political prisoner, and a member of Parliament, of the use of knife and fork?" — "Yes," he replied, "we were not allowed these little luxuries." I was indignant to think that such men in this nineteenth century should be constrained to tear their food like savages! But how trifling was this privation to the enormities that have since been enacted? Poor, wounded Ireland has suffered from them; but she has one consolation in seeing that what is noble and generous in the English heart has been touched by them, and liberal England blushes to-day at the brutality of her Tory government. These indignities have thus done good to the Irish cause. Mr. Parnell struck the right chord when he said: "I appeal to the great heart of England." Every people that God has made has a great heart, if we can only pierce the prejudices around it. It is this great heart of the people that will yet rule the world. For kings and oligarchies, in many instances, are proving recreant to their mission, and God is sending His prophet with oil to anoint the foreheads and consecrate the hearts of the brave, pure, honest peoples.

### THE CHURCH AND OPPRESSED NATIONALITIES.

What was true of individual prisoners was true also of oppressed nationalities. The church was ever of the people and with the people. When the Normans invaded England, the Norman prelates, who came over with the invaders, stood between the oppressed Saxons and their own countrymen, and defended, with great self-sacrifice, the conquered nationality. Who was is that, here on the soil of this new world, protected the primitive people from the savage excesses of their Spanish masters? Who but the church's clergy, represented by such men as Las Casas, the Dominican, the Franciscan Fathers, and the secular clergy, who became the champions of the oppressed races? Bound to them by ties stronger than those of kin and nationality, they defied the wrath of royal and military powers. In Arthur Helps' Spanish Conquest of America, Vol. II., pp. 46 and 66, we read:

"The King's preachers and Las Casas formed a junta of their own. They admitted one or two other religiosos into it, a brother, it was said, of the Queen of Scotland, being one of them.

### PRACTISING THE CHURCH'S PRECEPTS IN AMERICA.

"The conclusion this junta came to was, that they were obliged by the Divine Law to undertake to procure a remedy for the evils of the Indies; and they bound themselves to each other by oath that none of them were to be dismayed, or to desist from the undertaking till it should be accomplished.

"They resolved to begin by 'the evangelical form of fraternal correction.' First, they would go and admonish the Council of the Indies; if this had no effect, they would then admonish the chancellor; if he were obdurate, they would admonish Monsieur Chiévres; and, if none of these admonitions addressed to

the officers of the crown were of any avail, they would finally go to the king, and admonish him.

"If all these earthly powers turned a deaf ear to fraternal admonitions, they, the brethren, would then preach publicly against all of these great men, not omitting to give his due share of blame to the king himself.

"This resolution, drawn up in writing, they subscribed to; and they swore upon the cross and the Gospels to carry out their resolve.

Robertson, in his History of America, Vol. IV., p. 8, says:

"The priests were the ministers of peace among the Indians, and continually exerted themselves to remove the rod of iron from the hand of their oppressors. Any mitigation of their hardships was due to the mediation of the priests. Ecclesiastics, both regular and secular, were regarded by the Indians as their natural protectors. In every case of violence or exaction they had recourse to them."

### CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES AMONG THE INDIANS.

So it has been also in our day with the North American Indians. Missionaries, like Father De Smet and his companions, have done more to civilize the Indians by the influence of the doctrine and institutions of the Christian religion than all other influences united. That remarkable man thoroughly studied and deeply loved these primitive tribes. I remember once having incautiously asked him how he could have lived so long and so happily amongst these savages. "Savages!" exclaimed the old man. "The only savages I have met in this country, I have met in New York and St. Louis, where I have stayed. The civilized savages who have received and rejected Christianity truly deserve that name." General Harney, now the oldest officer, I believe, in the American army, told me that Mr. Lincoln, during his Presidency, sent for him to consult on the subject of sending troops to subdue some troublesome Indians. "If you wish my opinion, Mr. President," said the General, "it is, that you send not troops, but Father De Smet and myself on a peaceful campaign." The influence of the old missionary was marvellous, and the peaceful campaign effected more than could have been done by several regiments of soldiers. What was true of the Saxon and the Indians, I need not say, was true also of the relations existing between the Catholic clergy and the Irish people. They were found together in penal persecution and famine sufferings, and, thank God, they stand together as one man in these trying times!

Christianity civilized and sanctified that island. A civilization far above that of material progress has signalized her,— a civilization which nerved her to sacrifice the things of this world for her honor and her God. Cold should be the heart of the priest who would not love and defend her.

### CHRISTIANITY AND SLAVERY.

The action of the Christian church in relation to the abolition of slavery is so well known that it needs but a passing reminder. That action commenced in the first century, and has continued until the present day. In the first century a Catholic Christian lady, named Callista, passing through the slave market of Smyrna, was attracted by the gentle and intelligent looks of a young slave, and redeemed him. He was afterwards instructed in the Christian faith by St. John, the Evangelist himself, and subsequently became Bishop of Smyrna and

the celebrated martyr, St. Polycarp. Callista's action foreshadowed the action of the church in future ages. We find the church gradually preparing slaves for the enjoyment of liberty, and then seeking their emancipation, civilizing at once and sanctifying them. St. Patrick had been a slave in Ireland, and we find him writing to Caroticus, a Welsh noble, begging him to liberate his Irish slaves. At this moment the leader in the war against slavery is Cardinal Lavigerie. The doctrines of Christianity, especially those of the origin of man, the doctrine of the Incarnation, and of the destiny of the immortal soul, tended to bring up the individual, no matter who he was, to the plane of equality with other men. How ennobling is that doctrine of the immortality of the soul, now questioned by unbelievers! How different the destiny to sink into the earth like the beast of the field, and be forgotten forever, from that described in the destiny of the last child of Adam that shall stand on this earth, amid the wreck of creation and in view of the dying sun, and destined to survive it and live forever! Such was the destiny of lowliest slave. Again, he was of the nature which had been united to Divinity in the Incarnation, and thus became a brother of the Son of God. You know how Popes and Councils protected and emancipated such men during all the centuries of the church's existence.

THE POOR UNDER PAGANISM AND UNDER CHRISTIANITY.

With regard to the poor, we know that pagan civilization practically ignored them, except perhaps to regard their poverty as almost a crime. Even Plato would have them expelled from his model "Republic" if they became too numerous for the comfort of their more fortunate fellow-citizens. We know that in the city of Rome, when she had three millions of people within her bounds, and worshipped at the shrines of thirty thousand gods, she had no asylum for her poor. She had her gods of eloquence, of war, her goddesses of wisdom and of love, but no god or goddess of blessed charity, no god of the poor. This title was reserved for the true God alone, for "who is like unto our God, who dwelleth on high, and beholdeth the humble things in heaven and in earth, lifting from the earth the weak, and from the dunghill the poor, that He might place them with the princes, with the princes of His people?" Wealth, then, under pagan civilization, despised poverty, when, lo! a mighty revolution takes place at the birthplace of Christ, at the cradle of the new civilization. Behold wealth, royal wealth, at the very feet of poverty, adoring it. See these kings of the East, with their gold, frankincense, and myrrh, prostrate before poverty, in whose garb Deity itself is invested. And when that Child grew to manhood He commenced His first sermon, the great sermon on the Mount, with a benediction on poverty: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." He practised during life the poverty which He blessed. He lived as the carpenter's son of Nazareth; and during His public career, though showering blessings temporal as well as spiritual on men, making the blind to see, and the deaf to hear, and the lame to walk, and cleansing the lepers, and raising the dead, yet, "He had not where to

lay His head." He died naked on the cross in supreme poverty. From that moment poverty was not only not a disgrace, but a benediction, for "whom God foreknew He predestined to be made comformable to the image of His Son," and that is the image of perfect poverty. From the infancy of Christianity, institutions for the poor were placed under the special direction and protection of the Christian church. The appointment of deacons, mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, was chiefly for the care of this class, and St. Paul tells us that when the other apostles sent Barnabas and himself to preach the Gospel, they charged them "to take care of the poor, which thing," says the Apostle, "we were careful to do." In the time of the first Christian Emperor, Constantine, the state gave over the care of the poor to their best protectors and friends, the Christian clergy, and in every age since we see the priest and the poor associated,

AND ESPECIALLY THE SICK POOR.

This care of Christians for the poor was shown most strikingly in their devoted self-sacrifice towards the sick poor, especially in regard to lepers and sufferers in times of plague. According to the stern behest of the Mosaic Law, the lepers were obliged to live apart from the people; but when the Mosaic dispensation passed away, the fervent early Christians established lazarettos, or hospitals, for the care of the poor lepers, and daily waited upon them when the rest of the world — even their own relatives — had abandoned them. This spirit lives in the brave Father Damien, now gradually dying of leprosy, but fearless and even joyous at the very portals of death. Another priest has recently volunteered to join him, and sisters of various orders offer themselves for this loathsome work. During the terrible yellow fever visitation in Memphis a few years ago, five sisters called on me in St. Louis to receive my episcopal blessing before going down to that city of death. I asked them if they fully understood the danger they had volunteered to risk. They replied that they had done so, and had earnestly begged their Superior for the privilege of going, as people were dying there utterly abandoned for lack of nurses to attend them. "But people who go there now," I urged, "often die within ten days." "Ten days!" replied a bright, happy-looking sister, "why, we can do so much good in ten days, and there is no one else to do it." As they descended the steps from my hall door, they seemed to me as going in procession to their early graves. Four of them descended into their graves within a short time. A noble young Episcopal clergyman, whom I knew well, went down to the plague-stricken city about the same time, and when it was urged on him that people going from without into that city were more liable to be affected by the plague than those who continually lived there, he replied in almost the words of the Catholic sisters, "One can do so much good, even in a single week. I will go in the name of God." He acted there not only as a spiritual adviser, but as nurse for the sick, and acted from the purest supernatural motives, and died in the midst of his work. Nine Catholic priests fell victims of charity there. But the most striking evidence, perhaps, of Christian heroism in this regard is found in an incident

that occurred in Alexandria in the third century, and which forms a suggestive contrast to the pagan civilization of the time. In that great city the Christians formed the poorest portion of the community, and were persecuted by their pagan brethren. A plague broke out among the citizens, and more than decimated them. Comparatively few of the Christians became infected by it, probably because of their more temperate lives. The infection was so appalling that the nearest relatives abandoned the dying, or cast them into the streets and left them unburied. Now came the time for Christian revenge. Out from the Christian quarters of the city issued the men whom these plague-stricken people had persecuted. The army of charity advanced on them; they waited on their dying enemies, nursed them, and when they died bore them to their graves, and, in many instances, lay down beside these graves to die victims of forgiving charity — heroes of true Christian civilization. Alexandria became afterwards one of the great centres of Christianity.

### PAGANISM ESSENTIALLY CRUEL.

I might continue to multiply these evidences of self-sacrifice amongst Christians; but I think enough has been told to convince you of the real blessings to humanity conferred by the civilization of Christianity. To what I have said two objections may arise in the minds of some of my hearers; the first, that I have been unfair to paganism and pagans, and the second, that I have been so absorbed in what the Catholic Church has done for civilization, that I have almost ignored the works of Protestant benevolence. To the first I reply, that I think I have shown that the crimes and cruelties of paganism arose from its very principles, whereas those of Christianity would arise from ignoring or defying its moral teachings; in the language of the convert from paganism, Lactantius, the Christian Cicero, "It is easy to see that the worshippers of the false gods could not be good or upright men. For how could they be expected to keep from shedding human blood who worshipped gods that shed blood, as did Mars and Bellona? How could they spare even their own parents, who adored Jupiter, who drove away his own father? How could they be merciful to their own infant children, who venerated Saturn, the devourer of his children? How could purity have any value in the eyes of those who paid divine honors to an adulteress, who had been nothing more than the common victim of the lusts of all the gods? How could rapine and fraud be avoided by men who knew the thefts committed by their god Mercury? He, moreover, taught them that cheating was not fraud, but smartness. How could they restrain their passions who venerated Jove, Hercules, Bacchus, and Apollo, as gods, while their lusts and frightful lasciviousness, of very blackest dye, were not only known to the learned, but brought out upon the stage of the theatres, and made the choice material of songs, that every one might the more surely know them? Could men, however good naturally, be good under such training? — be upright, while taught injustice by the gods? To appease the god you adore, you must do the things you know to be pleasing and agreeable to him. The most devout worshippers are those

who seek to imitate their god, and thus truly did the worship of the gods destroy the morals of the heathens."

NATURAL GOODNESS OF SOME PAGANS.

If many pagans were good and noble, — and unquestionably they were, — it was because of the natural goodness of their hearts, which were better than their religion, and also because of the truths of natural religion, such as the existence of God, and future rewards and punishments, which, though mingled with false doctrines, produced many admirable results.

CHARITY AMONG NON-CATHOLIC CHRISTIANS.

Another objection may be urged to what I have said, — namely, that I have alluded chiefly to the action of the Catholic Church, as if there was no Christian civilization amongst those outside of its pale, or as if they, too, had not made great sacrifices in its cause. God forbid that I should deny to human nature, even without Christianity, much that is noble and benevolent. God forbid that I should deny to Protestants the possession of great and self-sacrificing benevolence, especially in view of the fact that to that faith belongs our fellow-citizen, Mr. Childs.

HISTORIAN LECKY'S TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF THE CHURCH.

In the last three centuries, Protestants have done noble work in the cause of benevolence, and have done it from high motives of Christian charity. Look at the institutions of beneficence erected by the various denominations, including the gentle Society of Friends, in our city. But, ladies and gentlemen, look at the fifteen centuries that preceded the "Reformation," especially the times of the transition from pagan to Christian civilization. Who was it that bore the brunt of the persecution of ancient paganism? Who was it that fought the battle in defence of helpless childhood, and feeble woman, and suffering prisoners? Who was the monk that faced the gladiators in the Coliseum, and, by his death, abolished gladiatorial contests? Who now makes most sacrifices for suffering humanity? But let us hear one who cannot be suspected of any partiality to the Catholic Church. Speaking of the effects of the discipline of that church on civil society, and especially in relation to the poor and to the oppressed, Mr. Lecky, in his History of Rationalism in Europe, Vol. II., p. 37, says: "By consolidating the heterogeneous and anarchical elements that succeeded the downfall of the Roman Empire; by infusing into Christendom the conception of a bond of unity that is superior to the divisions of nationhood, and of a moral tie which is superior to force; by softening slavery into serfdom, and preparing the way for the ultimate emancipation of labor, Catholicism laid the very foundation of modern civilization. Herself the most admirable of all organizations, there were formed beneath her influence a vast net-work of organizations, — political, municipal, and social, — which supplied a large proportion of the materials of almost every modern structure." In another page, the same author says: "That church, which often seemed so haughty and overbearing in its dealings with kings and nobles, never failed to listen to the poor and to the oppressed, and, for many centuries, their protection was the foremost of all the objects of its policy."

OUR PRESENT PONTIFF ON CIVILIZATION'S DEBT TO THE CHURCH.

After hearing this testimony of a man like Mr. Lecky, no one can regard as exaggerated the following words of our present great Pontiff, Leo XIII. In his first Encyclical, speaking on the obligations of civilization to the church, he says: "We know with certainty, Venerable Brethren, that civilization has no firm foundation unless it rests upon the eternal principles of truth, and upon the unchangeable laws of right and justice; and, unless true love binds the wills of men together, and harmonizes, by its sweetness, their mutual relations and duties to each other. Nor is there any one who can rightly deny that it is the church, which, by preaching the gospel throughout the world, has carried the light of truth amongst nations who were brutalized and steeped in foul superstition, and has lifted them up to know the divine Creator of the world, and to recognize their own wretchedness; that it is the church which has removed the misery of slavery, and thereby restored to men the first dignity and nobility of their nature; . . . which founded and sheltered works of the highest charity for the relief of every kind of sorrow, everywhere civilized the human race in its public and private life, rescued it from its misery, and brought it, by every possible effort, to a manner of life befitting the dignity and hope of man, . . . therefore may she claim that to her, by every title, belongs the praise of being to civilization a fostering uurse and mother."

DEGRADATION IN COUNTRIES FALLING AWAY FROM CHRISTIANITY.

As a confirmation of what I have said, that it is the spirit of Christianity which has so ameliorated the condition of suffering humanity, let us observe the countries of the world which have remained unconverted, and those also that tried to unchristianize themselves. Take, as a specimen of the first class, the vast empire of China, and, of the second, France in the delirium days of her anti-Christian revolution. It is certain that the Chinese ought to be, humanly speaking, amongst the most civilized people on the earth. They are, perhaps, the most universally educated, at least in what we call a common-school education. Almost every man in China can read and write, and the country has a fair share of higher education. The Chinese are exceedingly industrious, hard-working, shrewd business men. They have everything tending to civilize them, except Christianity, and because of this defect they remain comparatively uncivilized. Childhood is degraded, as in the times of pagan civilization. Children are publicly exposed for sale and purchased in the market-places. Woman is still, as of old, the slave of man, whilst prisoners, and the poor are almost in the condition in which I have described in the pre-Christian times. Again, look at France, once so gloriously Christian, in the full noontide of her un-Christian days. She sought, in the mad paroxysm of the revolution, to cast aside her Christian doctrines and traditions, and with them lost, for a while, her Christian civilization. She abolished the Sabbath, desecrated the sanctuary, shattered the tabernacles, broke the statues of Christ and His saints, and flung off the Christian yoke. By one wild, desperate spring, she plunged into the chasm of worse

than paganism. Christianity, with folded arms, looked on from a distance, to see how France could live without her. Deeds of blood, fearful as those of Roman story, characterized the new regime. The mere humanitarian theories of infidel philosophy could never elevate her. When tried, they melted in the sunshine, like the waxen pinions of the Athenian artist. France sank into the wildest barbarism in the "Reign of Terror." This is a lesson to posterity of the essential connection of Christianity and true civilization. What was once the most Christian nation of Europe became worse than pagan in a few years. But here I may be confronted by some young orator of progress, who would say to me, "I acknowledge that Christianity did great things in its day; but that day has passed. It helped humanity in its infancy to rise and walk; but now it needs no such assistance. The church must conform herself to the new and advanced state of things, or be pulverized beneath the chariot wheels of progress. We freely admire and adopt all that is beautiful in the morality of Christianity; we admire the Sermon on the Mount and its Preacher. We take its morality; but we care little for its church doctrines, for these doctrines only lead to differences of opinion and sectarianism."

CONNECTION OF MORALITY WITH DOCTRINAL TEACHING.

One of the most fatal and demoralizing superstitions of this century, ladies and gentlemen, is this attempted separation of morality from doctrinal teaching. Doctrines are as the granite foundation to the whole edifice of Christian ethics, and with them that edifice must stand or crumble into ruins. What underlies the value of holy childhood but the doctrine that the child has an immortal soul? Abolish this; look at the child only in the light of its utility to the state, and soon infanticide will commence again, and deformed children will be put to death, when men shall have lost the tenderness which Christianity has produced and fostered. Most men admire the church's action in regard to divorce. They believe that her conservatism in this respect is essential to the preservation of the family and the sanctity of human love. But all her action and her sufferings in maintaining this principle are motived by a doctrine that marriage is indissoluble, and because of this doctrine the Pope himself and all the bishops of the world united with him cannot grant a single divorce. Look at the great motives of human action. Behold that young man contending with fearful temptation, wrestling with some "mid-day demon." The pleasure promised is certain and alluring. Religion whispers in his ear, "Fear God, listen to your conscience, you know that to yield is wrong. Remember the punishment which God has threatened; remember the heaven you renounce if you yield, and the hell whose punishment you will deserve." Now, all this warning is based on doctrines. Only whisper in his ear, "There is no hell; God is indulgent, or takes no cognizance of human action." Strike down the great truth, and you strike down the great motive. Again, look at the marvellous institutions of charity throughout the world, Sisterhoods and Brotherhoods, such as I have already described. These people have sworn that in poverty, chastity, and obedience they shall

wait upon sufferers whom they never saw before, and with whom, in many cases, they can have but little human sympathy. How account for this phenomenon? Not by fanaticism, which is short-lived and uncertain, whereas these sacrifices have lasted for nearly nineteen hundred years. No, ladies and gentlemen, there is but one solution; all this work of charity is built on a single doctrine, that Christ has identified himself with the poor and the outcast, and that in attending to them we please Him. The fevered brow is the brow crowned with thorns; the prisoner in the jail is the captive of Pontius Pilate; the man dying on the scaffold the crucified sufferer of Calvary. Thus Christ is loved and tended in his representatives. Deny this single doctrine, and you rob the sick, the poor, the prisoner, and the dying of their consolers, and civilization of one of its most glorious triumphs.

### THE BALM RELIGION BRINGS TO THE AFFLICTED.

Look, again, at the influence of doctrinal teaching in the hour of affliction. Look at that poor, broken-hearted wretch who feels that the world has rejected him. Why should he live? Why should he endure "the stings and arrows of this outrageous fortune?" There is nothing left to live for, and suicide seems his only relief. Then Christian faith descends like the comforting Angel of Gethsemane, and whispers to him, "There is One beyond the stars who takes cognizance of every sigh and tear and heart-moan. He has said that if a mother should forget her child, He will not forget thee, His creature. Bear your sufferings for a little time; He will aid you in bearing them, and reward you for having borne them." But tell him, "There is no God to hear you; or, if there be a God, He is relegated to the unknown and the unknowable by agnosticism. There is no God; or, if there be one, He is too far away and too glorious to care for a broken-hearted wretch like you." Take away the doctrine of faith, and suicide — which is becoming so common — is the resort of the child of misfortune in the hour of misery.

### SUICIDE INCREASES WHERE FAITH DECAYS.

And, as faith diminishes, suicide must increase. Statistics show us that in ten years it increased thirty per cent. in Germany. It is increasing in France, and will increase in proportion as faith loses its hold upon the children of men. One thing is remarkable in the statistics of suicide, and that is the disproportion of women to men. Women are supposed to believe more and trust more deeply than men, and in one list of one hundred and sixty-six cases, where suicide was attributable to weariness of life, there were found but six women to one hundred men. It is known that among Germans, who endeavor to act out their faith, as the Catholics and Lutherans, suicide is almost unknown. So that it is not to be attributed to national temperament, but to that loss of faith and of hope which makes life wearisome. It is remarked of the Irish, who have deep faith, that suicide is *almost unheard of* amongst them; and this is to be attributed, at least to a great extent, to the influence of faith upon them in the hour of their trying afflictions. Some have asserted that it is rather pugnacity than

piety. An Irishman does not like to be beaten in a fight, even in the "fight of life," and regards suicide as an act of cowardice, which in truth it is. But this is not sufficient to account for his victory over affliction. I remember asking a poor fellow who had been very badly treated by his Irish landlord, and who had otherwise great sorrows, if he ever felt tempted to commit suicide. His mother-tongue was Irish, and English came later to him as a sort of step-mother tongue, and he occasionally blundered in it. "No, your reverence!" he replied, "I never felt tempted to commit suicide; that is, never *on myself*, your reverence." — "And why did you not think of it in all your misfortunes?" — "Why, because if I died immediately after committing suicide, I could not ask pardon of God Almighty, and I would go to hell for all eternity to live under as bad a landlord as I had in Ireland. He could not be worse. Besides, I have hope that God will reward a poor man in the end, if he is only patient and bears the sufferings the Almighty sends him." All this poor man's hopes were founded on doctrines. Mere sentiment would have little influence on him. I might continue to show to you that doctrines underlie and give motive to all the great works of Christian civilization. To expect effects without causes, to abolish the root and the stem, and hope that the flower and the fruit will remain for any long period, to attempt to retain the morality of Christianity without its doctrinal teaching, is as illogical as it is destructive of true civilization.

### RESULT OF LIGHTLY REGARDING PERJURY.

I think I can already see in the comparative levity with which men began to regard the great crime of perjury, and in the fact that it is not as certainly and as severely punished now as in former times, evidence of the effect of neglecting to realize the importance of doctrinal teaching. Perjury supposes belief in two great truths — 1st, that God may be called to witness what we state; 2d, that He will punish any man who calls on him to witness a lie as the truth. In proportion to the depth of our faith in these truths is our dread of perjury. If we deny them entirely, perjury is no more than lying, which is proverbially easy to many people. Thus are imperilled our lives, property, and character, as they also are dependent on an oath.

### DANGER OF STRAYING FROM THE RIGHT PATH.

But some one may say that it is utterly impossible that we should go back to the paganism from which Christianity has liberated us. There is no danger of our going back to precisely the old forms of that paganism. Yet we must remember that human nature is always the same, and that mere culture will not save us. We have no greater nor as great orators as Cicero, no greater moralist outside the pale of Christianity than Seneca, and yet they could not save society from the civilized barbarism of paganism.

### PAGANISM UNDER ANOTHER NAME.

We must remember that though the new religion of the future, of which some men dream, may not be called paganism, it is paganism under another name. We occasionally hear of the "Religion of Humanity." What is this but paganism, which deified all that was

true and beautiful and good, with all that was vile in our nature, and called these things by various names, the deities of its religion. If any one whispered to the infidel philosophers of France, who sought the destruction of the Christian religion, that the day would come when they would find themselves worshipping at a pagan altar, they would have smiled in derision. But false principles soon act themselves out into institutions. Human reason was deified, and the goddess of reason — a dancing girl of Paris — stood on the high altar of Notre Dame, a fit symbol of the prostituted reason that ruled the hour. But after a time some philosopher might say, "Why not a goddess of love, a power stronger than reason and more universal in its influence? We will not call her Venus, because that would sound like old paganism. We will call her glorious 'Human Love.'" "But," cries out another, "we should, above all, have a god of spotless French Honor and another of Military Glory," and so on through the whole range of human passions, good and bad, until the Pantheon should be complete. Man is a religious being. If he worship not God, he will worship himself. Deny the doctrines of faith, and you try to kill Christianity and establish some form of paganism.

### A CHRISTIAN BISHOP'S PROTEST.

In the name of our Christian civilization, I, a bishop of the Christian Church, lift up my voice to-night to warn the representative men who hear me, that the popular modern system of teaching morality without the doctrines that motive it, whether that system be called Christian ethics, or moral instruction, or unsectarian teaching, is sapping the very foundations of Christianity and Christian civilization.

### THE BEST TEST OF CIVILIZATION.

Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, to sum up what I have been saying to you, because the spirit of unselfishness is the best test of the civilization of mankind, and, because, judged by this criterion, Christian civilization stands infinitely above all others, because, in regard to the weak and unfortunate of our race, it has changed the face of the world and the sentiments of mankind, because it has effected these beneficent results by the teaching of great positive doctrines that give motives to self-sacrifice, and by a powerful organism known as the Catholic Church, and because, in proportion as men ignore these two influences, the doctrines and the church, there is danger of their losing the civilization which these produced; therefore, it is all-important that those who do not accept the church, should, at least, insist on the teaching of those positive preserving doctrines of morality, and that the children of the church should renew their love and allegiance to her, and unite for the preservation of Christian civilization with those outside her pale in every effort to preserve even human faith in every conservative principle that upholds Christian civilization.

The End.

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SEEDS of the most valuable varieties of cinchona bring one thousand dollars per ounce in Ceylon. There are nearly one hundred thousand seeds in an ounce.

# Parochial Schools.

It is one of the trials Catholics are obliged to bear up with, in proposing and in founding Catholic parochial schools, that their action is looked upon as a new scheme to overthrow the free institutions of the United States; but it is gratifying to them to learn that there are many leading Protestant minds beginning to share in their views, and to speak openly against a system of education which ignores God, and, consequently, all religious teaching in the schools. While Catholics will never depart from the stand they have taken on the school question, and will have to endure much for their conscientious beliefs, the approbation of Protestant opinion will be no small encouragement to them to persevere in the great work they have begun, and have made so successful. —— It has often been remarked that the Catholic Church is not the only opponent of secular education, and a confirmation of this is found lately in the published utterances of Rev. W. H. Platt, Protestant rector of Grace Church, San Francisco, Cal., and of the Rev. Dr. A. A. Hodge, in the Princeton Review. The Rev. Mr. Platt says: "We should Christianize our education, because, first, if our secular schools were instituted exclusively to build up Protestantism, they were a great blunder, for they are breaking it down; second, if to destroy Romanism, they are utter failures; and, third, if to break down all religions, they are a crime against civilization." Dr. A. A. Hodge says: "Education involves the training of the whole man and of all the faculties, of the conscience and of the affections, as well as of the intellect. The proposed attempt at erecting a complete national system of public schools, from whose instruction, in all grades, all positive religious elements are to be expurgated, is absolutely without precedent in the history of the human race. Besides, this new principle of the absolute exclusion of God and Christ from the instructions of our common schools is in direct opposition to the spirit and declared convictions of their founders."—— Don Piatt, in Belford's Magazine, proves the right of the parent against the state to control the education of children. He says: "The home, the school, and the church form the trinity of factors which should work harmoniously together to shape the moral, the intellectual, and the religious nature of man. To violently disrupt the harmony, to remove the child, for the greater portion of its time, entirely from two of these influences, is likely to cripple him in a number of ways. Any sane man can see that the present system of public schools has a bad influence on the people at large, because it excludes religious teaching, and is a gross injustice to Catholics and other sincere Christians."

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The Catholic paper is a great aid to the church, and next to the priest on the altar it has done invaluable work for the building and the advancement of parochial schools. There should be some sort of a return for this, and if it came in the shape of an advertisement of a good Catholic paper from the altar now and then, we could safely say that Catholic papers would be able to do far more for Catholic schools and Catholic interests than it is acknowledged they have done. The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore must have been of this mind, when it declared that Catholic papers should be fostered and encouraged.

# The Poet's Dreams.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

I.

SEMELE looked to the amber skies
With a woman's faith and love,
Striving to see with ideal eyes
The wonders that show above;
The earth, that her lily-white feet had trod,
Lacked one who deserved her hand,
So she longed to be bride of some warrior god
In the glorious Olympic land!
And her maidenly bosom sighed all day,
And throbbed through each eve in pain,
For the sweet caress and the fond love lay
Of a brave celestial swain!

II.

One dawn in the russet-crowned autumn tide
She sped from the earth, while her face
Had the glow of a fair, expectant bride,
And an Hebe's artless grace;
Through infinite space she winged her way
With her love dream all alone,
Till she tremblingly, modestly knelt to pray
At foot of the great Jove's throne;
But the lurid gleams — so dread to see —
Were the flames of her ghastly pyre,
For the beautiful form of Semele
Lay charred in the raging fire!

III.

The poet looks with the eyes of youth
To the realms of fancy above,
Where he'd seek the dazzling face of truth,
And the ravishing form of love;
And he mounts the muses' starry stairs,
But he seeks for his nymphs in vain,
For he finds but the veriest weeds and tares
In the wastes of each arid plain!
Then his soul droops scorched, and his plaintive lyre
Grows mute in the maddening gleams,
While he lies in death on a mystic pyre
In the pall of his siren dreams!

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THE discoverer of the Upper Mississippi and the Apostle of the valley of that river was the Jesuit James Marquette.

# The Hercules Stone and the Amber Spirit.

PART III.

We have seen that the galvanic current acts by attraction or repulsion upon a magnetic needle. This department of electric science is classified under the head of *electro-magnetism.*

When a current of electricity passes along a wire in Oersted's experiment, part of its energy is spent in overcoming the resistance of the wire, and another part is spent in causing the motion of the needle, *i. e.*, in doing work upon it in opposition to the magnetic force of the earth. This part of the energy which is spent in twisting the needle about its axis, leaves less energy to be spent in producing the current, and so there is less current passing in the wire when the magnet is in the act of being deflected than there is in the same wire when there is no magnet. When the magnet is held at rest, or when it has settled into its position of rest, there is no longer any energy spent in keeping it there, and the full current again passes in the wire. Thus a current which deflects a magnetic needle is itself diminished by that motion of the magnet.

There is a mutual influence between electric currents and magnets. A movable conductor carrying a current is deflected by the proximity of a magnet, in the same manner as the deviation of the needle is caused by the influence of the current.

Magnets produced by the action of the electric current on soft iron are termed electro-magnets. They far outrival permanent magnets in strength. Their value lies in this, also, that their polarity may be reversed, or their magnetism destroyed or produced instantaneously.

Electro-magnets are usually constructed of a bar of soft iron bent into horse-shoe shape, upon which is wound a number of convolutions of very fine silk-covered copper wire. The power of the electro-magnet will depend chiefly upon the number of turns of wire, and the intensity of the battery. There is, of course, a limit to the number of turns which may be used with advantage, and this limit also depends upon the particular service to which the electro-magnet is to be applied. If the wire coil be very short, or of *null* resistance, the magnet force developed will be scarcely perceptible; while, on the other hand, if the wire coiled around the cores be disproportionately long, we may also see no effect, for high, or *infinite*, resistance also destroys the magnetic force which is sought to be derived from this apparatus. *Resistance* is the technical term for the obstruction to the electric current, which prevails more or less in all conducting bodies.

Some electro-magnets have been made capable of sustaining several tons weight. By far the largest that has ever been made is that of Lord Lindsay. It is said to weigh over six tons, and to have fourteen miles of copper wire, one-quarter inch thick, wound on its core. The exciting battery is equally colossal, consisting of one hundred and fifty Grove's elements, each exposing a square yard of platinum surface.

The original electro-magnet of Professor Morse was a very clumsy instrument, which weighed no less than one hundred and sixty pounds.

It was wound with coarse wire, forming what is now known as a *quantity* magnet, very effective in experiments, but of little use for telegraphic purposes, as it is not susceptible to the influence of a battery, even a half mile distant. In 1838, Professor Morse visited Europe for the purpose of patenting his telegraphic apparatus. This trip was fraught with most important results to him, for he then learned how to construct the *intensity* magnet, which proved of inestimable value in perfecting his telegraph. Being in Paris, he one day entered a public institution, and there he saw an electro-magnet of the same form as his own, but weighing *one hundred times less.* Upon examination, he found its coil to consist of a vast number of convolutions of very fine insulated wire, whose diameter was but the one-hundredth part of an inch, while that used by himself was nearly six times larger.

The electric telegraph is made possible by three remarkable properties of the Amber Spirit, viz.: (1) Electricity always seeks an equilibrium in its distribution. If there is an excess in one place, it is impelled to transfer itself to another place which is subject to a deficiency; (2) when we excite electricity from any source it always has the quality of positive and negative, suggesting the idea of gain and loss, or a disturbance of equilibrium. Then the natural laws which tend to destroy this derangement become our servants for the purpose of communication; and (3) different substances, having varying capacities for conducting electricity, we may employ the best conductors for carrying, and the best insulators for holding the electricity from being dissipated into the vast mass of the earth.

Another condition upon which largely depends the practical efficiency of the telegraph, is the extraordinary speed with which electricity travels. Professor Wheatstone, by a series of ingenious experiments, determined the rate of free electricity to be two hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles per second. Galvanic electricity, involving in its passage a change or vibration of all the particles of the conductor, or *circuit*, has a velocity much less. By the experiments of the gentlemen connected with the United States Coast Survey, some years ago, the velocity of galvanic electricity was ascertained to be approximately eighteen thousand seven hundred miles per second. At this rate, the galvanic current might be transmitted through a wire extending around the earth in one and one-third seconds. In ordinary telegraphic operations, the time occupied by the electric unit, or *dot*, in travelling from station to station, is altogether imperceptible.

The general principles upon which the electric telegraph depends can scarcely be attributed to modern science alone. Its chiefest contribution to the great work consists mainly of the application of the indicating or registering apparatus, furnished with an intelligible arrangement of dots and lines, which the arriving current is recorded at the point of destination. Lacking this system and this apparatus, there was very little practical utility in the evocation of electricity, or the power of transferring it to a distant point or points.

It has already been seen that there are eight different ways by which the electric effects are made manifest. The mode of trans-

mitting intelligible signals by any one of these electrical effects, has always consisted of the sending of either successive electric impulses, or of a prolonged current of measured duration. Having previously arranged such a combination of the signals, as will duly represent all the letters of the alphabet, we are in possession of the essentials of an electric telegraph.

It may be briefly stated that the production of such signs, or characters, depends on the power of the agent transmitting the current, to transmit, suspend, intermit, divert, and reverse it at pleasure. These changes in the state of the current take place, for all practical purposes, simultaneously in all parts of the circuit, owing to the prodigious velocity of the current; and since the transmission of telegraphic characters depends exclusively on the production of such changes, such transmission is, in consequence, practically instantaneous.

The essential parts of a system of electric telegraph consists of (1) an insulated wire *conductor* between the two stations; (2) a *galvanic battery*, to supply the electro-motive force; (3) a *communicator*, or transmitter, to control the electric current; and (4) an *indicator*, or receiver, by which the passage of the current may be observed and recorded. We have previously seen, in the laws of galvanic action, that in order to develop the current, it is necessary that both poles of the battery should be united, and, in the early telegraph circuits, it was supposed to be imperative that two conductors should be built between every station, forming a *metallic* circuit.

M. Gauss, desiring to employ the two rails of a railway track to form a metallic circuit, M. Steinheil undertook to give effect to this idea upon the railroad extending from Nuremberg to Fuerth; but was unable to insulate the rails sufficiently to enable the current to travel from one station to the other. The high conductive power, which he then discovered in the earth, suggested to him that it might be employed as a conductor, thus enabling him to dispense with one-half of the metallic circuit. The accuracy of this conclusion was amply demonstrated by his tests, and is of the greatest importance in the construction of lengthy telegraph circuits. The telegraph constructed by M. Steinheil, at Munich, in 1837, had, for conductor, a copper wire, whose extremities were attached to copper plates buried in the earth, and it was observed that, by increasing the area of the plates, that the current was propagated with greater facility.

It has since been established that, when the earth is employed as part of a telegraphic circuit, a battery of given intensity will exhibit a current just twice as strong as if the metallic circuit were employed. Thus, the interposition of the globe not only enables us to suppress one half of the metallic circuit, but also gives us a double quantity of electro-motive force.

But while making use of the incontestable advantages derived from the use of the earth, in telegraph systems, it is known that there are occasions when it is advisable to revert to the metallic circuit. Thus, when telegraphic operations are seriously hampered by the *earth currents*, which invaribly accompany an auroral display, if we can then avail ourselves of a second conducting wire, and have recourse to it as a substitute for the earth connections, we find an effectual mode of excluding the incursions of these erratic currents.

In 1842, Alexander, of Edinburgh, experimented upon the conductivity of the earth, chiefly with the intention of employing it as a moist conductor, between the metal plates of a voltaic pair; and, in this manner, he obtained a tolerably strong and constant current, which he afterwards employed as the motive-power of an electric clock.

From the first, the English philosophers had added to the telegraph proper an *alarum*, intended to call the attention of the observers. It is a bell that sounds under a hammer, the detent of which is suddenly released by the action of a temporary magnet of soft iron, upon which the current is made to act. Here the current no longer acts in an immediate manner, in order to produce the motion, but it is restricted to magnetizing, by its passage, a piece of soft iron. This electro-magnet, in its turn, attracts another small piece of iron which prevented the action of a spring; the scapement thus becomes free, and a clock movement starts the hammer which strikes the bell. Great service has likewise been derived from this ingenious process for telegraphy itself. The principle upon which it is founded includes an immense number of applications, for it enables us to put into instantaneous action, at any distance whatever, all the forces of mechanics; and it is the same principle which forms the basis of Morse's telegraph. This system is chiefly remarkable for the fact that Morse invented an alphabetical code, and applied the former discoveries in electro-magnetism to the construction of an apparatus which would register, in arbitrary characters, the communication which was to be transmitted. For this purpose, he employed an arrangement of points and lines,—technically, *dots* and *dashes*,—which might, by convention, be made to represent the various letters of the alphabet. The *point* is the simplest geometric expression of a short exertion of the force employed, which, in this case, is electricity. The *line* is the simplest geometric expression of the same force, when employed for a longer period. The *space* is the only interval between the exertions of force, by which succession and number of signs become possible. Duration and number, thus applied to the electric current appear to be the essential conditions of telegraphic signalling, and to involve, as their geometric expression, lines and intervals of variable length. The use of the graphic register, in connection with the electric telegraph, appears, therefore, to indicate nothing more than the simplest geometric record of the electric force as modulated in accordance with the principles of duration and succession.

The history of the Morse receiver, or electro-magnet, may be traced as follows: In 1819, Oersted discovered that a current of electricity passing on a conductor would deflect a magnetic needle in its proximity. This was the discovery of electro-magnetism. In 1820, Schwieger conceived the idea, that if the current were made to pass many times around the needle, by means of a coil of insulated wire, it would increase the force of the deflection. Upon experiment, this was demonstrated. In 1825, Sturgeon discovered that a piece of iron surrounded by a wire became magnetic, when a current was pressed through the wire. About 1830, Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, thought of applying Schweiger's multiplying coil to Sturgeon's electro-magnet, in order to increase its force, and found the result entirely satisfactory.

The armature of this electro-magnet transversity attached to a brass lever, which is sustained in a perpendicular position by two pivots, and the duration of whose play is regulated by adjustable stop-screws, forms the receiver.

Another electro-magnet, slightly modified, formed the original, but now disused, register, whose armature was attached to one end of a horizonal lever, whose other end carried a steel *stylus*. Over the point of stylus a clock-work mechanism carries a band of paper so that it will be indented with a line or lines according to the length of time for which the magnet attracts the armature. At the initial point of the circuit whence the despatch proceeds, is a Voltaic battery, one pole of which is connected to the ground, whilst the other may be put at pleasure into communication with the insulated conductor extending to the terminal point. If the circuit be completed by means of the manipulator or *key*, the armature is attracted, and a line is formed whose length corresponds to the period of the electric impulse thereby created. If the circuit be interrupted through the manipulator, the current ceases, the magnetism disappears, and a retractile spring attached to the armature bar holds the stylus of the paper. If the circuit be rapidly interrupted and completed, we get nothing but a succession of dots. The manipulator or transmitter is a simple device of lever and anvil which controls the circuit by contact of the upper and lower surfaces.

The register is worked by what is called the *local circuit; i.e.*, the receiver (now called *relay*) operated by the incoming current, brings into action a battery in the receiving office to work the register. The armature of the relay being provided with contact points becomes an automatic key for that purpose.

The clock-work mechanism of the register was very soon discarded, only the electro-magnet and movable armature being retained. This gives us the *sounder* or audible expression of electric force, which is now the universal accompaniment of the Morse receiving relay. Very soon after the introduction of the Morse telegraph, it was known that the lever carrying the stylus, while making its point-and-line record also gave out intelligible sounds, which could be readily made as expressive to the ear as were the dots and dashes to the eye. Henceforth the Morse telegraph became acoustic; but such is the force of habit, that the long and short sounds are still termed dashes and dots.

In the early telegraphs almost every inventor has his own peculiar code; but at the present day the number has been reduced to two: the original alphabet of Morse, the use of which is restricted to the United States and Canada, and the international alphabet which is used in every other part of the world.

The Morse alphabet is made up of signs of force of the following respective values: the dot = one unit; the dash = 3 units; the space between the elements of each letter = 1 unit; the space between two letters = 3 units; and the space between two words = 6 units. But the alphabet of Morse, unfortunately, contains some combinations making what are called *spaced* letters. These combinations have an elementary space of *two* units, by which arrangement Morse hoped to economize time in transmitting. The very reverse has resulted. They

were soon found to be very inconvenient on account of the extreme care required for their accurate rendition. Morse endeavored to modify his combination accordingly; but, owing to the prejudices of the early telegraphists, he was reluctantly compelled to forego his intention, and the ambiguous characters still remain, a fruitful source of error and annoyance.

Among the more matter-of-fact Germans, where private fads are not tolerated to the public detriment, this ambiguity was avoided from the outset. In 1851 representatives of all the German states met at Vienna to consider the merits of existing systems of telegraph, and adopt that which seemed most valuable. The Morse telegraph carried the day, chiefly on account of the report of M. Steinheil, who strongly represented its superiority over the other systems. The convention also recast the Morse alphabet, excising the objectionable combinations, and replacing them by more suitable characters drawn from other codes. The consecutive arrangement of the characters was also slightly changed with the result of creating the international code, which is a well-digested, orderly, and systematic combination, while the Morse alphabet is little better than a scramble.

The international code has also this valuable feature, that the same combinations differently expressed are used upon all the prevailing systems of telegraph. Thus the letter E is a dot upon the Morse register; a short click upon the sounder; a leftward deflection of the single needle; a stroke on the left bell in Bright's system; a movement of the spot of light to the left of zero in Sir W. Thompson's reflecting galvanometer; and by an upward wave in the undulating ink-line of his syphon recorder. In the same manner the Morse register expresses the letter T by a short line; the sounder by a click of equal duration; the single needle by a rightward deflection; the bell by a stroke on the right bell; the reflecting galvanometer by a rightward motion of the spot; and the syphon recorder by a downward wave from the imaginary base line. The American code is unavailable for the bell, the needle, or the reflecting galvanometer, and the syphon recorder systems.

The system known as needle telegraphs was contemporaneous with that of Morse, if not actually antedating it. Consequent on the discovery of electro-magnetism, in 1820, several attempts seem to have followed to utilize the needle deflection. In the same year, Ampere read a paper before the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, explaining how, in his idea, such a telegraph might be constructed. In 1832, Baron Schilling, of Cronstadt, exhibited to the Russian Emperor models of an apparatus destined for telegraphic communication, and which involved the use of the needles. He died before the invention was practically established, and the descriptions which remain are very indefinite. After this, experiments with the magnetic needle and multiplying coil became very popular in scientific lecture-rooms, and the apparatus under the name of *galvanometer*, was used as an ordinary experimental instrument for measuring the force of voltaic currents. In 1838, Cooke and Wheatstone, having become partners, established a working telegraph over a circuit of thirteen miles, extending from Paddington to West Drayton. This circuit had six wires and five needles, whose combined movements were translated into the various letters of the alphabet. In its modern

representative, the single needle, the signals are indicated by the movements of a magnetic needle, vertically suspended. There are two needles connected astatically, one within the coil, the other without it, and acting as a pointer. Loaded slightly at the lower end, to cause them to hang vertically, the needles are deflected to the right or left, according to the polarity of the incoming current, whose alternation is caused by a manipulator, consisting of two finger-keys appropriately connected to the signalling battery. Another British system is the *bell*, already referred to, invented by Sir Charles Bright. This apparatus has a manipulator similar to that of the single needle; but, being an acoustic telegraph, its indicator consists of two bells, of different tones, so placed that the clerk, bending forward to write the despatch, catches the sound from either side, as the bell-hammers are attracted by the sending battery, and these sounds are translated, as already described, under the international code.

In 1802, Romagnesi, a physicist of Trente, in Italy, discovered that a current of electricity affects a magnetized needle, and causes it to deviate from its normal position; but, making no effort to disseminate this important discovery, it was lost sight of till 1820, when it was resuscitated by Oerstead. This position of north and south, which the magnetized needle assumes when free from extraneous influence, is caused by the coercive force of the earth, whose great bulk may be compared to a very powerful magnet at a distance. But the wire carrying a current also becomes, for the time, a magnet; of less power, it is true, but its proximity to the needle more than compensates for any deficiency in power, and the result is a corresponding deflection of the needle. We may thus discern the presence of an electric current, and the apparatus, constructed on this principle, becomes, in its simplest form, a *galvanoscope*, or current indicator, and, under higher improvement, a *galvanometer*, or current measurer. The latter is the result of the experiments of Schweiger, with several convolutions of wire surrounding the space in which the needle swings. Galvanometers vary in construction, according to the purpose for which they are designed. In some cases, the needle is poised horizontally, as in the mariner's compass, while, in others, it hangs vertically, being kept at zero by the force of gravitation. For this purpose, its lower end, the north-looking pole, is slightly loaded. In all these classes of galvanometers, a graduated scale over which the pointer moves, serves to measure the electromotive force.

In order to increase the sensibility of the galvanometer, it was suggested that two needles be firmly fixed upon a common axis, with their poles placed in opposite directions. Needles thus combined have, in theory, no impulse to place themselves in the magnetic meridian, as one is always impelled oppositely to the other; but, in practice, as they cannot be so accurately poised, they take up a fixed position. This combination is called *astatic*, or, of null polarity, and is a very sensitive apparatus. The astatic galvanometer is constructed with the lower or inner needle within the coil, and the outer needle above it, which arrangement gives a greater deflection than can be otherwise obtained.

In working long submarine cables, it was found that only a weak

current could be made to reach the farther end, as a powerful initial current is very injurious to cable conductors. It was, therefore, necessary, that the apparatus for cable working should be more delicate than any used on aerial circuits. To meet this emergency, Sir W. Thomson has provided the reflecting, or mirror galvanometer. In this instrument, the magnetic needle carries a small mirror, which, with the needle, only weighs a grain and a half. The rays of a lamp flame, intercepted by this mirror, are reflected in the form of a pencil of light upon a plate of glass (whose horizontal centre is considered zero), placed in front of the receiver. The alternate currents cause this mirror to project its light-pencil to the right or left of zero, and these movements are translated into letters by the receiver, who dictates them to his assistant for transcription. The sensibility of this instrument is such that a cable from Ireland to Nova Scotia is commonly worked with a battery of the same intensity required to work an aerial circuit of twenty miles.

In his syphon recorder Sir W. Thomson has given us another beautiful adaptation of electric science. A coil of fine wire is suspended between the poles of a fixed magnet, and attached to the coil is one limb of a small glass syphon, the other end of which dips into a vessel containing ordinary ink. So long as no current arrives, the ink flows from the syphon in a stream, making a straight mark upon a paper tape which runs below; but if the coil be attracted to either side, we have a series of irregular, wavy lines, whose undulations correspond to the dots and dashes of the international code.

The properties of the electric current are so unique as to demand a peculiar system of measurement and nomenclature, by which we may accurately express their various magnitudes, functions, and relations. These standards are chiefly named from the illustrious philosophers who first formulated the laws upon which they depend.

*Electro-motive force* is the designation for the initial power of any source of electricity. It expresses for electricity what pressure in a boiler does for steam, and would express the strength of the current, if a circuit could be made having no resistance. The unit of E. M. F. is called the *volt*, after the Italian Volta.

*Resistance* is the opposition offered by a conductor to the passage of electricity. The unit of resistance is the *ohm*, after the German physicist Ohm.

*Current strength* denotes the effective power of the current after it has overcome the resistance of the conductor. The unit of current strength is called the *ampere*, after the French philosopher of that name.

Other standards, such as appertain more especially to the department of electric light, are of very recent denomination. Thus, we have units of capacity called *farads* after the English Faraday; of activity, called *watt*, after the English Watts; of work called *joule*, after the English Joule; of quantity called *coulomb*, after the French Coulomb; of magnetic field, called *gauss*, after the German Gauss; and the unit of force is designated *dyne*.

In addition to our system of telegraph, which alone would render it of surpassing value, electro-magnetism has been made subservient to many other extremely useful applications. It has been applied with entire success to the driving and regulating of clocks; so that one good clock may control any number of ordinary clocks, and they will keep time to a second with the governing clock. Its application to the fire-alarm system is a matter so familiar that we scarcely pause to remark it; and in the field of astronomy the application of electricity to the reception and recording of observations, particularly such as require simultaneous action between two or more observers, has given excellent results. It has also been pressed into the service of meteorology, with what success is known to those who daily receive a foreknowledge of the weather from American *Indications*, Canadian *Probabilities*, or British *Forecasts*.

In the observatory of Greenwich a number of electric batteries of different intensities are always kept in readiness, and by means of commutators may be applied to serve the needs of the moment. For instance, one of the batteries causes the motion of an astronomical clock; another records the passage of the stars by means of dots and a mechanism analogous to that of Morse. In other places it is used for ascertaining, by means of the *anemometer*, the direction, pressure, and velocity of the wind. A modification of the anemometer, known as the *anemograph*, supplies an automatic record of these observations, and is extremely useful when the vane and anemometer cannot be conveniently erected in a position accessible for visual observation. A simple contrivance of floats may also be used for the purpose of recording the rise and fall of rivers. Recently M. De La Croix has invented an electrical sounding lead. In this apparatus an ingenious system of contact point is so arranged in connection with two copper wires enclosed in the sounding line, that, at the exact moment when the lead touches the bottom, an alarm bell is rung.

Much more might be written upon this apparently inexhaustible subject; but it is now time to take our leave of this wonder-working magnetic stone, the immensity of whose future no man dare forecast, and which can only be feebly guessed at even by the fertile imagination of Jules Verne.

J. W. O'RYAN.

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CHILDREN going to and from school should be careful of their conduct. They should not be too noisy in their speech, collect in large numbers in front of houses where they may annoy the sick, or in front of stores, where they may interfere with people's business, or run recklessly along the sidewalks or on the streets. Sad accidents have happened from children running in play under the feet of horses, or under street cars and wagons. Boys should avoid throwing stones and snowballs, and especially should they avoid making ice slides along the public thoroughfares. Many people have lost their lives or have been injured for life from ice slides made in a moment of fun and pleasure.

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THE discoverer of Lake Huron was the Catholic monk, Joseph Le Caron, O. S. F.

# Irish Sisters of Charity.

On New Year's Eve, 1838, a small water-worn and weather-beaten ship entered Sydney Heads. The ship was the "Francis Spaight," and its handful of passengers included five Sisters of Charity, brave and holy women from Ireland—the land first to give sympathetic ear to "the exceeding bitter cry" that had gone forth from Australia, and first to send succor and comfort for the alleviation of pain and the softening of sorrow. The little band of Sisters of Charity from the Dublin convent, who had crossed the seas to devote their lives to the Australian mission, was composed of Sister Mary John Cahill (Superioress), Sister Mary Francis de Sales O'Brien, Sister Mary Lawrence Cator, Sister Mary Baptist de Lacy, and Sister Mary Xavier Williams. Of this little band of heroines only one survived to celebrate, on Dec. 31st, the golden jubilee of the Order in the colonies,—Mother Mary Xavier Williams, who is living in her honored age in Tasmania, the venerated head of one of the principal convents in the archdiocese of Hobart. The historic anniversary was kept in the old convent of St. Vincent, in Victoria street, the Australian Mother House of the Order. As a convent festival the celebration was unique. Amidst the showers of jubilee congratulations was a special loving message that had come all the way from England from the venerable Archbishop of Ullathorne, who, on the 11th of August, 1838, had taken charge of the little band before they set out for Australia, and who accompanied them not only as their pilot, but as their guide, philosopher, and friend, to Sydney, Dr. Ullathorne being then Vicar-General of Australia. The Rev. Mother Superior had so arranged that all the Sisters of Charity in the colony should be present at the jubilee, and on the bright morning of the festival of memories, one hundred and ten Sisters assembled in the convent chapel. The eight convents of the Order were fully represented. His Eminence, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney, celebrated the seven o'clock Mass, and, assisted by the Rev. Dr. O'Haran, gave Holy Communion to the whole community. At eleven o'clock there was Pontifical High Mass, at which His Eminence presided and preached. The Right Rev. Dr. Byrne, Bishop of Bathurst, was the Celebrant, the Revs. E. F. O'Connor and M. Glasheen, of the Cathedral, Deacon and Subdeacon respectively, and the Rev. John Byrne (Administrator of the Cathedral), Director of Ceremonies. The Cardinal-Archbishop in his address reviewed the successful labors of the Sisters of Charity from the time they were placed in charge of the Government Reformatory for Woman at Parramatta, fifty years ago, to their present position, with their beautiful convents, their flourishing schools, and their two admirably conducted hospitals. At four in the afternoon all the nuns gathered in the chapel again, and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given by the Cardinal-Archbishop. The singing both at the Mass and Benediction was remarkable for its sweetness. At the conclusion of Benediction a joyous Te Deum was sung by the united convent choirs.

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Epitaph for the Salisbury-Balfour Government: "Died of an overdose of Le Carrion and Pig-ot."

# The White Friars.

THE Irish Carmelite Fathers, of White-friar street, Dublin, have consented, at the earnest request of Cardinal Simeoni, through the Archbishop of New York, to extend their hitherto beneficial labors to a new field. The Archbishop of New York, Dr. Corrigan, has given the Carmelites a parish to conduct, which the Father Provincial of the Irish Province, the Rev. Father John Bartley, accompanied by Fathers Paul McDonnell, Edward Southwell, and John Baptista Daly, all of whom have been distinguished for their successful efforts to further education and religion at home, will take charge. The Carmelites of White-friar street are well known for their zealous missionary labors, not only in all parts of Ireland, but also in England and Scotland, and for their indefatigable work in colleges and schools in the cause of education. They are to be heartily congratulated on the new extension of their wide-spread Order. They are certain to achieve as much success in America as eight of their fathers met with who left for Australia eight years ago, and who now have flourishing missions founded in the dioceses of Adelaide and Melbourne. They are called calced to distinguish them from the discalced or barefooted Carmelites. The new parish, of which they take charge, extends from Twenty-fourth to Thirty-third street, and from the east side of Third avenue to the East river. A site for a church has been purchased, on the site of L. V. Conover & Co.'s iron foundry on Twenty-eighth and Twenty-nineth streets, comprising seven lots, for seventy thousand dollars. They will minister to the sick in Bellevue Hospital.

The Order of Carmelites was founded by a Crusader named Berthold, who, in the middle of the twelfth century, became a monk to carry out a vow which he had made that if victorious in battle he would embrace the religious life. He settled on Mount Carmel, in Palestine. The rule, in 1209, forbade possession of property, interdicted the use of meat altogether, recommended manual labor and silence, ordered that each hermit should live in a cell by himself, and imposed a strict fast from the Exaltation of the Cross—Sept. 14—to Easter, Sundays being excepted.

The Carmelites abandoned Carmel in 1238, and established themselves in Cyprus and elsewhere. Their first General in England was St. Simon Stock, who introduced the brown scapular so generally worn. When the Carmelites entered Europe they found it impossible to live any longer as hermits and they lived in common. The White Friar's habit, the brown robe with white cloak and scapular, is well known all over Europe, and streets in London and Dublin are named for them. St. Teresa of Spain was the founder of the Discalced or barefooted Carmelite nuns. The Carmelite nuns were first instituted in the fifteenth century by John Soreth, the General of the Carmelites. In 1880 the French Government seized all the convents of the Carmelites and turned the monks adrift. They are numerous to-day in Spain.

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THE first governor and chief justice of Maryland was Leonard Calvert, a Catholic.

# History of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

By Charles Warren Currier, C. SS. R.

PART I.

HAVING been requested to write a paper for the "American Catholic Historical Society" of Philadelphia, and my knowledge of unknown portions of the history of the Catholic Church in this country being limited, I decided on giving to the public a brief sketch of the history of the Redemptorist Church in Boston to which my superiors had just assigned me. The article in question was hastily composed, and my not having had the opportunity of revising the manuscript nor the "proof sheet" was the cause that several errors, both in matter and form, particularly in the spelling of names, were admitted. In the hope that a reproduction of the sketch will not be uninteresting to the friends of the "Mission Church," I am happy to present it in another form, and publish it in the well-known magazine of my venerable friend, Mr. Patrick Donahoe.

The Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help stands on an eminence in Roxbury, and can be seen at a distance of several miles from the surrounding country. Its cupola is easily distinguished from Mount Benedict in Charlestown, a place that has been rendered famous in the annals of American Catholic history.

Roxbury, the sixth town incorporated in Massachusetts, was settled as early as 1630, under the lead of William Pynchon, and, until 1793, formed a part of the county of Suffolk. Its name is derived from its rocky and uneven surface, of which the conglomerate or pudding-stone is one of the principal features, and was originally spelled Rocksbury or Rocksborough. It lay to the west of Boston, and was bounded on the north by Muddy River (now Brookline) and Newton, on the west by Dedham, and on the south by Dorchester. In 1868 it was united to the city of Boston.

"Roxbury," says Drake, "is a mother of towns, as many as fifteen prosperous New England communities, including the flourishing cities of Springfield and Worcester, having been founded or largely settled by her citizens. She can fairly claim to be the banner-town of the Revolutionary war, furnishing to it three companies of minute-men at Lexington, one of which was the first that was raised for the defence of American liberty, and having also given birth to three of the generals of the Revolutionary army. She played a prominent part in the siege of Boston, and was greatly injured both by friend and foe. No less than ten of the governors of Massachusetts have been natives or residents of Roxbury."

Among the old homesteads that stand on Roxbury's soil, as silent witnesses of the past, the one now occupied by the Redemptorist Fathers is of the most ancient. It was once one of the grandest houses in Roxbury. Its first owner was Col. Francis Brinley, who built it

about the year 1723. This gentleman was the son of Thomas Brinley and Mary Apthorp. He was born at London, whither his father had gone after leaving Boston. He received his education at Eton. His father having died in 1693, he came to Newport, R. I., in 1710, at the invitation of his grandfather, Francis Brinley, who made him his heir. In 1718 he married Deborah Lyde of Boston. The estate of eighty acres, upon which Col. Brinley built his house in Roxbury, was called Palsgrave Alcocks. He styled the mansion Datchet House, on account of its having been modelled after the family seat of the Brinleys, at Datchet, in Old England. Col. Brinley commanded the Roxbury regiment, and was deputy surveyor-general of the province. Beneath the house is to be seen to the present day, a wine cellar used by Col. Brinley. Tradition relates that in this cellar the colonel gave a sound thrashing to two negroes, Pompey, the servant of Mr. Whitney, and Sambo, his own man, for stealing his wine that cost him a guinea a bottle. Col. Francis Brinley died on Nov. 27, 1765, at the age of seventy-five. He lies buried, together with his wife, in Kings Chapel, of which he was one of the founders.

Rev. William Gordon, minister of the third church in Roxbury in 1772, and chaplain to the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, resided at Brinley Place until the parsonage at Jamaica Plain had been prepared for him. Rev. W. Gordon is the author of a work on the History of the Rise, Progress, and Establishment of the Independence of the United States of America. He died in England in 1807.

In 1773, Mr. Robert Pierpont, merchant, member of the Boston Committee of Correspondence and Commissary of Prisoners during the war of the Revolution, bought the Brinley House of Mr. Brinley's heirs.

A niece of Mr. Robert Pierpont, who, it appears, owned, conjointly with her uncle, "Pierpont Castle," as the old mansion is said to have been called, married Capt. Gustavus Fellows. On a visit to Europe, she was presented at the Court of St. James, where she was known as the beautiful American.

The old Brinley mansion was remarkable for the magnificence of its structure, and tradition speaks of an apartment in it, hung with blue damask, known as the blue chamber. A descendant of Capt. Fellows, Mrs. Emily Pierpont de Lesdernier, writes thus of it: —

"It was situated in the midst of a large domain of park and wooded hills, and presented a picture of grandeur and stateliness not common in the New World. There were colonnades, and a vestibule whose massive mahogany doors, studded with silver, opened into a wide hall, where tessellated floors sparkled under the light of a lofty dome of richly-painted glass. Underneath the dome two cherubs carved in wood extended their wings, and so formed the centre from which an immense chandelier of cut glass depended. Upon the floor beneath the dome there stood a marble column, and around it ran a divan formed of cushions covered with satin of Damascus of gorgeous coloring. Large mirrors, with ebony frames, filled the spaces between the grand staircases at either side of the hall of entrance. All the panelling and woodwork consisted of elaborate carving done abroad, and made to fit every part of the mansion where such ornamentation was required. Exquisite combinations of painted birds and fruits and flowers abounded everywhere, in rich contrast with the

delicate blue tint that prevailed upon the lofty walls. The state rooms were covered with Persian carpets, and hung with tapestries of gold and silver, arranged after some graceful artistic foreign fashion."

According to the Memorial History of Boston, the preceding description is rather extravagant. The writer, however, claims for her book, whence we made the extract, the merit of truth. She adds that "traditions of the princely grandeur of the ancient home have often been recalled at family reunions." Views of the place in Lossing's Field-Book of the War of 1812, and in Drake's Town of Roxbury, hardly represent this magnificence.

At the beginning of the Revolution, Mr. Robert Pierpont was chosen lieutenant of a Roxbury company. In June, 1775, a division of the American Army was stationed at Roxbury, under command of Gen. Thomas. It consisted of the regiments of Thomas, Learned, Fellows, Cotton, Walker, Read, Danielson, Brewer, and Robinson, of Massachusetts; and Spencer, Parson, and Huntingdon, of Connecticut. On the 17th of June, 1775, the famous battle of Bunker Hill was fought. On the 3d of July following, Gen. Washington took command of the American Army. It is said that about this time he was present at an entertainment at Mr. Pierpont's house in Roxbury. The large dancing-hall in the centre of the building was forty-four feet in length and seventy-two in depth, and occupied the entire space between the two wings. During the siege of Boston, the soldiers were quartered in the houses of the citizens. Gen. Artemus Ward, who succeeded Gen. Thomas in the command of the right wing of the American Army, stationed at Roxbury, after the arrival of Washington, had his headquarters at Pierpont's house. To the right of the large hall was the reception-room, in which the councils of officers at which Washington presided were held. Here the details of the occupation of Dorchester Heights were arranged. Rev. Dr. Belknap visited Gen. Ward in this house Oct. 10, 1775. He writes of Ward that he "appears to be a calm, cool, thoughtful man." On the 17th of November of the same year, Gen. Washington wrote to Ward, directing him to be present, together with Gens. Thomas and Spencer and Col. Putnam, at the headquarters at the Pierpont House, to consult with him, Washington, on the erection of certain batteries. On March 13, 1776, it was determined, at a council of war held at Gen. Ward's headquarters, that, if Boston were not evacuated the next day, Nook's Hill, in South Boston, should be fortified the night after. This was done on the following Saturday night, and on Sunday the British left the town.

Some years after the Revolutionary War, the Brinley House again changed masters. It passed into the hands of Gen. Henry Dearborn in 1809. Gen. Dearborn had been a physician in New Hampshire previous to the Revolution, when he joined the army. He was at the battle of Bunker Hill. From 1801 to 1807 he served as secretary of war under Jefferson, and in 1809 became collector of the port of Boston. In the war of 1812 he was general-in-chief on the Canadian frontier. In 1813 he married Sarah Bowdoin.

In the summer of 1821, Gen. Dearborn received a visit from the cadets of West Point. They were two hundred and fifty in number, and encamped on the hill opposite the general's residence. A day or two after they arrived, they partook of a sumptuous repast in the garden in the rear of the Dearborn mansion.

From 1822–24, Gen. Dearborn was minister to Portugal. He died June 6, 1829, and was buried in front of where the church now stands. His body was afterwards removed. His son, Gen. H. A. S. Dearborn, born in 1783, continued to live in the old mansion until his removal to Hawthorne Cottage, on Bartlett street. He died in 1851.

After the events of Aug. 11, 1834, when the convent of the Ursulines in Charlestown had been burnt down by a fanatical mob, thus attaching a stain to the history of Massachusetts that time cannot efface, the persecuted sisters took refuge in the Brinley House at Roxbury, and remained there for about a year. They had previously been the guests of the Sisters of Charity in Boston. Even here they were not left in peace. There was not a little excitement among the better class of citizens in Roxbury, who organized a volunteer patrol to protect them. Messrs. John J. Clarke, Ebenezer Seaver, and others, distinguished themselves by their efforts to defend the Sisters. Capt. Spooner's company guarded the premises. A certain Gen. Bradley, it is said, also patrolled the grounds with his gun in his hand, ready to protect the Ursulines. The danger, however, that threatened them was averted. A young consumptive sister, St. Mary, expired in this house eleven days after their arrival.

Subsequently the old Brinley homestead became the property of Mr. Samuel S. Lewis, who was then agent of the Cunard steamers. The commanders of the steamers, mostly officers of the English navy, and many of the passengers were frequently guests of the house. Among others, the celebrated Charles Dickens, on his first visit to this country, was entertained at Mr. Lewis's house. In 1860 the dwelling was occupied as a summer boarding-house by Mrs. Sheppard.*

At a later period Mr. Bumstead became owner of the property. It was during his time that the sub-cellar, hewn in the rock, that had not been known since the days of Col. Brinley, was accidentally discovered. It still contained several empty casks.

Mr. Bumstead's daughter having married Mr. Wells of New York the old house passed into the latter's hands. For sometime it formed a pleasure resort, and, with the adjoining grounds, was known as the "Franklin Gardens." In 1869 the old Brinley house came into the hands of its present occupants. Right Rev. Jas. A. Healy, of Portland, then pastor of St. James Church, in this city, was the chief means of bringing the Redemptorists to Boston. The mission given in his church in May, 1869, was attended with such great success, that he proposed to Rev. W. Wayrich, C. SS. R., superior of the mission, to select a place in the city for a mission church. The Most Rev. Archbishop Williams having approved of the idea, Father Wayrich entered upon the work with great zeal.

* Lossing's Field-Book of the War of 1812.

Negotiations having been begun, Rev. Jos. Helmpraecht, the Provincial of the Redemptorists, purchased the Brinley house, on Sept. 25, 1869, and said Mass in it on Christmas Day of the same year. It was the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination.

In the year 1871, the Redemptorist Fathers first took up their abode in the old Brinley mansion, that had now reached the last stage of its existence. Rev. Adam Kreis arrived on Jan. 14, of that year. He had a few days before been preceded by Brothers Denis and Seraphicus, and was soon followed by Fathers William O'Connor, Joseph Wissel, Timothy Enright, Louis Cook, Frank Müller and Brother Christopher. The first superior of the house was Father Wissel. Meanwhile a wooden church, forming a rectangle with the house, had been built on the east side of it, and was blessed by Rev. Joseph Wissel, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under the title of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, whose ancient and miraculous image had a few years before been crowned at Rome in the Church of the Redemptorists, dedicated to St. Alphonsus. The church, not including the space occupied by the altar, was one hundred feet long and forty-eight feet wide.

Two months after the event just mentioned, a new member was added to the community in the person of Rev. William Gross, now Archbishop of Oregon City. On May 28th, of the same year, the Feast of Pentecost, the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor was solemnly enthroned over the high altar, after having been carried in procession from the house to the church amidst an immense concourse of people. Father Wissel preached the sermon on the occasion. About this time Our Lady began the uninterrupted chain of extraordinary favors that have continued to the present day.

Of the many marvellous cures that have been wrought, we will relate that of Louisa Julia Kohler. It took place on May 29th, 1871. This child had been ill from her birth, and was much troubled by a shortness of breath, that somewhat resembled asthma. When she was a year and a half old the disease settled in her ankle. The member having been operated upon, and pieces of bones extracted, the opening thus occasioned seemed to relieve the shortness of breath, but otherwise her sufferings were very severe. During the triduum celebrated in the church, in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Mrs. Kohler began a novena to obtain the cure of her child. On the evening of the first day of the novena, she heard Father O'Connor relate that a soldier had performed his devotions during a novena prostrate on the ground. This made an impression on her, and she proposed to her family to imitate this act of piety. Accordingly on the second morning they said the prayers at home, all lying prostrate. What was their astonishment when little Louisa was seen doing the same! After the prayers, the child arose, stood erect, although she had not been able to stand before, and cried out: "Mamma, mamma!" She pushed her mother away, who ran to take her up, sat on the floor again and laughed. The night after this occurrence, she suffered more than ever, and appeared to be dying. In the morning her

mother having removed the bandages, and wanting to look at the wound, the little one tossed away the poultice that had been prepared, escaped from her mother, and began to run around the table. This she continued to do for a considerable time. When the wound was examined, it was found to be perfectly healed. The projecting bone had disappeared, and nothing remained of the ailment save the scars that exist to the present day, as they were on the morning of the cure. When Louisa Kohler, a short time after, visited the church with her mother, who knelt in prayer before a statue of the *Mater Dolorosa*, the little one, looking at the image of Our Lord lying dead on his Mother's knee, exclaimed: "Face like papa, foot like mine." And indeed the mark of the wound on Our Lord's foot very much resembled the scar on her own. Louisa Kohler is now a young lady of nineteen, and has ever enjoyed good health since the day on which she received it through the intervention of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

A few months after the miraculous event we have just related, a change took place in the community. On the 11th of July, Rev. W. Gross succeeded Father Wissel as superior of the house. In the same month a triduum was celebrated in honor of St. Alphonsus, who in that year had been proclaimed Doctor of the Church.

In January, 1872, a mission was given in the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and in the following month the Arch-Confraternity of the Holy Family was established. The following year, on June 1, the same confraternity was instituted for women.

In 1873, Rev. William Gross having been appointed Bishop of Savannah, Ga., Rev. Leopold Petsch succeeded him as superior of the community.

The Feast of Corpus Christi was this year celebrated with extraordinary splendor. The Blessed Sacrament was carried in procession through the garden, and it is supposed that about eight thousand persons were present.

On the 22d of October, nearly a month after the community had begun to occupy the additional building that had been added to the old mansion, the relics of the martyr St. Nazarius arrived.

On Dec. 28, the body of the holy martyr was placed under the high altar. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Fulton, S.J., in presence of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

The church had now become a centre of attraction for the entire city of Boston. Pious adorers were to be seen in it at all hours of the day, and the confessionals were thronged. The community had also increased. It consisted of Fathers Leopold Petsch, Joseph Wissel, Augustine Freitag, Francis X. Schnuttgen, Timothy Enright, Henry Kuper, Matthew Bohn, William O'Connor, F. Lamy, Laurence Werner, and six brothers.

On June 8, 1875, the first stone was laid for the new church, that was indeed to be a church built upon a rock, for the foundation was laid upon the solid conglomerate. The corner-stone was solemnly blessed and laid by His Grace Archbishop Williams, on May 28 of the year following. Right Rev. Bishop Healy, of Portland, Me.,

preached a beautiful sermon on the occasion. This day was one never to be forgotten by those who then formed the community. The festivities were at an end, and the numerous guests belonging both to the secular and regular clergy had departed. The shades of nightfall were welcomed by the occupants of the house, exhausted by the fatigues of the day. All, with few exceptions, had retired to rest, when suddenly, at half-past eleven o'clock, the terrible cry of fire broke upon the air. The irregular tolling of the community bell and the smothering smoke aroused the members of the community from their first sleep. The house was on fire, and the flames were already darting from the library and adjoining staircases. After some time, the little church bell announced the appalling tidings to those living in the vicinity. The Blessed Sacrament and the sacred vessels were safely brought to a neighbor's house. The firemen having arrived on the spot, the Catholics worked more to save the church than if their own property had been in danger. Crowds of those who could not work knelt in the garden, on the opposite side of the street, and on the rocks across the way, and prayed aloud: "O God, save the little church. Blessed Mother of Perpetual Help, save the Fathers." Others recited the Rosary together. How the fire originated no one could tell. It raged until half-past two in the morning. The church was saved from its wild fury, but two-thirds of the house fell a victim to it.

At seven o'clock in the morning, one of the Jesuit Fathers was at the church, inviting the community to take up their abode with them for as long a time as they should wish.

Fathers McInerney, Bausch, Loewekamp, and Rebhan became the guests of the hospitable Jesuit Fathers for five days, while the rest of the community lodged for a time in the remaining part of the building and in the church. The sympathy and charity of the people was very great. The Fathers were particularly rejoiced to remark the devoted affection of the poor.

When the confusion occasioned by the calamity had subsided, the Fathers began to turn their attention to the necessary repairs. Part of the old house that had been left standing was cut away, the church was moved to the spot where the burnt building had stood, and some additions were made to the house.

When the new year opened, the community consisted of Father Petsch, the rector, and Fathers Freitag, Kuper, Oates, Miller, Stuhl, McInerney, Bausch, Rebhan, Sigl, and seven brothers. On the 26th of July Rev. William Loewekamp became rector of the community.*

On April 7, 1878, the new church having been completed was solemnly blessed by Most Rev. J. J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston. His Excellency, Governor Rice, a great number of distinguished clergymen, and nearly twenty-five hundred people were present. Rev. Father Fitton, of East Boston, preached on the occasion. The evening sermon was delivered by Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J.

Conclusion in next Magazine.

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IDLENESS is the source of every bad thought; one must therefore work and apply himself courageously to serious occupation.—*St. Francis.*

* Father Loewekamp is now Provincial of the Redemptorists at St. Louis.

From the German.

# The Kings of the East.

I.

THE Spirit on the Kings descended,
Down rushing in a fiery flood ;
Arrayed in priestly garments splendid,
They lift aloft the Precious Blood,
A chalice in of golden lustre,
And high the Saving Host uprear ;
The brethren round the Altar cluster
The Eucharistic Feast to share.

II.

And now the Kings' gifts consecrated
Dispensing are as once before,
When in the star-irradiated
Cave they their Saviour did adore ;
But here the Saviour is the Giver,
His gift, the fulness of all grace,
From death eternal can deliver,
The damning stain of sin efface.

III.

With bliss divine their hearts are beating
Who in this loving mystery believe,
As each from each, with kiss of greeting,
The Kings the heavenly food receive.
How kindles now their vision darkling,
How thrills their soul with fervid love,
As o'er their faded features sparkling
A beam shines on them from above !

IV.

Thro' the church windows how it gushes,
Flooding the consecrated halls !
The floor with rosy light it flushes,
Crimsons with sanguine dyes the walls ;
The faces of the Kings are glowing
In light of youthful beauty proud ;
Whence courses this dazzling radiance flowing ?
It is the STAR breaks thro' a cloud.

V.

The Kings look up, a solemn, holy,
Rapturous joy their eyes expressed;
Their snow-white heads fall slowly, slowly,
As if to sleep upon their breasts.
Their limbs relax and then sink listless,
No more of earth a part they are,
Their souls sweep upward on resistless
Pinions to mingle with the Star.

IV.

Long while that starry splendor glances,
Quivering nigh th' horizon's verge,
Upon their pallid countenances:
Hark to the wailing choral dirge,
From all within that temple kneeling,
Which riseth now with saddest moan:
The dead Kings' praises forth are pealing
The Angel standing by God's Throne.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

The End.

# The Albigenses.

THE writers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries gave the name of Albigenses to the inhabitants of Lower Languedoc, and hence this designation accrued to the heretics, who, at that period, appeared in that part of France. Many of these sectarians were originally Catharist Waldenses, and hence we find, among other names of the Albigenses, that of Cathari applied to them. The basis of their doctrine was Manicheism, but variously modified by the different vagaries of the many heretical leaders, such as Peter of Bruis, Arnold of Brescia, etc. Hence we meet with the terms Petrobruisians, Arnoldists, Henricians, etc., as well as the designations Patarini, Passagers, Publicans, derived from their morals and customs.* The Albigenses were a confused agglomeration of heretics, most of them too ignorant to give an account of what they really believed, only agreeing in rejecting the Sacraments and external services of the hurch, and in a violent hatred of the hierarchy. Hence, we often find that the olden writers are not always concordant in their descriptions of the Albigensian errors, though they sufficiently agree to enable us to understand the general system. Among the contemporary authors who combated these errors, the principal are Peter of Vaux-Cernay, a Parisian Cistercian, who, with his uncle, the abbot Guy, labored many years in this cause, and was present at the final Crusade; Vincent of Beauvais; and William of Puylaurens, chaplain to the younger Raymond of Toulouse.

The errors of the Albigenses may be summarized as follows: There are two Creators — the good God, author of the invisible, and the evil God, author of the visible, world. The latter was the author of the Old Testament, and was a liar, for, say the Albigenses, he told our first parents that they would die if they ate the forbidden fruit; the former was the author of the New Testament, and his part of Scripture alone, together with such passages of the other as are quoted in it, the Albigenses respected. The good God cures souls, the evil one, bodies. All the patriarchs and prophets are damned. The Baptist was one of the greater demons. The Christ who was born in Bethlehem was a wicked man, and the Magdalen was his concubine; the good Christ, who was born and crucified in an invisible world, was never on this earth, unless spiritually in the body of St. Paul. The good God had two wives, Colla and Colliba, and from them many children. The Roman Church is a den of thieves, and the whore of the Apocalypse. The Sacraments are Roman frauds. Matrimony is whoredom, and all who beget children will be damned. Our souls are the apostate angels, and after many transmigrations they will return to their first bodies, which, after their rebellion, remained glorified in space; for this present body there is no resurrection. There were two orders of Albigenses, the perfect and the believers; the former appar-

* They were styled *Pifres* and *Patrins*, because, as a rule, they were unrefined; *Publicains*, because they were supposed to hold their women in common; *Passagers*, because they were energetic proselytizers; *Cathari*, *Bons Hommes*, because they affected to be *pure*, above all others.

ently led an austere life, the latter were often of irregular morals, and believed that they would be saved by the faith and the imposition of hands of the perfect. The morals of the Albigenses are thus depicted by Luke of Tuy, a Spanish convert: "Nulla est nociva delectatio, quam non pertranseat eorum luxuria; abutitur filius matre, frater fratre, pater filia." Cæsarius of Heisterbach says that at the siege of Béziers, they flung the Bible from the ramparts, "mingentes super eam." * The above account of the Albigensian doctrines and morals is derived from Peter of Vaux-Cernay in his History, dedicated to Pope Innocent III.; and from the Profession of Faith signed by Bernard Primus, Durand of Osca, and numerous other converts, who were convinced of their errors by Guy of Vaux-Cernay in 1210, at the Conference of Pamiers.†

Of the few princes who favored the Albigenses, the most powerful was Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse. During the reign of his father, who was nearly always at war, heresy had prospered in the large and wealthy principality, although Raymond V. was himself a devout Catholic. The young Raymond, owing to his father's almost continual absence from home, had passed most of his time with heretics, and had imbibed their errors. When, in 1194, his father died, he extended open protection to them, and gave a large reward to every knight who would embrace their doctrine. So violent did the Albigenses become, during the first years of his rule, that no bishop dared to make a visitation unescorted by the lord of the parish. His violence against the monks caused Celestine III. to ex-communicate him; but he was absolved by Innocent III. The most active ally of Raymond of Toulouse was Raymond Roger, Count of Foix, and no Albigensian was a more cruel enemy of the Church. The other great protectors of heresy were Raymond Roger de Béziers, Lord of Carcassonne; Gaston, Viscount of Bearn; Bernard, Count of Comminges, and Gerold, Count of Armagnac. The cause of heresy was greatly furthered by the negligence of Berengarius, Archbishop of Narbonne, who constantly resided in his rich abbey of Mt. Aragon, and for ten years had not visited his diocese, disregarding the threats of the Holy See. He was a gross simoniac; his clergy lived frequently in concubinage, were addicted to gambling, and many became lawyers, physicians, and even jugglers.‡ After many attempts to recall Berengarius to a sense of duty, Innocent III. deposed him. In speaking of the progress of heresy in the South of France, Hurter ascribes it partly, "among the great, to their free and luxurious life, which passed along in joy, love, tournaments, and play. The troubadours, who found

* One heretic went to the high altar of the cathedral of Toulouse, and "ventrem purgavit," and, "palla altaris immunditias detersit." Others, "scorto super altare collocato, Veneri indulsarunt." One of the most insulting epithets in the English language, indicative of a vice to which these heretics were addicted, is derived from *Bulgari*, one of their designations, from which came the French terms *Bougres and Bougheria*, and the analogous English words.

† This conference was held with the Albigensian leaders by the holy Spanish Bishop, Diego of Osma, who, with St. Dominick, had been preaching the faith in all the heretical districts. Roger, the Count of Foix, presided, and Master Arnold, of Campranhan, a priest favorable to the Albigenses, was made arbiter. The result was the submission of Arnold, and the conversion of many others.

‡ Epistles of Innocent III., X. 68; III., 24; VI., 242; VII., 75.—Sismondi declares that the scandalous lives of some prelates favored the growth of heresy, and, nevertheless, he charges the missionaries with "arrogance" in trying to reform them.

welcome at every Proven al court, who wandered from castle to castle, who launched their railleries on holy and profane things in promiscuous assemblies of men and women, not sparing bishops and priests, monks and nuns, excited and sustained, at first, an indifference, and, finally, an aversion for the ministers of the Church. In the cities, the middle classes welcomed doctrines which flattered their ideas, and that desire of enjoyment permitted them by their wealth." In 1203, the legates of Pope Innocent III. obtained the expulsion of the Albigenses from Toulouse, and received from the principal citizens an oath of fidelity to the Church; but the resistance of the surrounding cities nullified these measures; and, in 1204, the legate, Arnold, wrote to the Pontiff: "I dare not hope for success, for the bishops do not aid us; therefore, I ask to be relieved of my mission." The other legates, however, hearkened to the exhortations of Innocent, and marched through the land, exhorting, reprimanding, and disputing; but they succeeded so badly, and met so much danger, that they, also, were about to ask for a recall, when Diego de Osma and Dominick de Guzman met them at Montpellier, and revived their courage. These penetrating minds had realized that nothing but simplicity would affect a people whose favorite excuse was the ostentation of the clergy. Taking off their shoes, and dismissing their retinues, Diego, Dominick, and the legate, Arnold,* entered upon their apostolic mission, obtaining much success, and gaining the affection even of those they did not convert. At Montreal they were joined by the Cistercians, Guy, and Peter of Vaux-Cernay, with thirty members of their Order. The missionaries now divided into small bands, and resumed their task, making their journeys always on foot, and living entirely upon alms. In a short time, many of them became disheartened, and Diego de Osma was summoned to Spain; but Dominick de Guzman, the future founder of the Preaching Friars, persisted in his mission, obtained new co-laborers, and continued the work.† What would have been the result, had not the murder of the legate, Peter de Castelnau, precipitated severe measures against the Albigenses and their protectors, cannot be told. A long and cruel war ensued; but, as we are not bound to defend its excesses, and do not intend to write a panegyric on Simon de Montfort, or to justify his overweening ambition, we refer the reader to profane history for its details.‡

But there is one alleged incident of this war which we cannot overlook. Velly, d'Anquetil, Sismondi, Michelet, Henri Martin, and nearly every encyclopædist, record a presumed act of barbarity, on

*The other legate, Peter de Castelnau, being especially obnoxious to the Albigenses, was advised by Diego to withdraw. He did so, and, in 1207, he reconciled the people of Montpellier with the King of Aragon, and restored peace between the nobles of the two sides of the Rhone. Failing in an endeavor to persuade the Count of Toulouse to repress the heretics, the legate excommunicated him. Raymond submitted, again prevaricated, and was again excommunicated. The next morning, Jan. 15, 1208, having celebrated Mass, Peter was attacked by two unknown men, and killed by a thrust of a lance. The martyr's body was buried in the abbey of St. Giles, and, in 1562, the "Reformers" burned his remains.

†During this mission, St. Dominick gained the esteem of many of the poorer nobles, and they entrusted to him the care of their daughters. For these he founded an establishment near the church of Prouille, assigning them a common rule, at first that of St. Augustine. Very soon this convent could boast of having been the cradle of the great Dominican Order.

‡Cantu, Universal History. Papire Masson, Annals. Blanc, French Revolution, Vol. I., p. 16; Vol. V., p. 369; Vol. VI., 254; edit. 1847. Nicolas, Relations of Socialism with Protestantism, 1852.

the part of a Papal legate, which has no good historical foundation. Even Guizot, in full session of the French Academy, on Jan. 24, 1861, in his Reply to F. Lacordaire's Inaugural Discourse, did not hesitate to tell the illustrious Dominican: "Six hundred years ago, Monsieur, if my colleagues of to-day met you, they would have angrily assailed you as a hateful persecutor; and your brethren, zealously exciting the conquerors of heretics, would have cried: 'Strike! God will distinguish His own!'" The event here designated is supposed to have happened at the storming of Béziers in 1209. Now the contemporary narratives of this action are five, — one by Arnold, abbot of Citeaux, and Milo, a Papal secretary, — both legates of the Holy See to the Crusaders; a second, by Peter of Vaux-Cernay; a third, by an unknown chronicler, styled the anonymous Provençal; a fourth by William of Puylaurens; and a fifth by Cæsarius, a monk of Heisterbach, in the diocese of Cologne. The last author alone says anything of the alleged incident, and in these words: "The Crusaders arrived before a large city called Béziers, which was said to contain more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, and they besieged it. Before the eyes of the Crusaders, the heretics urinated on a volume of the holy Gospel, and threw it from the ramparts into the Christian ranks, saying: 'Wretches, behold your law!' But Christ, Author of the Gospels, did not pass unpunished this outrage against Himself. For some of the soldiers, burning with zeal for the faith, and, like lions, similar to those warriors of whom we read in II. Machabees xi. 11, intrepidly scaled the walls, and forcing the gates, took the city, putting the terrified heretics to flight. But having learned from the heretics that many Catholics were in their ranks, the soldiers addressed the abbot, saying: 'What are we to do? We cannot distinguish the good from the wicked.' Then, *it is said*, the abbot and others, fearing lest their danger might prompt the heretics to feign that they were Catholics, and that, after having saved their lives, they would return to their errors, cried: 'Strike; the Lord will know His own!' And, therefore, innumerable persons were put to death in this city." Thus speaks indeed, Cæsarius of Heisterbach, a monk who was six hundred miles from the scene of action, and who, at any rate, merely reports, "It is said." But the legates Arnold and Milo, Peter of Vaux-Cernay, the anonymous Provençal, and William of Puylaurens, all either participants in the action or witnesses of it, make not the slightest allusion to the sanguinary order. Nor is the authority of Cæsarius so great, or the restraining motives of the others so evident, that the negative evidence of these latter should yield to the positive testimony of the former. The four narratives which are silent as to the alleged command were written by persons who show that they were, by no means, men of moderation; that they advocated the utmost severity against heretics; that they would willingly record an instance of what, though we now call it cruelty, would have been regarded, at that time, as a matter of course by both parties in the contest.* But it is easy to

*Thus Arnold coolly says: "The city of Bézier was stormed, and our troops put to the sword nearly twenty thousand persons, sparing neither rank, nor sex, nor age." Modern authors increase this number to one hundred thousand, and cite Cæsarius as authority. Now this monk merely says

show that the dialogue between the legate Arnold and the soldiers, given by Cæsarius, did not take place. According to the four witnesses above mentioned, and all the old French chroniclers, the following were the circumstances of the taking of Béziers. Some of the besieged made a sortie, which the Ribalds, as a certain kind of troops were called, rushed to repel with such impetuosity that they entered the city behind their foes. This attack by the Ribalds, says Peter of Vaux-Cernay, "was made without the knowledge of the gentlemen of the army, and the city was taken immediately." William de Puylaurens says that the "first attack of the common soldiers was irresistible." The legate Arnold says that while he was consulting with the other leaders as to how they might save the Catholics supposed to be in the town, "the Ribalds, and other common soldiers, stormed it without orders." And the anonymous Provençal attributes the carnage to the *Truands*, and says that the crusading commanders had nothing to do with it. It is evident, then, that the supposed impressive dialogue did not cause the slaughter.*

Protestant polemics have always found plenty of material in the Crusade proclaimed by Innocent III. against the Albigenses for the charge of intolerance and cruelty against the Church; and were the present a question as to whether heretics ought to be converted or punished by fire and sword, we would ask to be excused from arguing it. But, besides being heretics, the Albigenses were so much the enemies of public order, that the very existence of society was endangered by them. They taught that marriage was a crime; and what government, even in the nineteenth century, would like to see that doctrine carried into practice by its subjects? They taught that all the pastors of the Church were devouring wolves, and that they should be exterminated; nor was their talk mere mouthing, idle declamation,—wherever they were able, they reduced it to action. They taught that all the ceremonies of the Church, all her external symbols, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass,—all things, in fine, which presented her as a visible mediator between God and man, were detestable abuses, crying evils and impostures, which were to be banished from the face of the earth. Were the faithful to quietly bow their heads before the extirpation of all they held most dear? Were the Albigenses to be exempted from tolerating the belief of Christendom, and Christians to be forced to acquiesce in their own destruction? Robbery, outrage,

that Béziers "*was said* to have had one hundred thousand inhabitants before the siege, and he does not say that all were destroyed, but that innumerable persons were put to death." But it is very improbable that Béziers was so densely populated. In his History of the City and Bishops of Béziers (1854), Sabatier says: "If it is true, as I believe, that Bézier has not varied in extent, the estimate of twelve thousand or fifteen thousand will be the most probable one. And all the inhabitants were not killed; certainly many departed before the siege, and many may have escaped before the assault. The city was not entirely destroyed, for in 1210 Simon de Montfort gave a house in Béziers to the abbey of Citeaux. And in our day we observe several mansions, the architectural style of which indicates a date anterior to the thirteenth century." How could one hundred thousand have dwelt in a space destined for fifteen thousand or less? Barthélemy (Erreurs, series III.) cites a topographical disquisition in the Bulletin of the Archæological Society of Béziers, which indicates that the number of victims in the celebrated assault was less than eight thousand. And of these, how many must have fallen in fair battle!

* The narratives of Cæsarius are regarded as grotesquely improbable by Possevin, Vossius, Dupin, and Fleury. In our own day, Daunou, Hurter, and Abzog hold the same opinion. Daunou, an eminent critic, in his Literary History of France, Vol. XVII., gives a biography of Arnold, and declares that he cannot accept the account by Cæsarius concerning the part played by the legate at Béziers. It is noteworthy that Daunou is very hostile to the Middle Ages.

and murder, under the cloak of religion, were devastating society; what, but the strong hand of power, could remedy the evil? When a riot breaks out among us, do we shut up our police and military, and send a few preachers to talk to the mob? Again, we must remember that the Church did not recommend force, until every other means had been exhausted, and then, in the Third Council of the Lateran (Canon 27), war was declared on "the Basques, Cotterels (knifers), and Triaverdins, who respected neither churches nor monasteries; who spared neither women, nor old age, nor orphans; who pillaged and desolated everywhere." A regular Crusade was finally proclaimed by Innocent III., and the alacrity with which it was prosecuted is a strong argument for its necessity and justice, unless we suppose that the chivalry of France were either fools or villainous ruffians. But the civil wickedness and self-outlawry of the Albigenses is proved by the public confession of the Count of Toulouse, made to the legate in 1209; and by the testimony of contemporary historians, who were ocular witnesses of the horrors they narrate. And, in the matter of fanatical cruelty, what must have been the rank and file of the Albigenses, when the royal Count of Toulouse caused his own brother to be strangled, because he had returned to the faith?* The excesses committed by some of the Crusaders of Simon de Montfort are not to be excused; but it is certain that Pope Innocent was far from favoring them; he would have punished them, could his voice have been heard. Such is the verdict of the impartial Du Theil,† who says that, during his entire Pontificate, "Innocent appears to have been ever on his guard against any suggestions of worldly interest to mingle injustice with the work of the faith, especially after the ambition of Simon de Montfort had been the cause of so cruel a prolongation of the war. . . . Not only the letters of the Pontiff, but history and the original acts, show that Innocent did not consent to a legitimatization of Montfort's conquests until the very last moment, and then he was deceived. . . . Whenever Raymond could make his own voice heard, or cause his justification to reach the ears of the Pontiff, his complaints were heeded, and Innocent begged the leaders, both lay and ecclesiastical, of the Crusade, to temper their fiery zeal for religion with the regards due to humanity. Vain exhortations! He could not moderate so strong an impulse."

Mosheim tells us that the heretics of the thirteenth century all agreed that Catholicism was a mass of superstition, and the rule of the Popes a mere usurpation and a tyranny. Nor, he asserts, did they remain satisfied with the expression of these views; they "refuted superstition and imposture by arguments taken from Scripture, and

* Baldwin, brother of Raymond, had been reconciled with the Church, and, afterward, he fought under the standard of Montfort. Betrayed into the hands of Raymond by the lord de l'Olme, he was consigned to the Count of Foix for execution; and that nobleman, aided by some of his knights, hung the unfortunate to a tree with his own hands.—PETER OF VAUX-CERNAY, c. 75.

† In 1791, M. de la Porte du Theil published a Collection of Charts, Acts, and Diplomas relating to the History of France, and in it he gave to the world many hitherto unedited letters of Pope Innocent III. Incited by his studies, he then issued, in "the ninth year of the One and Indivisible French Republic," the results of his investigations into the reign of Innocent. They were inserted in the Notices and Extracts from the MSS. of the National and other libraries, vol. VI., and bore the title: Biographical Memoir on Robert de Courcon, with Extracts from, and an Analysis of, Ten Letters of Pope Innocent III.

they declaimed against the vices and power of the clergy with a zeal very pleasing to princes and magistrates, who were sick of the pretensions of churchmen." That the weavers and laborers of Languedoc and Provençe, and their cut-throat friends of Navarre and Aragon, were not very subtle doctors of theology, or very accurate expositors of Scripture, the reader may perceive by a glance at their doctrines. Like the more modern Huguenots, their theological arguments were generally empty declamations, foul insults, indecent railleries, and reasonings by the strong hand; their use of a "free and open Bible" caused them to rival, in absurdity, iniquity, and blasphemous impurity, their spiritual ancestors, the Manicheans of St. Augustine's acquaintance. As for Mosheim's remark about the disgust felt by the civil powers at the usurpations of churchmen, it is refuted by the prompt zeal shown by those powers in repressing the Albigenses at the command of the churchmen. Basnage, and some Protestants of our day, desire to establish for themselves a spiritual descent from the Albigenses; but they forget that these gentry, without bidding farewell to their own theories, could not have subscribed to any Lutheran, Calvinist, or Anglican Profession of Faith. And is there one Protestant sect ready to avowedly accept the absurdities and blasphemies of the Albigenses?

REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

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## Effect of Imagination.

DURING the siege of Breda, in the Netherlands, in 1625, the garrison was dreadfully afflicted with scurvy. So useless was the medical aid afforded to the soldiers, and so desperate were they in consequence, that they resolved to give up the city to the enemy. This resolution came to the ears of the Prince of Orange. He immediately wrote addresses to the men, assuring them that he possessed remedies that were unknown to physicians, and that he would undertake their cure, provided they continued in the discharge of their duty. Together with these addresses he sent to the physicians small vials of colored water, which, the patients were assured, were of immense price and unspeakable virtue. Many who declared that all former remedies had only made them worse, now recovered in a few days. A long and interesting account of the wonderful working of this purely imaginary antidote, was drawn up by M. Vander Mye, one of the physicians in the garrison whose office was successfully usurped by the Prince of Orange. A corroborative proof of the well-known power of imagination in affecting disease is afforded in the following Arabian fable: "One day a traveller met the plague going to Cairo, and accosted it thus: "For what purpose are you entering Cairo?"—"To kill three thousand people," rejoined the plague. Some time after the traveller met the plague on his return, and said, "But you killed thirty thousand!"—"Nay," replied the plague, "I killed but three thousand; the rest died of fright."

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THE Ohio river was first discovered by De la Salle, a Catholic.

# Memoir of Charles Russell, Q. C., M. P.

THE man whose name, after the Irish leader's, is now upon every one's lips, is Sir Charles Russell, Q. C., M. P. Long known as an able, sound, and experienced advocate, his wonderfully brilliant address before the Times Judicial Commission, in defence of the Irish Party, bristling with forcible argument, pregnant with stern facts, framed in a purity of diction, enhanced by the display of rare oratorical and forensic powers, has brought him before the civilized world as a man of extraordinary ability and erudition, while the fervency of his advocacy in their cause, his telling recital of the wrongs that have beset and oppressed the Irish people, his great grasp of historical lore, utilized, with trenchant strength, in clearly indicating the root of evil in Ireland, have endeared him, an Irishman himself, not alone to his compatriots at home and in exile, but to every person in the civilized community who will recognize and appreciate a great man fighting a great and just cause.

That he has laid bare before the world the direct causes of Irish discontent; that, with skilful hand, he has dissected and destroyed the fabric of foul charges levelled against the Irish people by a malign combination held together by a malignant purpose; that he has traced the sources of Irish evils to the last, is obvious to any one who has read his masterly statement, and is evidenced by the intense interest with which his unsurpassed speech in opening the case for the libelled and slandered Irish Party, not alone within the immediate precincts of the court that rings with his invective, or is hushed by his pathos, but, one might say, has been universally followed.

Sir Charles Russell is admittedly at the head of his profession in Great Britain. He was born in Newry, in 1833, and is now fifty-six years old. Arthur Russell, his father, was of the family of Russell of Killough, county Down, of which the most distinguished member was the late Very Rev. Dr. Charles William Russell, the immediate predecessor of the present illustrious Archbishop of Dublin, in the Presidency of Maynooth College.

Sir Charles' early years were spent at Rostrevor and Killowen, on the northern shores of the beauteous Lough of Carlingford. His first school days were spent at St. Malachy's College, Belfast. Subsequently he was placed at St. Vincent's College, Castleknock, after spending

some time wherein he entered Trinity College, Dublin, going through the usual course without attending the classes, his tutor being Dr. Ingram, the author of Who Fears to Speak of '98? He was first trained for the second branch of the legal profession, being apprenticed to a solicitor in Belfast, and, after being admitted, practised for some time as a solicitor himself.

Apparently the solicitor profession did not offer him the opportunities to satisfy his ambition that his already active mind demanded, and, although his prospects as a solicitor would have contented many, he relinquished his practice, and went to London to join the Bar there. He was called at Lincoln's Inn, in 1859, and joined the Northern Circuit, where, more especially in Liverpool, he soon made a name for himself as a good lawyer, — a junior of common sense and self-reliance. Both in London and on circuit his practice steadily increased. In 1872, he was called to the Inner Bar, and, as Q.C., commenced his career as leader, which has culminated in placing him first amongst contemporary lawyers. Whether in an argument in *banco*, or a sensational case before a jury, or, as in the present case, before the three judges, fighting for what might be termed the life or death of a nation, he is equally at home and equally effective. A professional contemporary, writing of him some years back, said: "He is a most able, impressive, forcible speaker; and, in his many masterly addresses to juries, the nervousness of his style, his ready grasp of all the facts of the case, the clearness and insistence with which he urges his point, and the dexterity with which he parries the attack of his opponent, all prominently stand out in evidence of his ability and power as an advocate."

His manner of speaking is described as deliberate and earnest, and it is stated that though his speeches in court are necessarily *extempore*, special points in them will have been carefully thought out, and even the very words in which they are expressed are often predetermined.

During his career at the Bar he has taken a foremost part in very many *causes celebres*. He represented Mr. Wyndham's mother, Lady Sophia Giubelei, in the great Wyndham case, and also took part in the convent case of Saurin *v.* Starr and Kennedy, and Fitzgerald *v.* Northcote. He also led in the famous action, Belt *v.* Lawes, and in the great "Bend Or" sporting case, and in several other prominent causes.

In 1860 he married Miss Mulholland, daughter of a Belfast physician, and sister of Miss Rosa Mulholland, the eminent Irish *litteratrice*, whose works are so generally read and appreciated. He has a large family of two sons and thirteen daughters. His eldest son, Arthur Russell, holds a brief in the great case his father is now pleading so eloquently and brilliantly. His second son, who bears his father's name, is a solicitor in the great firm of Hollams and Coward, and is, we perceive by an announcement in the Morning Post, to be married in Easter week. The renowned advocate has one brother, the esteemed and amiable editor of the Irish Monthly, the Rev. M. Russell, S. J.

In 1868 and 1874 Sir Charles (then Mr.) Russell unsuccessfully contested the borough of Dundalk, but defeated Mr. Philip Callan in

1880. The borough being disfranchised under the new Reform Act, he was returned in 1885 for South Hackney by a majority of one thousand. He accepted the post of Attorney-General for England from Mr. Gladstone, being the first Catholic who filled that post since the Reformation, and the second Irishman, Lord Cairns having filled the office previously. He was re-elected for South Hackney on taking office. In commending him to the electors of that borough in 1885, Mr. John Morley described Sir Charles, who was knighted in 1886 by Mr. Gladstone, following the usual custom with respect to the elevation to the Attorney-Generalship, which in effect carries knighthood with it, as "the greatest advocate in England."

Sir Charles, as may be observed in the portrait, has a handsome face, with clear-cut, regular features. His complexion has a curious gray pallor, which, however, only tends to accentuate the determination marked in the regular facial lineaments. His body is massive and squarely cut, rugged in outline, and indicative of much physical strength. His eyes are bright and piercing. Altogether he is an attractive man in appearance.

He was not long ago interviewed by a Daily News reporter, and being asked about his methods of getting through his work, replied in effect, "If you ask me to reduce the common habit of my life to a formula, I will tell you I have only four rules to guide me in preparing my work. First, to do one thing at a time, whether it is reading a brief or eating oysters, concentrating such faculties as I am endowed withal upon what I am doing at the moment. Secondly, when dealing with complicated facts, to arrange the narrative of events in the order of date — a simple rule not always acted on, but which enables you to unravel the most complicated story, and to see the relation of one set of facts to other facts. My third rule is never to trouble about authorities or case law supposed to bear upon a particular question until I have accurately and definitely ascertained the precise facts. My fourth rule is to try and apply the judicial faculty to your own case in order to determine what are its strong and weak points, and in order to settle in your own mind what is the real turning point of the case. This method enables you to discard irrelevant topics, and to mass your strength on the point on which the case hinges." This is but a brief extract from a long interview that took place in Sir Charles's chambers in New Court, Lincoln's Inn, while, between two cases, he was consuming a luncheon of oysters, without Chablis or any other stimulant.

As one other instance of the rule which guides Sir Charles in conducting cases, we may give his notions on cross-examination: "In cross-examination, the most essential thing to remember," also said the learned counsel in the course of the same interview, "the most essential thing to remember, is, that you are likely to put up the backs of both judge and jury, if you are not perfectly fair to the witness under cross-examination. And, before you can safely enter upon severe or harsh cross-examination of a witness, you must first lay before your tribunal the grounds which justify that course. You must explain the why and

the wherefore of your apparent harshness towards a particular person. It is a mistake to suppose that it is a pleasure to the Bar to cross-examine a witness in a way that must be painful to him. I am sure it is not a pleasure, but it is, nevertheless, a course which must be frequently resorted to in order to elicit the truth." Apropos of this, in the Times Commission, the culminating point of interest prior to its adjournment, was that famous cross-examination which was interrupted and left forever unfinished by the flight and self-inflicted death of the wretched witness.

For eight of the hardest working years of his life Sir Charles never took anything in the way of intoxicating liquors, and his success may be also largely ascribed to his abstinence in this respect, as well as to the practice of the four rules enunciated. He is now regarded as one of the best judges of wine extant, although he but sparingly partakes of the sparkling cup.

Sir Charles is an excellent horseman, and an ardent lover of the horse. What relaxation he takes, amid the press of his great business, is on horseback. The noble animal is to him a kind of idol. Sir Charles is a conspicuous turfite. The fortunes in this quarter, however, are not, it is said, as favorable as those under the fane of Minerva. He likes best to behold the horse-racing with his fellows, on some good, trying course; but he is happiest when astride of the saddle. His fame as an equestrian is not confined to England or Ireland. A story was recently told in a London Sunday contemporary, to the effect that an English globe-trotter, wandering out in the West of America, and waiting for a train at some small wayside station, saw a horseman galloping at breakneck speed across the prairie, apparently from the very edge of the horizon. As he neared the station, the impetuous rider drew up his steed in true western fashion, bringing his horse almost on his haunches, at the very first point where he wished to dismount, — flung back the broad sombrero which shaded his face, and disclosed, to the amazed and delighted traveller, the features of Sir Charles Russell, as much at home on the prairie as on the green benches of Westminster. He is a sound lawyer and a true sportsman, and no less skilful with his fists than with his tongue.

Sir Charles' principal contribution to political literature is his New Views on Ireland. On its publication, it created a deep feeling of sympathy in England with the Celt. In conclusion, it may be stated, that the many laurels he has won, forming a galaxy in themselves, are doubly intensified by his ever to be memorable effort for the Irish people against the machinations of the Unionists.

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**Sir Charles Russell, Q. C., M. P., Ireland's Advocate before the Times' Commission.**

A pleader worthy of a Nation's cause,
He speaks, "not to an Age, but to all Time,"
And traces from their source oppressive laws, —
A record long of fraud, misrule, and crime;
And points the remedy, amid applause,
In words majestic, solemn, and sublime!

This is thy work, O Russell, — this the part
Thou playest on life's stage; to this thy mind,
Thy giant intellect, thy noble heart
Hath been devoted! — oh! those foes were blind
Who thought to make our hapless country smart,
And no fit champion of her cause to find!

But now Coercion's idols are cast down,
Its legions scattered, — 'spite of all their boasts,
They hear, with dread, the *Rustle* of thy gown;
It speaks disaster to their hybrid hosts!
And to the end of time thy great renown
Shall be preserved within our Irish coasts!

The Weekly Freeman's Journal, Dublin, Ireland.

## Some Catholic Legislators.

THE Catholic Columbian complained some time ago that Catholic members of the Ohio legislature voted for a bill to furnish free books to the public schools. In the Indiana legislature, the Catholic Record complains that Catholics did the same thing. About a year ago, a Catholic legislator in Michigan introduced a bill providing for lay trustees for church property; and, if the action of so-called Catholic legislators in other states be looked into, it will be found that politics had more weight in their actions than principle.

The measures supported by these Catholic legislators in Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan were in every instance opposed by the Catholic press. Commenting on this, the Catholic Citizen, of Milwaukee, says: "It may be that the Catholic legislators in question do not read the Catholic papers, or do not care about the views of the Catholic people, who, it is presumed, largely assisted in their election. But the Catholic voters in question are privileged to ignore those men just as completely in the future as these legislators did the opinion of their Catholic co-religionists on the pending measure."

As for the Catholic papers, one man's subscription, more or less, does not make much difference, but the Catholic editor is apt to argue that a "prominent Catholic" who does not care enough for Catholic opinion to take a Catholic paper, which is the exponent of that opinion, and which can keep him informed thereon, is not the right sort of person to push into office. On the contrary, he is a good man to retain in private life.

The Catholic Record, of Indianapolis, is led to exclaim: "Oh, for a leader like the brave, the undaunted, the aggressive Windthorst! He is not afraid to show his colors in the reischtag, and measure swords even with Bismarck. German Catholicism is deeply indebted to this champion of its rights."

The conduct of the Catholic members of the Massachusetts legislature last year, in opposing the measure providing for state supervision of private schools, stands in notable contrast to that of the truckling, so-called Catholic legislators and politicians who are Catholics for votes only. The Catholic legislator in New England has evidently more backbone and more principle than his compatriot of the West.

Catholic Telegraph, Cincinnati, O.

That is true, Brother Telegraph, but we want more of it.

## Personal Puffery.

BUFFALO UNION AND TIMES: One of the most offensive nuisances that curse modern society is the personal column in the daily newspaper. To such an extent has this evil grown, that it is no longer safe for a gentleman, of any standing whatsoever, to step out of his house without having the fact chronicled that "Mr. So-and-so was observed walking down Main street last Wednesday." Granted, on the other hand, that he stays in the house, even then he cannot escape the ubiquitous social chronicler whose argus-eyes sweep the heavens and earth. The result of this state of affairs is that a lot of social-pretenders figure constantly in the nauseating column of personal slush which is weekly dished out to turn the cloyed stomach of a rebellious public. Who cares the twist of a cat's whisker whether Miss Flora McFlimsy is visiting out of town, or whether Mr. Dudeleigh Van Saphead has lately returned from a trip to Gotham? Doubtless these persons are of immense importance to their own family circle; but a cold, heartless, and unsympathetic world would gladly consign them to Jericho from the mere hatred of seeing their names sprawling constantly in the "Society Chat." Something ought to be done to abate this intolerable "personal mention" nuisance. If things go on at their present gait, it will not be long before we are regaled with the drivel of some Buffalo Ward McAllister; or the social gyrations of a Stuyvesant Fish, who though a perfect whale compared with our provincial bourgeois is none the less disgusting. To both the social pusher and the social chronicler we would say with equal emphasis — Give us a rest!

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PERHAPS the best, the neatest, and at the same time, most comprehensive address of all the multitudinous, and, too often, lengthy speeches and discourses, was that of President Harrison at the Sub-Treasury Building, New York. It was to the point, and its brevity won the hearty applause of the weary crowds. As a model for addresses of this kind, it deserves a conspicuous place:

"We have come into the serious but always inspiring presence of Washington. He was the incarnation of duty, and he teaches us to-day this great lesson, that those who would associate their names with events that shall outlive a century, can only do so by a high consecration to duty. Self-seeking has no public observance or anniversary. The captain who gives to the sea his cargo of rags that he may give safety and deliverance to his imperilled fellow men, has won fame; he who only lands the cargo has earned wages. Washington seemed to come to the discharge of the duties of his high office, impressed with a great sense of his unfamiliarity with these new calls upon him, modestly doubtful of his own ability, but trusting implicitly in the sustaining helpfulness and grace of that God, who rules the world, presides in the councils of nations, and is able to supply every human defect. We have made a marvellous progress in material things; but the stately, enduring shaft that we have erected at the National Capitol at Washington, symbolizes the fact that he is still the First American Citizen."

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THE lily, wherever seen, has but one signification, which is chastity and purity. It belongs especially to pictures of the Annunciation and St. Joseph, whose rod was said to put forth lilies.

# Circular Letter from Cardinal Gibbons.

THE Catholic bishops throughout the United States ordered services in their dioceses in compliance with the proclamation of the President of the United States.

We publish the circular of the Cardinal Archbishop, as it contains the sentiments, not only of our hierarchy, but the twelve millions of Catholics inhabiting this vast country.

"CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE, BALTIMORE, April 10, 1889.

"REV. DEAR SIR:—On Tuesday, April 30 next, as you are doubtless aware, the citizens of the republic will unite in celebrating the centenary of the inauguration of George Washington, the Father of his Country, and first President of the United States.

"To Washington will remain the imperishable glory of leading this people out of the house of bondage and oppression into the clear light of freedom and national prosperity. The history of these United States is the history of the gradual rising from the foundations of liberty and law and order, by him so deeply and so broadly laid, of that stately fabric of our national institutions, which has become the admiration of the world. Therefore do we testify our love for him, and endeavor to repay a small fraction of the inestimable debt we owe to his memory, by giving his name to fair and thriving cities from our great capital westward, to lofty mountain peaks and majestic ships, and to our sons by thousands. His name, too, with wider range and deeper import, is cherished in the hearts of all.

"Most just and fitting it is that this nation, so founded, rising so magnificently upon the lines which he laid down, should honor, with especial and grateful commemoration, the hundredth anniversary of the taking, by the great captain in war, of the chair of office in peace, as the Chief Magistrate of the land he had fought for with such effective valor. To all it should be a matter of profound satisfaction that the citizens of the United States, without regard to race or creed or previous allegiance to any flag soever, are about to recognize the life and the achievements of the greatest man this Western world has nurtured, as a gift of Almighty God to his own age, and as an exampler to all the ages to be.

"In order, therefore, to give expression to our heartfelt thanks for the civil and religious blessings thus far vouchsafed to us by the Giver of every perfect gift, and to pray that the spirit of patriotism which burned in the heart of Washington may continue to animate those to whom the destinies of our beloved country may be entrusted, you are invited, Rev. Dear Sir, to announce, at a seasonable time beforehand, a special service for the morning of April 30, at nine o'clock, or at any other hour most suitable for the congregation. You are further requested, at such service, to make an address suggested by the occasion, closing with the 'Prayer for the Authorities.' As an additional expression of joy and thanksgiving, the church bells will be rung from 10 to 10.30 the same morning.

"JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*

"By order of the Cardinal, P. J. DONAHUE, *Chancellor.*"

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HOW beautiful and truthful was the saying of Cardinal Newman, that "there is not one of the writers who write so bravely against the church, but owes it to the church that he is able to write at all!"

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IN Germany, after a girl graduates, she is sent into the country to the house of some notable house-wife, where she remains a year, learning the most approved methods of housework.

# JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

## Sixty and Six; or, A Fountain of Youth.

*Fons, delicium domus.*—MARTIAL.

LIGHT of the morning,
Darling of dawning,
Blithe little, lithe little daughter of mine!
While with thee ranging,
Sure I'm exchanging
Sixty of my years for six years like thine.
Wings cannot vie with thee,
Lightly I fly with thee,
Gay as the thistle down over the lea;
Life is all magic,
Comic or tragic,
Played as thou playest it daily with me.

Floating and ringing,
Thy merry singing
Comes when the light comes, like that of the birds.
List to the play of it!
That is the way of it;
All's in the music and naught in the words—
Glad or grief laden,
Schubert or Haydn,
Ballad of Erin or merry Scotch lay,
Like an evangel
Some baby-angel
Brought from sky nursery stealing away.

Surely I know it,
Artist nor poet
Guesses my treasure of jubilant hours.
Sorrows, what are they?
Nearer or far, they
Vanish in sunshine, like dew from the flowers.
Years, I am glad of them!
Would that I had of them
More and yet more, while thus mingled with thine.
Age, I make light of it!
Fear not the sight of it!
Time's but our playmate, whose toys are divine.

THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, in The Century.

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THERE are many who doubt that the secular education imparted in parochial schools is equal to that of the public schools. At the commencement exercises of our schools this statement is thoroughly refuted.

# The Girl from Under the Lake.

A Fairy Tale.

## CHAPTER V.

PEDRO and Nira gazed at Runa in surprise. Her strange robe glittered in the sunset, her long ruddy hair floated behind her like a banner of war, her face was white and sullen, and her eyes full of a smouldering, angry fire.

"Runa," exclaimed Nira, in bewildered astonishment, recognising her at once.

"Yes, Runa. You did not think to see me coming to spoil all your pretty arrangements," panted the stranger.

"No," said Nira, "for I was told that you were very happy in the water city, and had no intention of returning."

Runa laughed insolently. "You false, false creature!" she cried. "How do you dare to look at me so innocently after having kept me down there in prison all these years. My Lord Pedro," she added, turning wildly to him, "I have come to denounce this Nora as a thief and impostor."

"You are a mad girl," said Pedro, indignantly, and yet pitying her as a lunatic; and at the same time he put his arm round Nira, who was trembling like a leaf. "Only I see that you are mad I should order the servants to turn you out of this place."

"I am mad, am I?" sneered Runa; "ask her, then, where is Runa's necklace, which she is wearing round her neck, which she stole from me years ago, and by means of which she has kept me under the water, while she has taken my place in the world."

Nira put her hand to her throat, and touched the necklace. "Yes, Runa," she said, "it is here; but I did not steal it from you. I forgot it; and when I sent it to you afterwards you returned it to me, saying you did not want it, and would come back to the world no more."

"Oh, you story-teller!" screamed Runa. "My Lord Pedro, listen, and I will tell you who this person is."

"She is my affianced wife," said Pedro, drawing Nira closer to him, but looking with some dread, from Runa to the necklace which Nira wore round her throat. He had noticed it before, but when he had questioned Nira about it, she begged him not to ask her where she had got it. It was her own she said, and had come to her in a curious way. Some day she would tell him the story of it, but she had not the courage just then. Nira thought of all this too, and bitterly regretted her reticence which had been kept up for Pedro's sake. Oh! would that she had never taken the shadow of a secret on her soul. Would that she had long ago told him all.

"I am your affianced wife!" cried Runa. "Look here, and here!" showing him the ring and paper. But where was I when you came to this country? Down under the lake, imprisoned in the water by this impostor. I promised that I would tell you who she is — a nurseling of water fairies, none of our flesh and blood, but a creature

of uncanny origin. Ask her, and she will not dare to deny it. She lured me down under the water, and then she came up here, and took my place, stole the necklace of pearls which was my birthright, a gift from my mother, and left me, as she thought, in the power of the fairies forevermore. But I have found my way to her, and I have discovered her wickedness to you. Now, my Lord Pedro, will you consent to take this wicked creature for your wife?"

"Speak, Nira," said Pedro; "I will not believe any one but yourself."

"What she says is partly true," said Nira, bravely, "but much is false. Before I go further, Runa, I restore you your necklace. I took it by mistake, and if you wish to have it, you have a right to it." She unclasped the pearls from her neck and handed them to Runa, who, with a smile of triumph, fastened them round her neck, forming, as she did so, some cruel and vengeful wishes in her evil mind. Alas! the wearer of the necklace was the possessor of its extraordinary powers. Suddenly Pedro's thoughts were darkened with suspicion of, and anger against, his once-beloved Nira. He saw her in the dreadful light in which Runa desired that he should view her. She lost all charm in his eyes, and he believed the stranger who denounced her as a dangerous and detestable enchantress.

Runa now became brilliant with the most extraordinary beauty. Her hair shone like gold, her face took the most lovely tints and expressions, and her features were exquisitely transformed. Hers was not a true nor a holy beauty, however, but one which dazzled the eyes with an indescribable glamor. At the same time a cloud fell upon Nira, darkening her face and hiding the beautiful light which had been the glory of Pedro's life.

"You see her now in her true colors," said Runa. "You will live to thank me for saving you from making so false a creature your wife."

"Go!" said Pedro, angrily, to Nira; "I can never forgive you for the deceit of which you have been guilty."

Runa put her hand in his and leaned upon his arm, and Nira, uttering a cry of anguish, turned from them and fled away from the spot, taking her way across the country towards the mountains.

When Nira was gone, Runa explained to Pedro all about her own betrothal to him when they were children, told him the story as she had learned it from the fox, only she pretended that she had known it always. Pedro remembered hearing of it when he was a little boy, but his mother had told him one day that the betrothal was all over, for the little girl Runa was dead. She had fallen into a lake and was drowned. His mother had been in great trouble about this, but he had been too young to think much about it.

"Indeed she had not been drowned," said Runa, "but beguiled down under the water by Nira, who wanted to take her place in the world." So great was the power of the wonderful necklace that Runa was able to make Pedro believe all she chose to tell him.

Runa now began to exert her will in the most royal manner. She made up her mind that she would not marry Pedro till she had forced

all the world to see and acknowledge what a great and glorious princess she was; how beautiful, how powerful, how wealthy. She would be no mere wife, taking her dignity from her husband. She would prove herself a sort of empress in her own right.

So she set to work to have a palace built for herself at some distance from Pedro's castle on the shores of the lake, so large and so magnificent that Pedro's appeared poor by comparison. It was furnished and adorned with the most fantastic extravagance, and without any of the delicate good taste which was to be seen in everything that Nira had chosen. A sort of savage splendor dazzled all eyes in Runa's abode, and in her clothes she was equally gorgeous. Her dresses were of cloths of gold and silver, and her ornaments the most costly precious stones that the mines of the earth could produce. Flowers she would not have either in her rooms or on her person; they were too lowly, too common; any one might have them; nothing but what was rich, of great price, and most difficult to procure, had any value in her eyes. Her ostentation, her pride, her love of finery, and her selfishness were visible to every one, and yet all kinds of people flocked round her from far and near, ready to admire and praise her, and to pick up a little of the gold which she scattered about vain-gloriously wherever she went. There was only one class of people who never received any benefit from her hands, and that was the poor. She would not let them come near her, could not annoy herself with hearing their wants.

People found it very hard to understand who she was and where she came from. Granny, like a dear old soul that she was, simply refused to see her or to hear her stories against Nira, whom she sought for everywhere, but who was nowhere to be found. Goody Nurse and Tim followed the Ould Mistress's example, but all the rest were bewitched by Runa. Even Nira's foster-sisters and brothers were dazzled and charmed by the glories of the beautiful stranger, and shook their heads over the once-beloved companion who had lived among them like an angel, and was now gone as though she had never existed. They amused themselves at Runa's entertainments, and when she went away to parade her splendors in distant cities they followed her to share in her triumphs and amusements; for Runa became every day more greedy of power, more vain, more eager in her desire for all the enjoyments of the world.

Pedro was completely fascinated by Runa; he thought her the most glorious creature ever seen: her beauty, her queenly ways, her extraordinary power and wealth dazzled him. True, she was not sweet, nor tender, nor pitiful, nor sympathetic, like Nira; but, then, Pedro was not weak, nor ill, nor crippled, nor lonely, nor despised as he had been when Nira first placed herself at his side. Before long he became changed for the worse; Runa's bad dispositions seemed to enter into and get possession of him. Pride in himself, and contempt for all who were poorer, weaker, less handsome, less altogether prosperous than himself took hold of him. Even Runa's power of heaping up riches and worldly enjoyments at his feet scarcely

contented him. More, more, more, his heart kept asking, and if the whole world had been his he would not have been satisfied. At last he became ill-humored, passionate, flying into anger at trifles, envious of every one who seemed happy, jealous of his dignity, and intolerably suspicious of all who came near him.

In the meantime where was Nira? When she fled away from the terrace that unhappy evening, she went weeping through the park, and knew not where to turn. After a time she heard the fox's little barking cough; and there he was sitting and looking at her.

"It is all over with you now," he said. "What are you going to do with yourself?"

"I do not know," sobbed Nira.

"Take my advice," said the fox, "and just pop into the water again. You will be no worse off there than you were in the beginning, The people down below will be very glad to see you, and you will have a good enough time of it. But if you stay up here, without a friend in the world, you will have more misery than you can bear before you die."

Nira bowed her head. "Perhaps I shall," she said; "but at all events I will not go back into the water. I came up to see the light, and find my way to the sky. Heaven is still shining above my head, and I will not despair."

"You are a brave soul," said the fox, "and I only wanted to try you. I am now going to give you a reward. Come with me, and promise to do all I tell you, and I will take you out into the world where you may be as happy as a queen. I will give you as many fine things as even the necklace could have procured you; but you must leave off that constant looking up at the sky."

"That I will not do," said Nira, "and neither will I obey you at all. You told me a falsehood once, and so led me cruelly astray. You gave me bad advice, and if I had not followed it I might still have Pedro's love."

"You may as well give up thinking about Pedro," said the fox; "he is in Runa's hands forever, and will soon be as bad as can be. You have only to look out for yourself, and I promise you will find I have acted for the best."

"Begone," cried Nira; "I will suffer anything that can be imagined rather than have anything to do with you."

"You are a great fool," said the fox in a rage; and he whisked about in a hurry, and scampered away from her.

Nira went on her way, completely desolate and unhappy; but she still kept the upward path, and travelled towards the mountain instead of the lake. She could not bear to go back to dear Granny after all that had happened, could not bring herself to tell any one that Pedro had cast her off. She thought only of getting up high into the mountain, near heaven, and believed that God would take care of her, as indeed he did; for just as the clouds of night were gathering round her, and darkness threatening her with danger on every side, an angel met her on the wild, lonely hills, took her by the hand and led her away. I cannot tell you where he took her, but it was to a place of

peace, where good souls are sometimes taken for a time when they have suffered as much as they can bear without dying, and are not allowed to die as yet. In this mysterious place of safety the angel soothed and comforted her, you may be sure, and filled her with new courage for future trials.

It happened that one day, while Runa was in the full glory of her reign, that the frog, whom we have met before, was sitting on a wet stone, croaking and bemoaning his ill-luck and abusing the deceitful fox with all his might. For the fox had never given him the handsome present he had promised as a return for his services in going that errand to Runa down under the lake. When the frog claimed his reward the fox only laughed in his face. Now, the frog felt exceedingly ill-treated, and he was croaking dismally with all his might. A little lark was perching on the grass quite near, preparing to mount with his morning song; but when he heard the frog's bitter lamentation, he stopped and asked him what was the matter. The frog told his story, and the lark clapped his wings with indignation.

"I know the wretch well," he said; "I have see him laying his plots against these two young creatures. And so he has banished Nira, has he? — and made Pedro miserable with Runa? Well, well, I will think about it as I sing!" and off he soared into the blue.

As time went on, Pedro became more and more wretched day by day. Goodness was driven out of his heart, and he was no longer the same person who had laid happy plans with Nira for the welfare of all with whom they were to have to do. He had forgotten the poor, forgotten duty, forgotten even God. Runa had filled his mind with her own views of things, and he could see nothing but as she willed him to see it. After the first excitement of having every worldly thing just as he wished it had a little passed away, he felt that every fresh pleasure he indulged in, every new possession he acquired, only made him more unhappy than he had been before. Yet, so strong was Runa's power that he did not see that she was the cause of all his woe. He felt restless, hopeless, wicked, and full of despair; but he could not shake off the evil spirit that was ruining him.

Things were going on in this way, as badly as could be, when one morning, sitting at his window, he heard the song of a lark, trilling sweetly up in the clear blue sky. Listening to it attentively he was surprised to hear the ringing notes form themselves into words and sentences, and a whole story came down to him out of the heavens. It told him how Nira had loved him, how she had suffered for him, how wickedly she had been belied, how good she was, how true, how pure, how self-forgetting. Then it put Runa before him in her true colors, reminded him of all the good thoughts that had once been in his heart, and showed him how Runa had banished them with her evil use of the powers of which she was possessed. The image of Nira rose up sweetly before his eye as the lark's song went on, and at last he could bear it no longer, but laid down his proud head on the window-sill and wept and groaned. "Would to heaven!" he thought, "that all these worldly splendors were gone from me, so that Nira might forgive and come back to me once more!"

Every morning after this that lark would come and sing its song in the sky above Pedro's window. Then it took to following him about wherever he went, and even when fun and noise were going on around him, Pedro could hear snatches of its song in the pauses of the conversation, and between the bursts of laughter.

One day Runa had invited Pedro out to sail with her in her carved and gilded boat, with silken sails and awnings. She herself sat, like a queen, in the prow of the boat, with embroidered robes of blue satin spreading about her, and her long golden hair floating like a royal mantle over her beautiful shoulders. The mysterious pearl necklace was clasped around her throat, and strings of pearls to match them were twisted among her glittering locks. A number of gay friends were round them in the boat, and all were laughing and making merry except Pedro alone. A little lark was singing between the sky and the water on which they were sailing, and all Pedro's thoughts were engaged with the theme of his song.

But this time it was not alone for Pedro that the lark was singing his song. Her flatterers began to notice that Runa was restless and ill at ease, that she looked up constantly at the air above her, and seemed greatly annoyed at something they could not see. For some time they did not not believe that it could be the gleeful song of the lark that was causing such vexation to the lady. To them it sounded only as the ordinary pleasant music of the happiest bird in the world. Presently, however, Runa began to frown portentiously. The lark was telling her many plain and uncomfortable truths. She was not accustomed to any sort of chiding, and she had no intention of submitting to it.

"This bird is intolerable with its noise!" she cried out at last. "Has any one got a bow and arrow to shoot it as it flies?"

A murmur of surprise ran through the company. It seemed so strange that even the most ill-humored person should wish for the death of a lark. No one had a bow and arrow, nor any other instrument of death with which to attack the little songster. In the meantime he came wavering downwards, nearer and nearer the mast of the vessel, as if he fancied the great lady whose will was law to every one had desired his presence instead of wishing his death. And as he came he sang, and sang, and sang, as only larks can sing. The loud, clear, ringing music beat about Runa's head and seemed to pierce her brain. In a frenzy of rage at its persistence, as well as at the meaning it conveyed to her, she leaned over the edge of the boat and tried to strike at it with her hand. Making this violent effort she turned herself rapidly from side to side, straining to reach the culprit, when suddenly the string that held the wonderful pearls round her throat snapped, and the necklace fell into the lake. In an instant a change passed over Runa, and she was transformed into the angry, unlovely girl who had appeared on the terrace before Nira had handed her the pearls. All the beauty left her face and form, her magnificent ornaments and robes disappeared, and there she was in her scanty dress of fish's glitter, with even the golden lustre gone from her hair. Her eyes flamed with rage as she looked round and saw that her power was

fled, and that all her friends and flatterers were staring at her in disgust. With a frantic cry she flung her arms over her head and dashed herself headlong from the boat into the lake. The waters closed over her head, and Runa and her necklace disappeared forever, never again to be seen upon this earth.

When the first shock of surprise was over, Pedro and his friends looked at each other and at the boat in which they were sitting. It was no longer Runa's magnificent pleasure-barge, but only a rough, common little boat. No silken sails, no gold-fringed awnings were to be seen. When they began to row towards shore, and looked around them they perceived that Runa's splendid palace had vanished as if it had never been. Pedro's castle was still standing, but many of its glories, lately added, had also disappeared. As Pedro arose to quit the boat he felt himself weak and ill, and thought at first that this was the effect of the shock; but no. Never again would he be the strong, powerful Pedro he had been when he entered the boat. Much of his former ailing weakness had returned to him, along with his freedom, on the disappearance of the necklace. The wonder was that any of the gifts it had procured him remained. His friends, who were, indeed, no friends, but only Runa's flatterers, worldly creatures brought around them by the glitter of their prosperity, quickly turned away and left him when they saw the unfortunate turn that things had taken; and Pedro returned to his castle alone. Bit by bit that castle was crumbling away. Everything that Runa had ever touched mouldered into dust. Very soon there was little left of the beautiful home he had built, and it had become again the ruin which he had found it. In the same way every day a little of his bodily strength would go away from him, something of his handsome looks would disappear, till, by-and-by, he became once more the forlorn cripple in the lonely ruin, just as he had been found when Alick and his brothers first came to visit him. And now, as he lay prostrate on the floor of his bare room, in an agony of grief and remorse, how bitterly he regretted the harshness with which he had driven Nira away from him, how painfully did he long for the sound of her footsteps or her voice! "But I have killed her," he groaned, "with my cruel ingratitude, and she has gone to the angels in heaven, who are far better company for her than I am."

At last his grieving made him dangerously ill, and he lay tossing in fever in his bed, with no one to attend him but the faithful old servant who had come with him from Spain. Now that Runa and her enchantments were gone all his friends and acquaintances saw plainly how badly he had behaved to Nira, and thought that he richly deserved the trouble that had befallen him. Only Granny pitied him, and sent Goody Nurse to see how he was getting on. But Goody Nurse came back to her in tears; it was so dreadful, she said, to hear how he raved about his wickedness and about Nira.

One night it seemed certain that he must die before morning; but just as the dawn broke, a lark (our own little lark, you may be sure) began to sing a most delightful song outside the open window. It was so delicious a song, so full of comfort and hope, that it stole into Pedro's

poor fevered brain like a breath of new life, and soothed and calmed his burning thoughts, and eased his aching heart.

"Heaven has forgiven you, Pedro," sang the lark; "I have been up to heaven, and I know. There is an angel coming over the hill, with Nira by the hand. Wake up and live, and become worthy of the blessings yet in store for you."

Pedro was roused from what seemed an enchanting dream by the ceasing of the song. His old servant, tired out with watching, was fast asleep in his chair. The room was full of dim gray dawn, and across the floor fell one red bar of light, — a reflection from the kindling sky. As his eyes fell on it, the red bar moved, the door opened, and in the still twilight he saw, indeed, an angel enter; and the angel was leading Nira by the hand.

Pedro was too nearly dead to be able to speak; but he gazed at Nira with his hollow eyes, and she knew all that he wanted to say. She put her cool, soft hand on his forehead, and whispered to him that she was come back to make him well.

. . . . . .

Pedro and Nira were married, not with splendor, but in a quiet, modest way, with no one at the wedding but Goody Nurse and the old Spanish servant, and the lark, and the frog. The lark sung a hallelujah over their heads, and they both prayed earnestly that God would take care of them. Pedro was but a poor cripple, and Nira had not a penny, and they had only got a ruin to live in. However, they were perfectly content with their lot, — as happy as a king and a queen.

Now, the strangest part of all this queer history is yet to be told, for, as time went on, Pedro, little by little, grew straight and strong, and the ruined castle grew up again, bit by bit, till, after a year or two, it was just as it had been when Pedro had finished building it, and when Nira was directing him and giving him advice. All the pretty things that Nira had chosen appeared quietly, one after another, in their places. No one saw anything arrive, but there they were. Every night, when all the inmates of the castle were asleep, a little more of the work was done. At last a part of the treasure which Nira had wished for was found in the very spot where it had first been discovered, enough for them to live on, and a little to spare for their poor neighbors. And as Nira and Pedro were lost in wonder at these things that happened to them, the lark came and sang them a song one morning, explaining the whole state of the case.

The power of the pearl necklace was not a holy power, he sang; but Nira's prayers, and the constant alms she had given while Pedro built his castle, had brought a blessing on all that had then been done, and heaven had allowed it to stand. For the same reason, Pedro's health and strength had been restored to him. On Runa's works, no blessing had been asked, and they had all crumbled away and disappeared. Let Pedro and Nira take warning by this, and dwell in meekness and charity to the end of their lives.

As they listened to the lark at their window, the wonderful light brightened and intensified on Nira's face, and she smiled to see it reflected in Pedro's eyes.

*And if they did not live happy, I hope you and I may.*

CLARA MULHOLLAND.

The End.

## A Catholic Boy to a Freethinker.

NOT long ago, a Catholic boy was travelling in a railroad car between Brussels and Namur. In the same car was an infidel school inspector. On passing before a Catholic church the boy uncovered his head, in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, which he knew is kept in the church.

The inspector, who, up to this time, had been reading a newspaper, on seeing the reverence paid by the boy to the house of God, began to laugh, and the following dialogue ensued:

"To be sure, my little friend, you must be an altar boy?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy; "and I am just preparing for my first Communion."

"And would you please tell me what the curate teaches you?"

"Well, he is just now instructing me in the mysteries of religion."

"And, please, what are these mysteries? I have forgotten all about mysteries this long time ago, and in a couple of years it will be the same with you."

"No, sir; I will never forget the mysteries of the Holy Trinity of the Incarnation, and of the Redemption."

"What do you mean by the Holy Trinity?"

"One God, in Three Persons."

"Do you understand that, my little friend?"

"Where there is a question of mysteries three things are to be distinguished; to know, to believe, and to understand. I know, and believe, but I do not understand. We will understand only in heaven."

"These are idle stories; I believe only what I understand."

"Well, sir, if you only believe what you understand, will you tell me this, how is it that you can move your finger at will?"

"My finger is moved because my will impresses a motion to the muscle of my finger."

"But do you understand how this is?"

"Oh, yes, I understand it."

"Very well, if you understand it, then tell me why your will can move your finger, and not, as in the case of a donkey, your ear?"

This was too much for the learned school inspector. He made a sorry face, coughed and muttered between his teeth, "Let me alone, little fellow, you are too young to teach me a lesson." He resumed reading his newspaper and never took his eyes from it, until his unpleasant little travelling companion had stepped off at the next station and disappeared from sight.

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A GENTLEMAN entered a phrenologist's office in Columbus, and asked to have his head examined. After a moment's inspection the professor started back, exclaiming: "Good heavens! you have the most unaccountable combination of attributes I ever discovered in a human being. Were your parents eccentric?" — "No, sir," replied the all-round character, meekly; "but my wife is. You needn't pay attention to the larger bumps, sir."

## Advice to Boys.

LET boys assist in the housekeeping. How often do we see a poor, tired mother exhausting her strength and vitality in efforts to accomplish her daily task about the house, while, at the same time, a big, strong youngster is lolling in an easy chair, or lying upon the sofa. Why should he not lend a helping hand to his overworked and tired mother? and why should he not be encouraged and induced to lighten the mother's burden, say by going an errand, performing numberless little actions required during the day, taking labor off her hands that he is perfectly able to dispose of, anticipating wants that would be suggested by a loving and affectionate heart? Had the mother, in his earlier days, taught her boy to lend his aid in trifling household matters, when he grew apace in years his reason and duty and love would naturally suggest to him in what manner, and on what occasions, his services would be welcome and opportune; nor would he consider that such actions detracted from his manhood, but make him feel that, by contributing to his mother's ease, he would be performing a good and noble action. The result of such a training, on the part of the mother, would often keep the boy out of mischief; would make him handy, and an adept in domiciliary matters, would produce a feeling of solicitude for his care-worn mother, and last, but not least, cause him to have more consideration for his future wife in her struggles and efforts about the home circle.

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## The Cow.

THE cow is a noble quadrerped, though not so noble as the horse, much less the roaring lion. It has four short legs, a big head for its size, and a thick body. Its back legs are bent, and there's two big bones sticking out just above. Its tail is more noble than the donkey's but nothin' to cum up to that of racehorse. The cow gives us milk and niced beef and shoo-lether. How thankful should children be to this tame quadrerped. The reason why beef is so dear is that cows cost so much and the earth is gettin' full of people. I always have beef to my dinner on Sundays: on other days bread and drippin' or bread and lard, sometimes treacle. Mother says that if I'm hungry on my rounds I can eat a bit of cat's meat if it doesn't smell, but I mustn't eat the liver, she says. How thankful ought we to be to the cow for nice hot beef. Pertaters grows; they are not on the cow. The four things what you sees under the cow's belly are what the milk comes through. How thankful should we be. The cow makes milk from grass. God teaches the cow how to do it. A cow's feet is split in two like sheep; they are called hooves. Little cows are called carves. Carves are the stupidist of all tame quadrerpeds, except pigs and donkeys. When you drive a carf, never prick it behind, but push it gently with your flat hand. Men are crewel to carves coz they can't draw milk from them. You can genly find mushrooms in cows' fields, but you mustn't go in if there's a board up. How would your mothers like you to be called Trespass?

Longman's Magazine.

## BRING UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered to France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion.—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE child may study history, geography, arithmetic, etc., and may have to wait for years before he will have any use for them; but he will need to study the knowledge of God as soon as he is able to do it, and to use it every day of his life.

The children who are always late at school interrupt the studies of the classes, lose invaluable time for themselves, and contract a habit which will seriously interfere with their future success. They may be sure that if they do not correct the fault when they are young, that they will not do so when they are older; and that the world does not wait for laggards.

Do your best and wait calmly the result. It is anxiety, not work, which kills; it is work, not anxiety, which commands success. There is a Hindoo saying that the fortune of a man that sits, sits also; it sleeps when he sleeps, moves when he moves, and rises when he rises.

The moral powers of the mind, like the intellectual powers, must be cultivated in a child to make it an educated man; and, as it is a difficult matter to cultivate the intellectual powers in a child of advanced years, there is a corresponding difficulty in cultivating the moral powers under like conditions. It stands to reason, then, that both these powers should be cultivated together, or at the same time, and that time is when the mind is first able to perceive and to form conceptions.

The intellectual powers of the child are cultivated in the school-room, and that is the place for the cultivation of the moral powers. Secular knowledge and the knowledge of God are to go hand in hand there, and proper attention is to be given to both. But the impression must be made on the child's mind, that the knowledge of God is his first and chief study, and that it is a science beyond all others. The exercise of the moral powers must also be constant in the school-room, for it is by constant exercise of all the powers of the mind they acquire their strength.

The life of the state depends upon the morality of its citizens, and to educate citizens without morality, is to endanger the state. This is a truth as old as the world, and it is equally a truth that the state is blind to the danger until it is too late to avert it. The school-room is the place where the future citizen is educated, and there he should be, above all things, made moral. The school-room should be like a camp in which soldiers are trained for battle, and every child should be taught there to be obedient to the laws of the state, by being obedient to the laws of God. He should be taught, in a word, to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's. He will then be the life-blood of the state, a good citizen, and, at all times, a good Christian.

# DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1889.


## NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

### GENERAL BOULANGER.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE has had prepared a paper on General Boulanger, who is playing so important a place in the affairs of France just now. It will appear in the next issue, together with a portrait of the General.

### Canada of To-day.

EDITOR DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE: *Dear Sir*,—In my article published in your last issue, under the heading "Canada of To-day," I observe a serious error, which crept in, when the manuscript was being copied, and which I hereby desire to correct. On the sixth line, in referring to the union of the provinces, only Ontario and Quebec are mentioned. The sentence should read instead, Ontario and Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, Manitoba and British Columbia, Prince Edward Island and the Northwest Territories.

The importance of the omission is obvious, the more especially that in the course of the article, I had occasion to refer to the products or resources of most of these provinces. Besides, the enumeration gives a more forcible idea of the extent of this empire of the future, which, in reality, reaches from ocean to ocean, the Pacific on the west, the Atlantic on the east, with the Arctic Ocean to the northward.

A. T. S.

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES, Bishop of Geneva, is the patron of the Catholic press. He is a Doctor of the Church, and was famous in his life-time for the multitudes he attracted to the True Faith. He never used harsh language to his opponents. His plan was to explain the truths of religion to them. "I can convince heretics," said a celebrated preacher of that day, "but the Bishop of Geneva can convert them."

Do you read the Boston Daily and Sunday Globe? If you do not, you ought to do so.

AT the dedication of a parochial school in Pittsburgh, Penn., Bishop Kane, of Wheeling, delivered an address, in the course of which he said: "The great problem that confronts us to-day is the same as that which confronted the people in Apostolic times. There were schools then; but they were pagan schools, and the only way to counteract their effect was to establish Christian schools. That is what the Catholic Church is trying to do in America now."

THE most notable Greek scholar in Europe is an Irishman, Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin. He is the author of several works on the architecture, literature, and domestic life of the Greeks. He will visit the United States next summer as the guest of the Chautauqua Assembly. He will pass two weeks in August at Chautauqua, delivering one course of lectures on "Every-Day Life of the Greeks," and another on "The History of Civilization."

A BAD book is falsehood and sin in a permanent and impersonal form.—*Car. Manning.*

CARDINAL GIBBONS is reported to have said recently at Philadelphia that he hoped "the day would never come when we shall be obliged to call upon the state to build our churches; for, if they build our churches, they may dictate to us what doctrine we are to preach." So if they build our schools, they will want to dictate what we shall and shall not teach. But certainly they ought not to dictate unless they pay something for the privilege.

BISHOP ANDREW HIGGINS, of the diocese of Kerry, Ireland, is dead.

THE REV. EDWARD F. LIEB, for seven years tutor of Maximilian, the Austrian Archduke, who became Emperor of Mexico, and was shot at Queretaro, in 1867, died in Chillicothe, Ohio, on April 1. Father Lieb was eighty-seven years old. He was induced to come to America in 1851, by the late Archbishop Purcell, and has ever since had charge of St. Peter's Church, in Chillicothe.

### Canada of To-day.

A REPLY to the article in our last issue, on "Canada of To-day," will appear in our July Magazine. It is by a gentleman well acquainted with what is transpiring on the other side of the line.

IT is said San Francisco is the most Irish-American city in the country. The Archbishop is Most Rev. Patrick Riordan. The clergy are nearly all Irish. At a recent mission, Father O'Shea remarked, the Fathers heard two hundred confessions of French, eight hundred confessions of German, and one hundred thousand confessions of people of Irish birth or lineage.

AN entertainment in honor of Right Rev. J. A. Healy, Bishop of Portland, Me., was given by the students of Santa Clara College, Cal., on the evening of April 2. The programme was excellently rendered, and greatly enjoyed by the bishop. The entertainment was brought to a happy close by an address from the bishop, in which he thanked and complimented the young gentlemen, and concluded by bestowing his blessing upon them.

SINCE the beginning of the present century, Easter has only once fallen on its earliest possible date,—March 22,—to wit, 1818; and the same thing will not happen again, either in this century or in the following one. Three years ago, in 1886, the feast came as late as it possibly could,—April 25,—and that year witnessed something then which had not taken place before since 1666, which, until 1943, will not be seen again.

### For Some Subscribers.

THERE are subscribers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE who allow their payments to fall behind, no doubt simply through carelessness. Do not wait for a bill, or a collector to call, but remit the amount by postal note or money order.

### Balfour—Father McFadden.

IRISH-AMERICAN: The beginning of the end has come for Balfour, even in Donegal, where he reigned supreme, with his police and obedient soldiery. The courts have decided that his made-up case against Father McFadden would not hold water,—even according to the English Coercion Law; and the Rev. gentleman has been discharged on bail, to await any action that may be hereafter brought against him,—which, it is safe to say, that not even the Castle functionaries will venture on. The announcement of the decision, in Father McFadden's case, was flashed through the telegraph, as far as it could reach. But the old beacon-telegraph of the Celts was even more active; and on Good Friday evening bonfires blazed all over the country, to tell to the people of Dunfanaghy that their pastor was again a freeman, having triumphed over all his assailants.

THE so-called gallant "English" Naval Officer who saved his ship, the Calliope, when the ships of America and Germany were wrecked off Samoa, is a Kilkenny man, Captain Kane, a son of Sir Robert Kane, who was Mayor of that city, and one of O'Connell's forty-four Members of Parliament in the Repeal era.

AT the instance of the Brazilian Government, the Holy Father has been asked to act as arbitrator, without appeal, in an important question long pending between the Republics of Bolivia and Paraguay.

BUY your baby carriages of W. P. B. Brooks & Co., 151 Hanover street, Boston. You can buy them for cash or on instalments, suit yourself, and no baby should be without one. They sell them decidedly low, and all kinds of refrigerators and housekeeping goods on easy terms of payment.

IRISH-AMERICAN MONTGOMERIES WIN. — Another Irish-American organization of the National Guard, that constitutes the real military strength of the American Republic, has demonstrated the aptitude of our people in the exercises that make the soldier the bulwark of the nation when assailed by a foreign foe. The "Montgomery Guards," of Portland, Me., were the winners of the state championship in the Maine state competition drill, at Portland, recently. The opposing company was the crack "Light Infantry," the oldest military organization in the state. The judges were Capt. Field and Lieut. Anderson, both of the Fourth U. S. Artillery, and their verdict was that they had never witnessed a finer drill. The "Montgomeries" are a distinctively Irish-American organization.

### Good, Nervous, Virile Preaching.

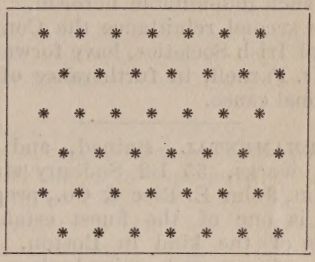
THE Western Watchman, in alluding to the burning eloquence of the famous Franciscan preacher, Padre Agostino, adds: "What the people want, in every country, is good, nervous, virile preaching, for men and women first, and good schools for children afterward. It is up-hill work to make good Catholics of children, when we have only negligent, unpractical, and indifferent, Catholic society to throw them in after they leave school. Look at the third and fourth generation of the French in this country. As a rule, they have been educated in Catholic schools. We must preach to the people as well as catechise the children."

### Music, Music, Music.

NOW that we are about to have a repetition of the great peace jubilee concerts in the city of Boston, by our distinguished friend and countryman, P. S. Gilmore, Esq., and a chorus of over one thousand voices, with the largest band of instrumental music in the world, and all the anvils combined, we say now, in advance to everybody, hurry up and procure your music at Messrs. Arthur P. Schmidt & Co.'s, 13 and 15 West street, Boston, one of the largest music publishing-houses in Boston. They have everything in the line of music.

### The Four New Stars.

THE suggestion is made that with the addition of four new states to the Union there should be uniformity in placing the stars on the Union flag. There is no provision by law for the arrangement of the stars or the relative size of the stars and stripes. The stars might be put into the blue ground in six rows of seven stars each, one over the other. This plan might be varied by placing the stars like the alternate squares on a checker board. As the law does not provide and it is desirable to have uniformity, these two plans are most likely to be followed. Here is the checker board outline.



A STATEMENT that April 12 was the anniversary of the adoption of the American flag does not seem to be well supported. Admiral Preble made a very exhaustive study of the origin of the American flag, requiring a book of more than seven hundred pages for the publication of the facts collected. Disregarding traditions, it appears that on Saturday, the 14th of June, 1777, the American Congress "Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen states, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation." It is reasonably well settled that Mrs. John Ross made the first American flag, modifying Washington's design; but this was ascribed to June, 1776, when Mrs. Ross lived in Philadelphia. The thirteen stripes are supposed to have been suggested by those on the banner of the Philadelphia Troop of Light Horse in 1775, with which Washington must have been familiar, as the troop acted as his escort. It would seem, however, to be the proper thing to date the anniversary of the flag from the time of its adoption by Congress.

### For the Irish Cause.

THE representatives of the Irish societies of New York recently remitted to Mr. Parnell the sum of three thousand dollars, as the result of the St. Patrick's Day demonstration of the organizations represented by the Convention of Irish Societies, at Jones' Wood, on the 18th of March. At the same time, the Committee of Arrangements of the Irish Societies sent to Mr. Parnell a letter assuring him that this was but an earnest of the support the Irish societies of New York were prepared to give to him and the patriotic men, who, with him, are fighting the battle for Irish National Independence, with such indomitable heroism. This is the second remittance the Convention of Irish Societies, have forwarded to Mr. Parnell, in furtherance of the National cause.

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ORNAMENTAL, stained, and cut glass works, 55 1-2 Sudbury street, Boston, John E. Rice & Co., proprietors, is one of the finest establishments of the kind in Boston. All kinds of cut and stained glass, for churches and private dwellings, can be procured here at lowest rates; and they make jobbing, repairing, and leaded work a specialty. Give them a trial.

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THE papal brief in reference to the distribution of the $400,000 paid in settlement of the Jesuits' estate, has been received by Cardinal Taschereau, and communicated to the Canadian government. The distribution is made exactly as stated several weeks ago, viz.: To the Jesuits, $169,000; to Laval at Quebec, $100,000; to Laval at Montreal, $40,000, and $100,000 to be divided among the bishops of the province.

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THE WESTERN WATCHMAN: The "Nun of Kenmare" made a bold bid recently for the office of Mother General of the new order of Methodist Deaconesses; but the embryo "Sisters" thought her too domineering and refused her guidance. We are sorry. It would take about six months for Miss Cusack to scatter the "deaconesses" to the four winds of heaven, and drive the Methodist father-confessors into a lunatic asylum.

A STORY is told of a priest going to the late venerable Bishop of Birmingham (Ullathorne). "My Lord," said he, "I have certain difficulties on my mind as to my continuance in my priestly functions." To which the Bishop simply replied: "Indeed; pray what is her name?"

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### Presentation to Mr. Gladstone.

AN interesting presentation has just been made to Mr. Gladstone. The Ursuline Nuns at Thurles, Ireland, determined to send to Mr. Gladstone, as a birthday offering, a large cushion elaborately embroidered on silk by their own hands. Several Irish scenes, and the letters W. E. G. and G. O. M., find a place in the design. Archbishop Croke, whose palace is at Thurles, wrote a letter to accompany the gift, which was forwarded only last week to a friend in London, Mr. W. Keane, for presentation. Mr. Gladstone, in his message of thanks, says Mrs. Gladstone gave the Nuns' beautiful gift the unstinted praise of an expert.

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### Archbishop Ryan's Great Lecture.

WE give the conclusion of Archbishop Ryan's magnificent address in this issue. With the exception, perhaps, of the Pope's recent Encyclical on Human Liberty, no abler paper on the church has appeared within this century. No wonder his Grace has been styled the Bossuet of the West.

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Messrs. Nicholson, Frost & Co., SOUTH MARKET STREET, Boston, wholesale and retail dealers in crockery, glass, china ware, lamps, plated ware, etc., are offering every description of goods in the above line, at lower prices than any house of their kind in the city of Boston. Give them a call, and you will be satisfied; their store fronts on Chatham and 13 and 14 South Market streets, opposite Faneuil Hall and Quincy Markets.

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THERE is an old church, that of San Miguel, in Santa Fé, New Mexico, which was erected seventy-seven years before the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, twenty years before the founding of St. Augustine, Florida, and fifty-three years after the landing of Columbus.

THE South Boston Woollen Co. has been organized to start a factory for the manufacture of fine shoddies and garnetted stock, on West First street, near Dorchester avenue. The company will deal in all grades of fine wool.

### A Peculiar Fact.

DID you ever stop to think that on every deck of playing cards is a perfect calendar? There are three hundred and sixty-five spots in a deck of cards, corresponding to the three hundred and sixty-five days in a year. There are fifty-two cards, corresponding to the weeks in the year, There are twelve face cards, representing the twelve months. There are four suits — clubs, spades, hearts, and diamonds — with thirteen cards in each suit, representing the thirteen moons in each year, and the joker makes up for the extra day in leap-year.

REV. FATHER DAMIEN, apostle of the lepers, died on the 10th of April.

Mr. HUGH SHERIDAN has resigned his position as superintendent at the Washington mills, Lawrence, and is going to start a mill with Mr. Sampson. Mr. Sheridan made many friends while in Lawrence, and the leading position in the manufacture of low grade beavers and chinchillas attained by the Washington mills is largely attributable to him.

### A Black Berry.

AN Illinois Senator recently remarked that "he wanted divorce to be as free as water," and now comes the Marquis of Queensberry, who declares it to be "the shortest road to human happiness." He is opposed to the monogamous marriage system that now prevails in civilized countries. He would have plural marriages made legal and mutual friendly divorce made easy. It will be remembered that the Marquis was expelled from the House of Lords for putting these precepts into practice, so he may be said to be speaking from experience. On the whole we should say that Queensberry would do well to allow his fame to rest in the famous boxing rules which go by his name. As a moral teacher he is not a success, says The Catholic Columbian.

### Franklin's Sympathy for Ireland.

IN a letter to a Parnell meeting the following historical incident, in which Benjamin Franklin's sympathy with Ireland is made manifest: "When, in 1770, six years before our 'Declaration of Independence,' our great philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, then the agent and representative of the American colonies, visited Dublin, he was received with the highest honors by the Irish Parliament. In writing of this occurrence, he says: 'I found them disposed to be friends of America, in which I endeavored to confirm them. Our growing weight may in time be thrown into their scale, and, by joining our interests with theirs, more equitable treatment from the British Government may be obtained for them as well as for us."

OBER'S Parisian restaurant, 3 and 4 Winter place, Boston, leading from Winter street, is well worth your attention to visit. We say this to all our readers in town and country. It is one of the most elegant cafes in this city, and is frequented by none but the *elite*, and best business people. Everything reigns quietly supreme, and its proprietor, Mr. Ober, you will always find a perfect gentleman.

WHEN Mr. Balfour inaugurated his peculiar Reign of Terror in Ireland, he was compared by some of his admirers to several well-known magnates. One of his glorifiers compared him to Napoleon III., whom Palmerston was good enough to have dubbed a sphinx. In view of the abject failure which has attended all Balfour's efforts to crush the National spirit in Ireland, the lines applied by Col. Hay to the ex-Emperor may do equally appropriate service, if dedicated to this exploded Unionist sphinx:

For, the sphinx, with breast of woman, and face so debonair,
Had the sleek, false paws of a lion that could furtively seize and tear.
So far to the shoulders, — but if you took the beast in reverse, you would find
The ignoble form of a craven cur was all that lay behind.

Do you read the direction on your Magazine? If so, if you are in arrears, please remit. It costs money to print a Magazine as well as other necessaries of life.

THERE is a watchmaker at Ottensen, near Hamburg, who has just entered upon his hundred and fourth year. His name is Goring. He was born at Chaux-des-fonds, the great watch-making town in Switzerland. He enlisted, in his boyhood, into the French army, and went with Napoleon into Russia, but happily came back alive, and took part in the battle of Waterloo. After the fall of Napoleon he enlisted in the Pope's Swiss Guard, in which he remained until the death of Gregory XVI. He then went back to his own fatherland, and took up the trade of his boyhood. He was too restless, however, to settle down quietly, and became a traveller in the clock trade, making long journeys in Russia, Turkey, the Danubian lands, and Asia Minor.

### Struggles of a Catholic Journalist.

THE late Mr. Hickey's struggles in the early days of The Catholic Review were disheartening. There were nights when he had barely enough money in his pocket to pay his fare across the ferry to Brooklyn, after a long day's work. For this he had surrendered a career which had opened brilliantly; for, as one of Hulbert's celebrated World staff, his ability was fully recognized in those circles where abundant pecuniary reward physics the pain of journalistic work. But he persevered, supported by those nearest and dearest to him, who believed in him and his work. It lives after him in the form of a paper which he created, and which, so careful was his plan, will doubtless take newer life from the attention drawn to it by his Christian death.

THE little song sparrow (Melospiza melodia) may well be considered the emblem of hope, for in the latter days of winter he perches on the dry weed stalks that project above the dreary waste of snow, and pours out his musical notes so sweet, and reassuring of the coming spring. He stays with us through the winter, but he is so unobtrusive in his sober tinted coat that most people, if they saw him, would class him with his kinsman, the house sparrow, commonly known as the "English sparrow."

### The Irish in [illegible]h America.

AN article on [illegible]ove subject will appear in the July issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. Just at this time the Southern Republics are attracting a great deal of attention in their sister Republic.

### An Ancient Order in the Church.

RIGHT REV. B. FITZPATRICK, the Mitred Abbot of the world-renowned Monastery of Mount Mellary, county Waterford, Ireland, is in this city. The venerable Dr. Fitzpatrick is the only Abbot residing in Ireland, and he has held that dignity since 1842, when the Mellary Monastery was created, by Pius IX., a Mitred Abbacy. Some years ago, an off-shoot of the Waterford monastery was established near Dubuque, Iowa, and over that the Abbot of Mount Mellary holds jurisdiction. He is now about to make an official visitation of the new Mount Mellary, and will also, by request of the Superior of the Cistercian Order, visit the other three Trappist monasteries in this country and Canada. Abbot Fitzpatrick, who is now about seventy-eight years of age, is as vigorous as a man of fifty. The Trappist Monastery, under the shadow of the Knockmaldown Mountains, near Cappoquin, is progressing well, the Abbot says, and has, in its school, two hundred pupils. Abbot Fitzpatrick will be the guest of Father Michael O'Farrell, at the rectory of St. Teresa's Church, Henry street, during his stay in this city.

### Punch and the Times.

UNITED IRELAND reminds London Punch of the latter's promise made some time ago. It says: "By-the-by, we beg leave respectfully to remind Mr. Punch of a promise he made. When the forged letters first appeared Mr. Punch declared that if they proved forgeries the Times, instead of "Jupiter the Thunderer," would be known thenceforward in Punch's columns as "Vulcan the Forger." The time has come for the fulfilment of that promise." After all, it is very immaterial what the Times is called now. Everybody knows what it is, and that's enough.

PIGOTT had the scapular on when he committed suicide.--*Independent.*

Well, suppose he had. What then? Has our esteemed contemporary never heard of "stealing the livery of Heaven to serve the devil?" asks the Catholic Union and Times.

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THE new steamer, City of Paris, of the Inman line, reached Sandy Hook, the morning of May 8, with a record behind her of five days twenty-three hours seven minutes. The Etruria's record across the Atlantic was six days one hour and fifty-five minutes.

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THE Massachusetts State Senate has passed the bill giving women the right to vote on the question of granting liquor licenses. It is only a question of time when women will get their full rights, and then it will be seen whether men will have the right to get full, remarks the Globe.

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CAPT. JOHN M. TOBIN has been removed from his position in the Internal Revenue Department of the United States Government, where he had given general satisfaction. It would seem as if those soldiers who had served the country during the rebellion, should be the last to be removed. Gen. Fitz John Porter wrote as follows in a letter of introduction to President Cleveland: "At the battle of Malvern Hill, under my own observation, Capt. Tobin, as a leader of the gallant Irish Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, rendered services almost incalculable."

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ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS will lay the corner-stone of the new church of St. Cecilia, Back Bay district, Boston, of which the Rev. Richard J. Barry is rector, on Sunday, 19th of May. The ceremony will be followed by Solemn High Mass in St. Cecilia's Hall, Mechanics Building, which is the temporary chapel of the parish. The Rev. Jeremiah J. O'Connor, S. J., rector of the new church of St. Lawrence, New York City, and formerly president of Boston College, will preach.

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MISS KATE DREXEL, the second daughter of the late Francis A. Drexel, who left six million dollars to each of his three daughters, has renounced the world and joined the Sisters of Mercy.

### The Jesuits in Canada.

FATHER DRUMMOND, in a sermon at Ottawa, Canada, took high ground on the question of the loyalty of the members of the Society of Jesus in Canada to the Crown of Great Britain, nearly all of them being, he said, native born Canadians, instancing in particular Father Jones of Montreal, a descendant on both sides of the U. E. Loyalists; Father Kenney, son of Sir Edward Kenney, late Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia and himself, a son of the late Judge Drummond, formerly Attorney-General for Lower Canada, who took a prominent part in the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, and who was also a principal factor, in the settlement of the Seigmorial tensure or land laws of his Province.

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## Important to the Clergy.

Having agents in all the principal book centres of Europe, amongst which are Leipsic, Paris, London, Rome, and Madrid, Mr. Schoenhof has excellent facilities to procure books not in stock promptly and at lowest prices. *Works for church libraries free of duty.* Send for Catalogues. Subscription Agency for Foreign Periodicals.

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### Pure Fights.

CATHOLIC CITIZEN: Certainly those who take a deep interest in prize fights and matches of personal strength ought not to pretend to any virtue above the Sullivans and Meyers, and McAuliffes and Kilrains, who do the chief acting. One who enjoys bull-fighting is only a little less bloodthirsty than the bulls themselves. One who reads with relish that "by this time Mulligan's left eye began to close," or, "Fifty-fourth round: McAuliffe takes Meyer with a swinging blow on the right ear, which bleeds profusely," need not be proud about his Christian culture. He is not far removed from the sluggers themselves. The dudes who bet, the newspaper readers who gloat, conventionalists who allude to such topics with enjoyment, the saloon-keepers whose places are "head-quarters for the sporting fraternity," and the gladiators themselves, are all one body of trained savages who would still be running naked in the woods if the climate and civilization would allow it.

### Divorce.

CATHOLIC COLUMBIAN: When a Catholic obtains a divorce from a Protestant, it is for the legal consequences of the decree — for the custody of children, for the safeguarding of property, or other good reasons. Of course, there is no divorce for Catholics — that is, no break can be made for them of the bond that unites husband and wife. They marry for better or worse, until death parts them, and if the result of the wedding is for the worse, they can only wait for death to relieve them. It is one of the evils of mixed marriages that the Protestant party may give occasion for a separation, and, if a divorce be granted, he may marry again, but the Catholic party must remain faithful to that violated marriage vow until death, at no matter what cost of suffering.

### Mad Boston Tailors.

CLOTHING GAZETTE: The tailors and cutters who work for the wholesale clothing manufacturers of Boston are excited over the competition of New York cheap labor. The labor organizations — the Clothing Cutters' Union and the Clothing Pressers' Union — have been agitating the matter, and claiming to represent five thousand workmen who are partly idle because of cheap prices paid in New York; they propose to adopt measures to improve the condition of matters. A committee, recently appointed by the organizations named, reported that some of the Boston manufacturers were shipping garments to New York to be made up; that one lot of five hundred coats was made up in New York at eighty-seven and one half cents each, while the price paid in Boston was one dollar and one half; and that another lot of five hundred coats cost forty-five cents each to make in New York, and one dollar and a quarter in Boston. It was also alleged that in New York men and women were obliged to work sixteen and eighteen hours a day in order to get sufficient money to live, and that in consequence of their wretched earnings the operatives were compelled to live in squalid, dirty, and crowded quarters. The measures proposed to counteract the tendency of work to leave Boston were: to adopt a clothing maker's label; to appoint committees to advertise the label, and to appoint committees to thoroughly investigate and expose the New York tenement house system of clothing manufacture. How these measures will prevent Boston manufacturers from getting their work done where they can get it cheapest does not appear. Moreover, the practice of having Boston goods made in New York is not sufficiently general to amount to much; and the instances cited are very exceptional.


## TO THE IMPORTED CIGAR SMOKER.

It is a well-known fact to importers of Havana Cigars that the best quality of tobacco grown in Cuba is never made up there into cigars that retail for fifteen cents, or two for twenty-five cents, in this country, but is reserved and used in brands which, after the duty is paid on them, costs the American dealer from $150 to $200 per M., and retail from 20 to 50 cents apiece.

**IRWIN & CO., 165 Milk St., Boston,**

Are buying and importing the latter quality of Havana Tobacco, and making it into All Havana Cigars (same as imported of the best quality) under the **La Henrietta** brand. They are of the best Cuban hand workmanship, are very mild and aromatic. Their excellence is appreciated by critical judges, and pronounced by connoisseurs better (as a natural consequence) than the average imported cigars. They are never too dry, and have the light wrapper so difficult to obtain. Give the **La Henrietta** a trial and you will be convinced.


### Sympathy for Balfour.

FROM the London Universe: Mr. Balfour is laid up with a slight cold. We are excessively sorry. We sincerely trust his medical attendants will see to it that he is not deprived of his clothes by injudicious nurses, or put off with insufficient covering on a plank bed. Should anything happen Mr. Balfour, it would be unfortunate for Ireland. She would lose one of her most useful, albeit unconscious, auxiliaries.

LAKE SHORE VISITOR: Austria refused to accept Mr. Kiely as minister from this government. The reason given was a flimsy one. Mr. Kiely's wife was a Jewess, and hence the feeling. Austrian Crown Prince has since gone under by his own hand, and, if report be true, he was not the most moral man in the world. If a man be not found out in his escapades he gets on for a time; but it is better to keep on the safe side, and if a stone be thrown it may fall and hurt, but the injury cannot last.

THE Little Sisters of the Poor have opened one of their houses at Colombo in Ceylon. The first old man admitted to the refuge was a converted Brahman named Vandoolison, and seventy-one years of age. He was the younger of two brothers who were converted in their youth, and the elder of them died a Catholic priest at Colombo not long ago.

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SOME of the sectarian papers are greatly annoyed at the advice given by Cardinal Gibbons, that Catholics should read the Bible. They pretend to believe that the Cardinal is not speaking the truth. But such a conclusion is only natural for non-Catholics, who live in an atmosphere of error, where falsehood and fanaticism make them so befogged in intellect that they cannot recognize the truth when they hear it!

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### A Striking Coincidence.

IRISH-AMERICAN: One hundred years ago, when George Washington was inaugurated first President of the United States, the Mayor of New York was that famous Irish-American, James Duane. When the Centennial celebration is held, a week hence, the Mayor of New York, who will act as the official host of the distinguished people gathered here from all over the country, will be another Irish-American, Hugh J. Grant, who, if he fills out his term as acceptably as he has up to this administered the office, will live in the history of the city as prominently as his illustrious predecessor of a hundred years ago. The coincidence is more than remarkable, and is only one of a thousand that could be cited to show how closely knit are the interests of our people with the fortunes of the Republic, from the earliest moments of its confederation. Long may they so remain; and long may the sons of the Emerald Isle merit and attain the proud rank they have ever held in the government and progress of the United States.

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BISHOP ANDREW CAHOON, of Salt Lake City, who is serving out a term in prison for polygamy, has renounced his faith, denouncing the whole Mormon fabric as a tissue of impostures and frauds. Poor fellow, it required a term in prison to bring him to his senses.

MURDERERS now boast of the number they laid to rest. One man did up no less than a round half dozen of his neighbors, and the law can only hang him once.

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PEOPLE are beginning to inquire into the cause of the manifest decline of Protestantism in this country, the decreasing numerical strength of the congregations, and the increasing femineity of the denominations. We can tell them,—says the Western Watchman,—the public schools have done it. These schools were designed to kill Catholicity. They have not accomplished their purpose, but they have forever destroyed Protestantism.

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### Christian Brothers.

THE last surviving founder of the Christian Brotherhood, in our midst, has been called to his reward. Brother Albertus was one of the four Christian Brothers who, in 1837, arrived in Montreal to establish a school wherein the youth of the city might be instructed according to the method of the Blessed Jean Baptiste La Salle. How that establishment has prospered may be judged of by the fact that *five thousand* boys—all pupils of the Christian Brothers, attended the funeral of the venerable religious, in the great church of Notre Dame, recently. There are now fifteen thousand Christian Brothers in the world; of those twelve thousand are professed. In Montreal the Order has ten houses.

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THE Sisters of Mercy, founded by Mother McCauley in Dublin sixty years ago, have over five hundred Convents scattered through the world, and number fourteen thousand Sisters. Two hundred houses are in Great Britain.

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THE Catholic priesthood is sometimes alluded to by Boston Tremont Temple ranters as a "foreign body," but the latest census of Massachusetts shows that there is just as many foreign-born Protestant parsons in Massachusetts as there are Catholic priests. The figures are eighty-four in each case.

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MR. PARNELL has entered suit for damages against the London Times in the sum of one hundred thousand pounds.

MR. PARNELL has instituted a suit against the London Times for libel, claiming one hundred thousand pounds damages. Mr. Parnell has engaged Sir C. Russell, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Arthur Russell to conduct the libel suit against the Times. The trial of the case will take place in London in the autumn. The specific charges against the Times are that it published a facsimile of a letter dated in April, 1887, which was falsely ascribed to Mr. Parnell, and that it published other letters during the trial of the case of O'Donnell vs. Walter, among them being the Kilmainham letter beginning "Dear E" which the Times subsequent to the trial called genuine. Mr. Parnell will insist that the case be confined to the subject of the issue of the forgeries, and that all questions of a political nature be excluded for consideration.

THE Josephite Fathers, who have taken an oath to devote themselves, as the Servants and Fathers of the colored people, to the spiritual welfare of the negroes in the United States, report that they received into the church last year 33 converts in Louisville, 64 in Washington, 24 in Charleston, 39 in Richmond, and 60 in Baltimore. They are doing a great work for the colored race in this country.

### Guelph Agacity.

HIS Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, sees the writing on the wall, and is the first of his family circle to leave the Tory feast of Belshazzar. True to the instincts of his race he has endeavored to put himself in accord with the present tidal wave of Irish triumph by calling on Mr. Parnell. Unfortunately, the Irish leader was absent from Parliament when the Prince drove up, and so a significant meeting was delayed. There is no doubt, however, that Albert Edward will soon seek another opportunity to converse with Ireland's chosen chief. Inconsequential as the Prince of Wales is personally, nevertheless his action is a straw showing the progress of Home Rule sentiment in England. When the Heir to the Throne considers it advisable to be on good terms with the Uncrowned King of Ireland, the promised day of her redemption is not far distant, says the Catholic Union and Times.

THE Samoan Islands are midway between New Zealand and San Francisco. The nearest point at which telegraphic communications can be opened with the rest of the world is Auckland, New Zealand, about 2,000 miles distant. Cable news is transmitted from New Zealand to Australia, then to Banjowanjle, Singapore, Penang, Madras, Bombay, Aden, Suez, Alexandria, Malta, Gibraltar, and Lisbon, to London.

**$5,000 INSOMNIA.**

Insomnia, namely Sleeplessness, has caused, and causes more misery, hopelessness, and utter despair to its victims, than any other ailment that flesh is heir to. Insomnia is not only a source of extreme misery and danger in itself, but is the fountain-head and forerunner of numerous other diseases. Dr. Berkley Howard, late of London, now of Boston, who has himself been a severe sufferer from this terrible malady, has discovered a perfect cure in his own person for insomnia, and prescribes it to his suffering patients with entire success. The remedy is purely vegetable, and is free from all the deleterious ingredients usually found in such remedies, namely, opium, chloral, chloroform, ether, etc. After using this remedy for a short period natural sleep will ensue, and all treatment can cease. Dr. Howard's well-known merits in Europe, and his present success here, is ample guarantee for a trial of this valuable remedy. Dr. Howard will, on demand, deposit the above-named sum against a like amount from any quarter whatever, as a guarantee for the efficacy of this hypnotic, and abide an impartial verdict. This is not a patent medicine, and is prepared only by Dr. Howard, and sent direct from his office as ordered. Address, inclosing stamp, for particulars, DR. B. F. HOWARD, 37 Tremont St., opp. Museum, Boston, Mass., or seen at Office, daily.

THE first official act of the new Mayor of Chicago was the appointment of William J. Onahan to his old place as City Collector, from which he was dismissed by ex-Mayor Roche at the demand of the gamblers of the city. Mayor Cregier could not have begun his administration with an act more grateful to the people of Chicago, or more auspicious for himself. Mr. Onahan is a man of integrity, ability, force, and magnetism, and his friends are legion.

LAKE SHORE VISITOR: To pay an honest debt is a hard task for some people. The idea in the minds of many is to get as much as possible out of a neighbor, and if you can beat him out of anything it is business. The beating process would be all right provided the Universalist theory were true. But a day of reckoning must come for all, and the shrewd beater will find that at his own game he has been beaten.

THE Chicago Farmer's Union says the condition of winter wheat, summarized, is as follows: Illinois averages 97 per cent.; Indiana, 95; Ohio, 93; Missouri, 99; Kentucky, 97; Kansas, 108; Michigan, 82; Wisconsin, 90½. Nearly all the states report a surplus of feed and stock in excellent condition.

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LONDON Life laughs at the London Times very heartily in the following *jeu d'esprit:*

Oh, red rag to the Irish bull,
Great thunderer,
How came you to be such a dull
Old blunderer?
None but the donkey, daft and droll,
Feeds on thistles,
None other would have swallowed whole
Those epistles!

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### McCormick's Brewery.

Nos. 89, 91, 93 and 95 Conant street, Boston Highlands. James McCormick & Co., formerly Isaac Cook & Co., makes a specialty of stock and India Pale Ales brewed under McCormick's patent. It is one of the best equipped brewing establishments in New England, and has added lately a new addition for bottling purposes. Our readers will see further illustrations on page 25 of our advertising columns with a miniature cut of the brewery itself, and also the analysis of Dr. James F. Babcock, State Assayer of Boston in reference to the purity of McCormick's ales put up in all size packages for wholesale, retail, or family trade. Invalids especially benefited by using it.


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THE SOCIETY OF JESUS, that order of the Catholic priesthood which has been distinguished throughout the world by the success with which it has met, and the envy and malice that have been directed against it. — *Archbishop Hughes.*

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### The Truce of God.

THE "Truce of God" was a regulation prohibiting all private warfare or duels on the holy days from Thursday evening to Saturday evening of each week; also during the seasons of Advent and Lent, and on the Octaves, or eight days of the great festivals. This rule was first introduced in 1017 in France and Burgundy, and later in Germany, England, and the Netherlands.

### Washington Abolishes Pope-Day.

WHILE the anniversaries and commemorations of important events in the history of our country will always awaken, in the loyal hearts of Catholics, sentiments of joy and thanksgiving, Washington's name and memory have peculiar claims on our grateful remembrance. At the breaking out of the war, hardly one of the colonies tolerated Catholics; Catholics and their religion were looked upon with suspicion, indeed, with positive hatred; and this hatred had crystallized, in Boston, into "Pope-Day." On this day, Nov. 5, every year, the effigies of the Pope and of the devil were taken in procession through the streets of Boston, and, having received the taunts and insults of pious Protestants, were finally burnt, either on Copps Hill or Boston Common, amidst the execrations of devout Bostonians. Soon after Gen. Washington took command of the American army, he was informed, at his headquarters, in the vicinity of Boston, that "Pope-Day" was to be celebrated in camp. He accordingly issued the following order, which abolished "Pope-Day" forever:

"Nov. 5. — As the Commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the Pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army, so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step at this juncture; at a time when we are soliciting, and have really obtained, the friendship and alliance of the people of Canada, whom we ought to consider as brethren embarked in the same cause, — the defence of the liberty of America. At this juncture, and under such circumstances, to be insulting their religion is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to these our brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada." — (Washington's Works, III., p. 144.)

This was the funeral oration on the celebration of Pope-Day. It was heard of no more.

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Under this heading we will publish such letters as the following: —

O'CONNOR, GREELEY CO., NEB., April 13, 1889.

MR. P. DONAHOE, *Dear Sir*, — I received the April number of your magazine, and I like it so well that I enclose one dollar, my subscription for six months. I am sorry that L. W. Reilly's article is too true. Those in a position to assist the Catholic Press don't do it. We are not aggressive enough. See how aggressive infidels and unbelievers are.

I am, dear sir, yours respectfully,
JOHN MCILDUFF.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, SAN ANTONIO, TEX., April 23, 1889.

MR. PATRICK DONAHOE, *Dear Sir*, Enclosed please find post-office order for two dollars and fifty cents, subscription for your popular magazine, — Jan., 1889, to Jan., 1890, — the same to be forwarded to Mr. Christian Andrews, Kaupo, Maui, Hawaiian Islands, via San Francisco, Cal.

Wishing you all the blessings of the holy Easter tide, respectfully yours,
FR. FEITH.

### Prayers for Ireland.

A GOOD priest writes us from Chicago: "I wish you would, in your MAGAZINE, recommend fervent prayers in the Irish struggle. I myself have often recommended it, and I am astonished why such a religious and faithful people have no recourse to public prayers for obtaining their just claims through the help of the Almighty. If it is a cause to fight for and make such great sacrifices, it is a cause to pray for. The Irish people should start leagues of prayers as well as land leagues. So did the German Catholics, in their late Culburkamph, and behold the success!

### The Hercules Stone.

THE articles on this subject, which are concluded in this issue, have been read with great interest. A gentleman of undoubted good taste, complimented the author upon making his subject so plain that non-professional readers could understand it, remarking, — "Professional men too often forget that outsiders are not so well posted as themselves."

### Monsignor Kirby and the Pope.

ON March 31st his Grace Monsignor Kirby was received by the Holy Father, who gave him a most affectionate welcome. It is well known in the Vatican with what pleasure and affection the Pope always greets Monsignor Kirby, and it was more especially marked the day that the American pilgrims were received. The object of this visit was that his Grace might offer, in the name of the Archbishop of Melbourne, the sum of twenty-five thousand lire, Peter's Pence, from the archdiocese. This large tribute, considering the many calls the Catholics of Australia have upon them for schools, churches, &c., is indeed munificent, and shows the generosity of the race for their religion and their spiritual Father. The Pope thought so, too, and he charged Monsignor Kirby to convey to the Archbishop, the priests, and laity of the archdiocese his loving benediction. Monsignor Kirby took this occasion to tell the Holy Father how the Irish Bishops had expressed their great satisfaction at receiving the beautiful presents sent from the Vatican Exhibition.

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AN OUTSPOKEN BISHOP. — Bishop Foley, of Detroit, according to a press despatch, was recently called upon by some ladies, and signed a petition affirming the right of women to vote for school inspectors. On Monday the Bishop gave this explanation of his action: "I signed because I thought, perhaps, it might prove of some benefit to education, and perhaps take the schools out of politics. I believe in the state providing educational facilities for its citizens, and I think the public schools should be non-sectarian. Sectarianism should not be allowed to enter into either politics or the public schools. When I vote, I vote as John Foley, an American citizen, and I would vote for a Protestant candidate against a Catholic, if the former was better fitted for the place than the latter. I do not approve, however, of the maintenance of schools for the rich out of money taken from the poor."

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ST. VINCENT'S ORPHAN'S ASYLUM. The annual May festival in aid of the Asylum will be held in Mechanic's Hall, on May 18. Great preparations are being made to make it a success.

THE Pilot of April 13, contained a lengthy article, entitled "A remarkable firm," which referred to the clothing house of A. Shuman & Co., 440 Washington street, to corner of Summer, Boston, speaking of this concern and their business methods in most commendatory terms, and it is with pleasure that we reproduce a portion of this article as a just tribute to the senior of this house, Mr. A. Shuman, who has always been a firm friend of the Irish people, and one who has lent his assistance in times past in practical manners, as well as with liberal donations for the uplifting of our people in Ireland.

The portion of the article in the Pilot which we refer to is as follows: "In every phase of his life, public and private, the head and builder of that house, Mr. A. Shuman, the clothier, deserves and possesses the esteem of all who know him. The Pilot, this week, wants more people to know him than ever knew him before, and to know also his methods of doing business.

Many employers prosper at the expense of their workmen, willing to grow rich either by grinding their hands, or neglecting them when the "market price" of labor was paid. But in the great establishment of Mr. Shuman the interests of the hundreds of workers are as well looked after as those of the firm. They have a benefit association, of which every employé is a member. It is no uncommon thing for the firm to advance money to worthy employés to pay off a mortgage, and to save their homes from being lost. By lending the employés money, without interest, and allowing them to repay in small weekly payments, A. Shuman & Co. have enabled a great many of their hands to own their own comfortable homes.

In something of the same spirit, Mr. Shuman began his trade in Irish woollen goods, which has now grown to be a leading feature of his whole business. A few years ago, when he ordered ten thousand dollars' worth of Irish friezes and tweeds, he meant to help the Irish industrial movement. But he speedily realized that Irish woollen goods could be made a splendid investment; and the following year he ordered forty thousand dollars' worth, and this was increased another year to fifty thousand dollars. Then he visited the Irish mills, and told the manufacturers what kind of cloth the American people wanted; and his advice was followed, with the result that Irish mills are now making the most varied, excellent, and beautiful woollen clothing goods ever seen in this country. The mills of Ireland never received such orders as Mr. Shuman has sent them. They have increased their machinery, and several have doubled and quadrupled their production. All over this country the Irish woollen clothing, manufactured by A. Shuman & Co., is winning its way as the best and handsomest to be found.

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### The Colored Catholics' Concert.

THE concert given Sunday night, April 29, in Boston Theatre under the patronage of the St. Peter Claver Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, reflected immense credit on the talent and influence of Boston's colored Catholics, and the splendid attendance from the various city and suburban parishes was eloquent of the brotherly friendship with which all Catholics welcome this first organization of their colored fellow-religionists, and their desire to give them substantial aid.

PLEASE examine the label on the wrapper of your Magazine, and if you are in arrears remit the amount by post-office order, or in two-cent stamps, which can be obtained at your post-office.

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THE Catholic priesthood is sometimes alluded to by ranters as a "foreign body," but the latest census of Massachusetts shows that there are just as many foreign-born Protestant parsons in Massachusetts as there are Catholic priests. The figures are eighty-four in each case.

CATHOLIC UNION: Sir John McDonald has completed the misery of the Orange bigots in Canada by his official statement in the House of Commons the other day, in answer to Mr. Barron's question, that the government was satisfied with the constitutionality of the "Jesuits Estate Act," and would neither test its legality nor aid others in doing so after the decisive opinion of the House of Commons. The sooner the bigots drop the matter now the better it will be for their own comfort and peace of mind. The government has done an act of justice — a very cheap one at that — and it is useless to keep up the howl.

### The Catholic Union of Boston.

THE annual meeting of the corporation was held Wednesday evening, April 24, at the Catholic Union Rooms, 602 Tremont street. After transacting the usual business, the following were elected officers for the ensuing year: Honorary President, Most Rev. John J. Williams, D. D.; president, James L. Walsh; first vice-president, Thomas B. Fitz; second vice-president, James A. Reilly; recording secretary and treasurer, John J. McCluskey; corresponding secretary, Thomas J. Kelly; executive committee, the foregoing ex-officiis and William H. Grainger, Daniel L. Prendergast, Francis Martin, Stephen Murphy, J. B. Fitzpatrick; committee on nominations to membership, M. C. Curry, Edward Harkins, T. J. Monaghan, F. B. Doherty.

THE Philo-Celtic Society of Boston has achieved many triumphs; yet none excelled the red-letter night enjoyed by that organization and its friends, at Cotillon Hall, Mechanic's Building, evening of the 29th of May. The audience filled the comfortable hall and its parlors. Many friends of the society, and representatives of the Gaelic students of neighboring towns were present. Pretty young ladies, attended by gallant cavaliers, were present in force. A musical programme followed an interesting address by Hon. John E. Fitzgerald. The speaker paid a high compliment to the Philo-Celtic Society. His remarks was rapturously applauded. The music comprised choice selections by Kraft's orchestra, cornet, and vocal solos, and patriotic old Irish airs by Miss Inez Carusi, John J. McCluskey, Master Gomez, and others. After a bountiful supper the company engaged in dancing. For the success of the evening no little credit is due to Chairman J. A. Hickey and the other gentlemen who composed the efficient committee of arrangements. Among the guests of the evening were John Conlon, Edward Fitzwilliams, Patrick Donahoe, P. J. Connell, P. J. Lane, President Michael C. O'Shea, and Thomas R. Howard, the latter being present at the head of a delegation of one hundred ladies and gentlemen from the Irish school of Malden.

### Franklin and Ireland.

WHEN, in 1770, six years before our Declaration of Independence, the great philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, then the agent and representative of the American colonies, visited Dublin, he was received with the highest honors by the Irish Parliament. In writing of this occurrence, he says: "I found them disposed to be friends with America, in which I endeavor to confirm them. Our growing weight may in time be thrown into their scale, and, by joining our interest with theirs, more equitable treatment from the British Government may be obtained for them as well as for us."

THE Church in England has lost one of its oldest prelates in the death, on the 21st ult., of Right Rev. William Bernard Ullathorne, O. S. B., Bishop of Birmingham, who was consecrated June 31st, 1846, and who was the last connecting link in the English Catholic Hierarchy between the penal past and the prosperous present.

REV. ROBERT FULTON, S. J., President of Boston College, has left for Hot Springs, Arkansas, for the benefit of his health. The Catholics of Boston, we are sure, will pray for his complete recovery.

THE Protestant formula of marriage should be so amended as to read "until divorce doth us part." The present form is a mockery, says the Catholic Union and Times.

NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE: Only colors that will not run should be put in the American flag.

### Orphan Asylum Burned.

THE St. Vincent Orphan Asylum, three miles east of Vincennes, Ind., was burned 6th of May. Loss $50,000. All the children escaped. Sister Bridget was severely burned.

### The Gilmore Jubilee.

MR. GILMORE is completing his programmes for a tour in the principal cities and towns in New England, with a determination to make the concert an unbroken series of musical treats for his friends. Many of the old familiar numbers of the jubilees of "'69 and '72" will be repeated, and in the way of military band music, he contemplates showing the advance that has been made in this class of performances in the last twenty years. The anniversary festival begins in Boston, June 5, and ends on the evening of Sunday, June 9, nine concerts being included in the scheme.

### Boston Union Institution for Savings.

THE Union Institution for Savings held its annual meeting and election on the seventh of May. A statement by the treasurer, William S. Pelletier, showed the deposits to be $3,472,066.32, with a surplus of $153,091.89. A semi-annual dividend was declared at the rate of four per cent. per annum. The election of officers for 1889-90 resulted as follows: president, Hugh O'Brien; vice-president, Joseph D. Fallon; corporation clerk, John J. McCluskey; trustees, John G. Blake, John Curtin, J. G. Davis, C. F. Driscoll, P. H. Kendricken, J. M. Maguire, J. J. Mundo, O'Nawn, W. A. Dunn, Hugh O'Brien, J. W. Dunphy, William S. Pelletier, J. D. Fallon, William J. Porter, J. E. Fitzgerald, P. F. Sullivan, M. F. Gavin, Joseph Walker, C. P. Harkins, M. J. Ward, Edward Harkins, N. M. Williams; examining committee, C. F. Driscoll, W. J. Porter, W. A. Dunn, Joseph Walker, J. M. Maguire, M. J. Ward, F. J. Mundo; executive committee, Hugh O'Brien, Joseph D. Fallon, P. H. Kendricken, John Curtin, John M. Maguire, Edward Harkins, M. J. Ward.

CATHOLIC SENTINEL, PORTLAND, OREGON: The ex-Nun of Kenmare, now Miss Cusack, calls upon DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for a retraction and apology for an article in a late number of that journal which the unfortunate woman terms "a scandalous libel" on her. She gives notice to all other papers quoting the article to do the same or take the consequences before the courts. If Miss Cusack undertakes to punish all the newspapers of the country she will have a busy time; for the remainder of her life her belligerent spirit will have ample scope for operation.

### Destitute Catholic Children.

THE 25th anniversary of the organization of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, on Harrison avenue, one of the best known charities in Boston, will be commemorated on Sunday evening, May 26, in Boston Music Hall. The arrangements include many interesting features. His Grace Archbishop Williams will preside, and an address on the Home and its work will be made by Rt. Rev. James A. Healy, bishop of Portland. An unusually attractive musical programme will be given by thirty members of the Boston Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Mr. John C. Mullaly, with Miss Gertrude Franklin, Messrs. Fritz Giese, H. Schuecker, and W. H. Fessenden as soloists. Tickets of admission one dollar with reserved seats; fifty cents to other parts of the house. Doors open at seven o'clock.

### The Parnell Commission

Is drawing its slow lengths along. Mr. Parnell was examined. Among the answers to cross-examination, Mr. Parnell said: "Had always regarded the Phœnix Park murders as the greatest possible calamity to Ireland. He had never been able to obtain the slightest evidence connecting the league with these murders, excepting unreliable statements made by the informer, Carey." The Boston Daily Globe says: The cross-examination of Mr. Parnell by the parliamentary commission reveals the dirty work of the sneaking spies that were sent to dog him during his visit to America. Yet, after all, these sleuth hounds carried back nothing of real value to their masters.

# Notes on Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interestin and profitable books." — *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

## BOOKS.

*John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.*

MANUAL OF THE HOLY FACE. For the use of the Arch-Confraternity; followed by the Little Office of the Holy Name of God, by the Rev. Abbe Janvier, Dean of the Metropolitan Chapter, Priest of the Holy Face. Translated from the French, by Miss Pauline Stump. Cloth, at 40 cents.

Those not acquainted with the devotion to the Holy Face should procure this little manual. It contains everything in relation to this now increasing devotion, and the miracles wrought through its intercession.

*Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.*

HAND-BOOK OF HUMILITY: or, the Love of Self-Contempt. From the Italian of Father Joseph Ignatius Franchi, Superior of the Oratory Florence. Price, 60c.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, says of this book: "I gladly hail the present little volume, which, if we may trust its title, professes to initiate its readers into that science so rare in our day, and yet so much to be desired by all who would tread in the footsteps of the meek and humble Saviour; viz., "The Love of Self-Contempt."

### Death of a Sister of John Mitchel's.

With deep regret we announce the death, after a long and painful illness, of Miss Mary Mitchel, at the residence of her brother, Mr. Willie Mitchel, Abbey Yard, Newry, Ireland. The news will be received with feelings of genuine sorrow, not only here in Ireland, but by the sea-divided Gael throughout the world. It will recall the wide-spread grief manifested when the sad news of the death of her brother-in-law, "Honest John Martin," was announced, following so quickly on that of John Mitchel. The deceased lady was the daughter of the Rev. John Mitchel, and sister of Ireland's greatest historian, and one of her greatest heroes, John Mitchel. As with all the members of her family, love of country was to the deceased a religion, and was held by her as such to her latest hour, Her most poignant grief in leaving a life in which she had suffered so much was that she could not live to see Home Rule established,— a grief softened, however, by the strong conviction that, though she might not be spared to see the happy consummation of the National hopes, yet that it could not be delayed beyond a very brief period. Miss Mitchel shared not alone the patriotic feelings which were the birthright of her family; but she possessed, also, in a marked degree, the strong intellectual grasp and sound common-sense which were so characteristic of all its members. By those who had the privilege of her intimate acquaintance, she will be remembered as a charming companion and a sincere and sympathetic friend. The poor have lost in her a kind benefactress, ever ready to sympathize with their sorrows, and to help their needs to the utmost extent of her means. To her sister, Mrs. John Martin, and her brother, Mr. William Mitchel, who are, we believe the sole survivors of the last generation of the Mitchel family, we tender the assurance of our deepest sympathy in their great sorrow. In doing so, we are convinced we but express the feelings with which the sad news will be received by our people throughout the world. The funeral of Miss Mary Mitchel took place in Newry. The remains were interred in the family burying ground in High street, with those of her brother, the late John Mitchel. The funeral procession was one of the largest seen in Newry for a long time.

### The New University.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, of Washington University, who arrived lately in New York from Europe, says he succeeded beyond his expectations in securing satisfactory incumbents of the leading chairs in the university. The following were engaged: Dogmatic theology, Rev. Dr. Schroeder of the Cologne Seminary; moral theology, Rev. Dr. Bonquillo of the University of Lille; holy scripture, Rev. Dr. Hybernat, the famous orientalist; philosophy, Rev. Dr. Pohle of Fulda. The professor of canon law will be Rev. Dr. Messemer of Seton Hall, and the lecturer on English literature is Charles Warren Stoddard. Other professors remain to be engaged.

APR 24 1911